

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

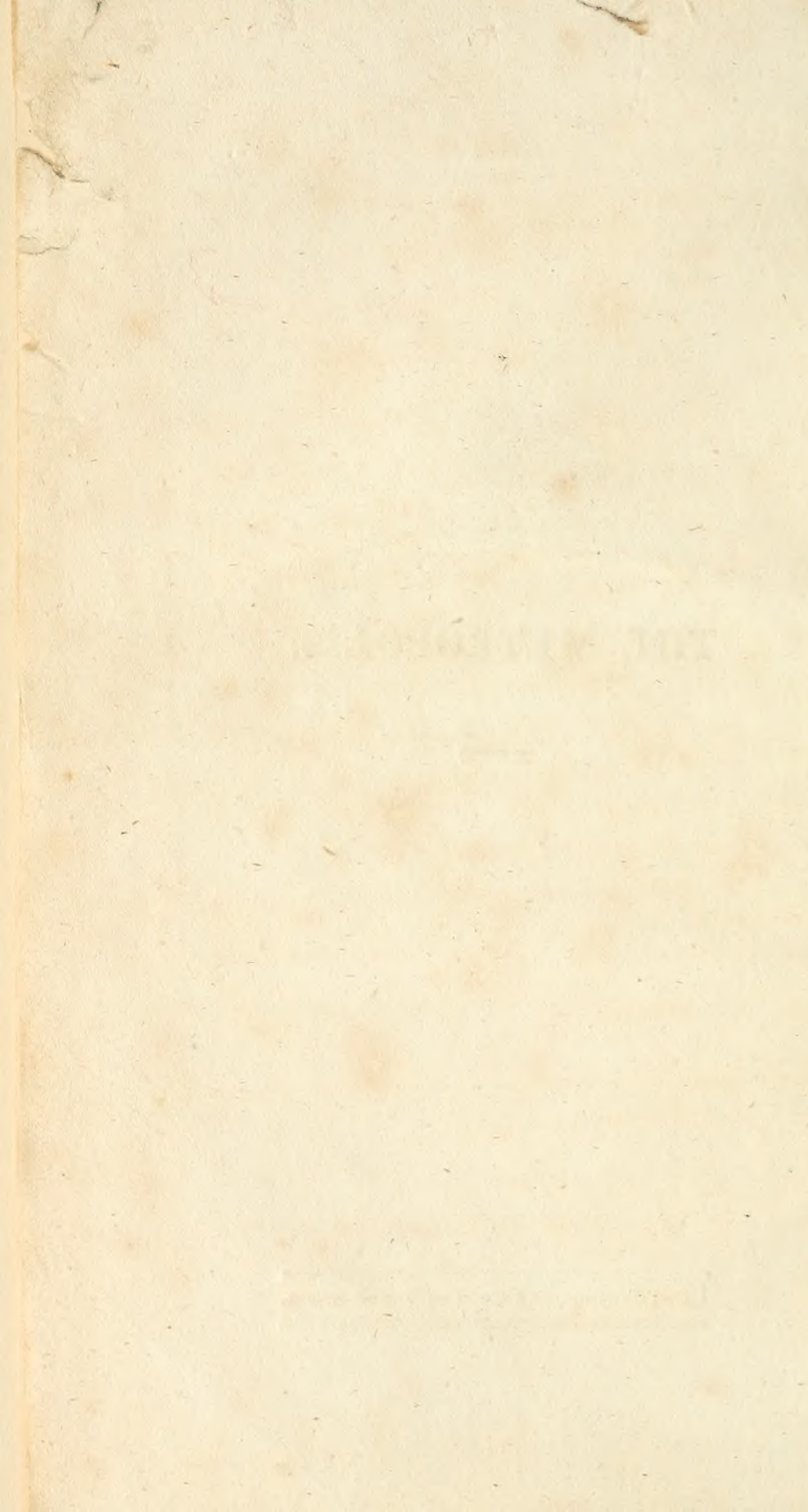
823
B269me

THE METROPOLIS.



Lane, Darling, and Co. Leadenhall-Street.

coll
A/M
214/53



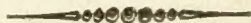
THE
METROPOLIS;

OR,

A CURE FOR GAMING.

Interspersed with

ANECDOTES OF LIVING CHARACTERS IN HIGH LIFE.



IN THREE VOLUMES.



BY

CERVANTES HOGG, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

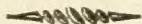
THE RISING SUN, THE SETTING SUN, &c. &c.



How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of we three?

Now, Mercury, endue thee with pleasing, for thou speak'st well of fools.

Clown, *Twelfth Night*.



VOL. I.

LONDON :

PRINTED AT THE
Minerva-Press,

FOR A. K. NEWMAN AND CO.

(Successors to Lane, Newman, and Co.)

LEADENHALL-STREET.

1811.

THE

METROPOLIS

OF

A CORPUS OF

THE

ANALOGY OF THE

—

IN THE

—

OF

CHRISTIANITY

—

THE

—

THE

THE

THE

—

THE

—

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE METROPOLIS.

CHAP. I.

Sage Advice of a Father to a Son, on leaving the Country for London—A Love Affair, and an Affair of Honour with a Box-lobby Lounger.

“MY dear child,” said the Reverend Mr. Bonnycastle to his son Brian, on the eve of his setting out from a remote part of Devonshire, on a journey to London, “you are now going to visit either the best or the worst city in the universe, according to the use which you may make of your time, or of the acquaintance

VOL. I.

B

which

9 miles Day 4 Sept 52 munnhead 23 mi 1

which you may form in it. Business must be your chief aim, which will keep you from destructive idleness; and you must choose for the amusement of your vacant hours, only such companions as possess a more than common share of understanding. Do not suffer yourself to be flattered by the common-place offers of friendship, nor implicitly believe mankind, when they promise to serve you; but carefully conceal your distrust of their offers and promises, and place all your reliance on yourself. The profligate, the vicious, and the foolish, are, I am sorry to say it, by far the greater number of the inhabitants of the vast metropolis; and your chief care must be, to shun these, as baneful to your future happiness. To associate with profligates, threatens a disgraceful career, and, most
4 probably,

probably, a still more ignominious end ; to be the companion of the vicious, will destroy the most essential part of man—*his character* ; and to herd with fools, is a disgrace to your understanding, and levels you almost with the brute creation. Pleasure will lure you to one side, and prudence will beckon you to the other : let your choice be like that of Hercules. The mad, senseless, riotous pleasures of this age, are merely intoxications ; and all the actors in such depraved scenes, close their parts in beggary, in loathsome disease, or by infamous punishment. Stick to business, and that will stick by you, to your latest hour.”

The reverend admonisher was vicar of a small living on the borders of Dartmoor, of the annual value of about ninety pounds, which was but a trifling pittance

for a family of seven children. A rich merchant, a Mr. Hewson, of St. Mary-Axe, London, an old acquaintance of the vicar, had offered to ease him of part of his heavy family, by taking Brian, the eldest son, into his counting-house, which offer of disinterested friendship Mr. Bonnycastle had joyfully accepted ; and the foregoing words were his last advice to his son, on his taking leave of him. They had made so proper an impression on Brian, that, during a year after his arrival in London, Mr. Hewson was extremely satisfied with his integrity, skill, and attention. The accounts which he transmitted to his friend the vicar, of his son's conduct, drew from the fond parent the most heartfelt congratulations to his son, which incited him to new efforts, to give encreasing satisfaction to his worthy employer.

ployer. How irksome it is to the eye, to behold the fairest fruits prematurely blighted, is well known to the feeling mind!

Another year passed on in the same manner, and Mr. Hewson wrote to the vicar a letter, in which he expressed so much satisfaction at Brian's endeavours to serve him, that he declared, if he should persevere in the same line of conduct to the end of his clerkship, he should think it an indispensable duty to omit nothing in his power to make his future life happy and respectable.

Adversity now seemed to grow jealous of the reign of the favourite, and outstretched its long arm to pluck him from his elevated seat of happiness. Mr. Hewson's family consisted of a son, Mr. Edward Hewson (who had gone through

the routine of the counting-house at home, and was then abroad, for the double purpose of seeing the world, and forming a personal acquaintance with his father's correspondents), and of a daughter, Miss Charlotte Hewson, who was then about seventeen years of age, and too highly rated on the list of female excellence, to be looked at with impunity. There was a symmetry in her whole form, a gracefulness in her every motion, a regularity in her features, a brilliancy in her eyes, and a glow in her complexion, which, however, charmed not so much as her other and more durable attractions: she was possessed of a strong understanding, and a refined and polished taste; her voice, even in common conversation, touched the soul by its softness and melody; but, when she threw it out in unison

son with her piano-forte, the senses of the hearers were thrilled with rapture—"What a charming companion," said Brian to himself, with a deep sigh, "must she be to the man who is destined to be so happy as to make an impression on her heart! But fortune has debarred me from that happiness."

Brian had a very difficult part to play—he was fast noosed in that silken chain, which, however, is more difficult to rend asunder than an adamantine one; his eyes, his actions, momentarily and involuntarily, betrayed his sensations, notwithstanding his apprehensions that they might discover more tenderness for the object of his affections than her father would approve of. The respectful, yet tender air, with which he accosted her, which were the effect of his love for the

daughter, and fear of offending the father, the languor of his expressive eyes, and the softness of his voice, were quickly perceived by Miss Charlotte (as Nature seems to have instinctively taught the fair sex the meaning of these things, to put them upon their guard against the artifices of man), and her heart was touched by them, in a most forcible manner. She blushed whenever her eyes accidentally met his; she sighed, as she received with pleasure his continual attentions to her; but she was silent, through the idea that prudence would frown, on her making either acknowledgments or returns. In short, they were both ripened into love.

Mr. Hewson either did not observe the situation of the two lovers, or he was not displeased at it. He was more complacent

cent than ever, and even affectionate towards Brian, and gave him every opportunity of being alone with Charlotte: he would often propose, as a relaxation from the sedentary employment of a counting-house, an excursion, in which he would sometimes be a party, and at others would permit Brian to escort his daughter *alone*. Brian, however, had too much honour or timidity, to take any improper advantage of these opportunities, so favourable to declare and plead his passion, although there was nothing in Miss Charlotte's behaviour to discourage him. Their passions were in the state of a gun which is loaded, pointed, and cocked, and only waits for the slightest impulse of the trigger to make a report.

Although Mr. Hewson was a person of rather austere principles, even for the

eastern side of Temple-bar, yet he had no objection to theatrical exhibitions in general, but only to some particular dramas, which were notoriously licentious. One afternoon, when Brian had nearly closed a preceding week of heavy correspondence, Mr. Hewson, after having consulted the newspaper, and found that the drama which was to be exhibited on that night, was not one of those that he deemed objectionable, proposed to Brian to relax a little, and to accompany his daughter to Drury-lane theatre, leaving to himself the care of making up the packets for the mail. Brian required no persuasion to accede to so agreeable a proposal as that of attending Miss Charlotte, and they set off together, in a hackney-coach.

During the entertainment, Miss Charlotte

lotte had been much annoyed by two of those *box-lobby loungers*, who, being themselves devoid of every kind of relish for the mental part of the drama, seek only to annoy those who come to the theatre with very different feelings. They seated themselves sometimes in the same box, and at others in the next, always keeping close behind, or at the side of Miss Charlotte, as the theatre was not much thronged. Their conversation was so loud, as to annoy all those who were so unfortunate as to be near them ; and it consisted of impertinent and licentious remarks, and ribaldry, on some of the females present, with whom they either were, or boasted of being, in a state of scandalous intimacy.

Brian's bosom burned with indignation at the wounds which their language was

B 6

momentarily

momentarily inflicting on the chaste ears of his fair companion, who, he well knew, could not help hearing what they said, although she pretended to be too deeply interested in the business of the stage. Brian was naturally good-natured, affable, and not apt to take offence ; but a slight offence to the object of a man's affections, is sufficient to stir the blood of even a poltroon. He was, however, far, very far from being of the white-livered class of mankind. As gentle as he naturally was, when not provoked beyond a certain measure, as much a lover as he was of the peaceable Christian doctrine, which his father had inculcated into him with the greatest pains, and which had not been in the least impaired by his abode under the orderly roof of Mr. Hewson, yet Nature had also implanted in his bosom the
seeds

seeds of the utmost contempt of danger, where firmness and fortitude became necessary. He had hitherto imbibed no imaginary notions of false honour, but he had laid down certain fixed ideas of true honour, of which he could not tamely bear an infringement: among these, he looked upon a decorous and respectful behaviour towards the fair sex, as an indispensable duty of his own; and the two loungers had, for awhile, gone beyond those limits which he conceived to be pardonable, towards a young lady under his immediate protection. Often was he tempted to have given a check to their insolence, but he was unwilling to be himself the occasion of that disturbance to other orderly people; which he burned to chastise.

Immediately after the entertainment,

Brian

Brian handed Miss Charlotte into the lobby ; and had scarcely left her to call a coach, before the two loungers approached, stopped immediately before her, and stared her in the face. As she turned away to avoid their impertinent gaze, one of them raised the edge of her hat, and exclaimed—" A pretty cit, by Gad ! It is a pity that so much beauty should be confined to the smoky regions of the east end of the town. Will you be my *chère amie*, and exchange a shop for elegant apartments, and a hackney-coach for your own chariot ? "

This insolent action and language were interrupted by a blow, which felled the unmanly puppy to the ground, after making him reel to a distance of some paces. It was the hand of Brian which inflicted this chastisement : he had been
suspicious

suspicious that Charlotte might suffer some farther annoyance from these intruders, and he had returned with the utmost expedition, and just in time to witness the rude action, although passion prevented him from distinctly hearing the words of the aggressor.

Brian had no sooner disengaged Charlotte from one of the authors of her terror and confusion, than he took her arm under his own, and was walking off without farther ceremony, when he was arrested by the companion of the fallen hero, who exclaimed—"Stop, Sir—the affair will not end here: my friend is a gentleman, a man of fortune and of spirit, and will expect satisfaction."

"Your friend is a scoundrel!" replied Brian—"and you know the old adage—*Birds of a feather*——If you pretend to give me any farther interruption, I will
instantly

instantly inflict upon you a similar chastisement."

"It is easy to be seen," retorted the coxcomb, "that you are only a low-bred cit; but my friend will, for once, condescend to overlook the inequality of your condition, to teach you to meddle only with your equals in future."

The fallen hero had, by this time, recovered those few senses which Nature had bestowed upon him, and the use of his legs; and, hopping towards Brian, he demanded his address with a shake of his head, either occasioned by the violence of the blow, or intended to convey a menace.

"I have no card about me," replied Brian.

"Then pray let me have one of your or your master's *shop-bills*."

Brian was inflamed at the contempt
with

with which this *inuendo* was conveyed, and going to the length of Charlotte's arm, but without quitting her hand, he drew near to the hero, and told him, in a low tone of voice, that if he did not wish to make an ostentatious display of his courage before the ladies, with a view to have a meeting, of which he pretended to be desirous, prevented, he would be satisfied with knowing that he would be at the Gloucester Coffee-house in Piccadilly, at eight o'clock the next morning, prepared to vindicate his conduct to any extremity.

"You must be prepared, Sir," said the hero, "to make me an apology as public as the indignity which you have put upon me, or——"

"Or what, Sir?"

"You must have pistols, and a second with you."

"Enough

“ Enough for the present—I shall not fail you,” said Brian ; and turning about, he walked off, without any farther interruption.

Miss Charlotte’s bosom, which had been, for some months before, disquieted on Brian’s account, was now violently agitated, by mixed emotions of gratitude for the spirit with which he had repelled the insult offered to her, of admiration at the unusual dignity of his manner during the whole of the transaction, and of uneasiness at the probable consequences of it. She had not heard the appointment, but she dreaded that something to that effect had passed between them : her apprehensions made her forget the restraints which she had of late laboured under when in his company, and particularly when alone with him ; as female modesty, when once rendered a captive, tries every mode
to

to disguise its chains, until the concealment becomes too painful, or no longer necessary. Imagining that the present was an occasion which demanded an abatement of the extreme rigidity of decorum, she thanked him for his care of her, and praised his gallantry, in terms which her tongue would have been unable to utter at any other time. She expressed her fears that the affair was not yet over, and conjured him not to endanger his life, by deigning to take any further notice of persons who had shewn, by their ungentlemanlike conduct, that they were unworthy of it.

Brian declared, that the satisfaction which he felt at having punished an insult offered to her, was too proud a consideration to permit him to bestow a single thought on the consequences of it ;

it; and he was involuntarily drawn into those declarations of the warmest attachment, which would have afforded her the utmost satisfaction at any other time, but her joy was damped by his not positively assuring her that no meeting was intended. She pressed him in the strongest terms, to give her his word of honour, that he would not suffer himself to be drawn away by any ideas of false honour; and Brian promised *equivocally* to despise the objects of her terror, on condition that she would endeavour to compose her spirits, and not give her father reason to suspect that any disagreeable event had disturbed the evening's amusement. Charlotte consented, and Brian ratified the treaty with his lips upon her hand. Charlotte's face was crimsoned with this first liberty which he had ever taken with
her;

her ; but considering the occasion of it, the darkness which enveloped them, and that they were not exposed to the eyes of a third person, she thought proper not to take the least notice of it, not even so much as to withdraw her hand, which the happy Brian held in his till the coach brought them home.

Brian affected the utmost gaiety and cheerfulness during the time of supper, to lull the suspicions of Charlotte, who did not fail to observe him narrowly, but without deriving any cause for imagining that he intended to deceive her. He was, however, very far from being easy in his mind, as he could not leave the house that night, to seek for some person to accompany him, and to provide himself with pistols. These considerations kept him from closing his eyes during the
whole

whole night, and rising soon after break of day, he left the house with as little noise as possible, as well to prevent interruption, as to make the necessary preparations for the rencounter. He hastened towards Piccadilly ; but as none of the shops were open at so early an hour, he entered St. James's Park, to stroll away the interval. Not the least idea of fear occupied his breast ; on the contrary, he thought himself so grossly offended in the person of Charlotte, that he burned to inflict a more severe chastisement on the rude aggressor, since he was not satisfied with the manual one which he had already received.

The time passed away so heavily, that it appeared to him the lapse of an age, before the clock at the Horse Guards struck seven. He then left the Park, but
was

was chagrined at not finding any shops yet open. Strolling towards the place of rendezvous, he beheld a gentleman parading before the door, and imagining that he might be the bearer of some message to him from his antagonist, he advanced towards him. The gentleman saluted him with his hat, and looking at his watch, addressed him thus—"You are more than punctual, Sir; but as I do not see you accompanied by a friend, may I take the liberty of asking if you have not had time to provide yourself with one?"

"That is exactly my situation, Sir," replied Brian; "but, rather than not keep my appointment, I intend to go without one. I dared not to leave the house last night, for fear of exciting the suspicions of the lady who was with me, and who resides under the same roof, which

which might have led to disappointment."

"You acted perfectly right, Sir. I am a stranger to you, but that makes very little difference between men of honour, in similar cases. I perfectly understand the etiquette, and shall be happy to be permitted to act as your friend."

"Are you not a friend to the other party, Sir?" said Brian.

"No, Sir; I have only a slight, a coffee-house acquaintance with them; but, if I had been upon a more intimate footing, that circumstance would not prevent me from seeing as much justice done to yourself, as if you were my brother."

"Pray, Sir, give me leave to ask how you became acquainted with this intended meeting?"

"Why, Sir, I was at the theatre last
night,

night, and witnessed the misconduct of your antagonist, as well as your very proper resentment of it. I likewise heard the challenge given, and accepted; and judging that it might be with you as I now find it to be the case, I came hither on purpose to prevent your being taken unprovided. I admire your spirit, and should be sorry that you should go to the ground without a friend."

"I accept your offer, with the greatest pleasure and gratitude, Sir," replied Brian; "but I still labour under another disadvantage: as this is the first time that I ever had occasion for pistols, I am without them, and there is no shop open, at which I may procure a pair."

"I am happy, Sir, to have it in my power to prevent the necessity of your trusting to any rubbish which may be

picked up at a moment's warning. My lodgings are at a very little distance ; and as the people of the coffee-house are not yet stirring, if you will walk with me, I can furnish you with a tried pair—hair triggers ; not made for shew, but service ; will neither dip, swerve, kick, nor hang fire.”

Brian once more thanked his unexpected friend, and accompanied him to his lodgings in Half Moon-street, where he was furnished with the needful apparatus for supporting the character of a *man of honour*.

CHAP. II.

*A Duel—Love's Alarms—Love, Friendship, and
Gratitude—Lovers' Dreams.*

ON their return to the Gloucester coffee-house, they beheld the two persons who were expected ; and Brian's new friend saluted the principal as *Sir Charles Rushlight*, and the second as *Mr. Shadow*. They, in return, saluted him as *Captain Fascine* ; and enquired, with evident symptoms of surprise, if he was to be the friend of the other party ? The Captain replied in the affirmative, and asked if they had thought

of any particular spot for the scene of action? Mr. Shadow observed, that every place was alike, provided they could be free from interruption. After some consultation between the seconds, it was agreed that, as Hyde Park was a too well known scene of such affairs, the parties should send for a couple of post-chaises to take them to Uxbridge, where they should walk out together till they could find a place suited to their purpose. The post-chaises were soon at the door, and Sir Charles and his friend drove off in one, followed by the Captain and Brian in the other.

During the journey, the conversation of the Captain and Brian was so lively, and on such indifferent subjects, that any one who could have heard it, would have imagined that their excursion had been
rather

rather on an affair of pleasure than on so serious an occasion. On their arrival at Uxbridge, the parties breakfasted together to prevent suspicion, and then walked out into the fields. When they had found a retired spot, the seconds agreed upon a distance of twelve paces, which were marked out; and as each of them insisted that their principal was entitled to the first fire, they settled the point by tossing up for it. Mr. Shadow won; and when the principals had taken their stations, he asked if Brian was willing to make as public an apology as had been the indignity which he had offered to his friend? Brian firmly replied, that he should dictate to his pistols the only apology which he would ever make.—Sir Charles then took deliberate aim, and fired: Brian received the shot in his

right breast ; but, as he did not appear in the least affected by it, every one concluded that it had missed him. Brian then asked, in turn, if Sir Charles would make such an apology as his friend the Captain should declare himself to be satisfied with, to the young lady whom he had so grossly affronted whilst under his protection ? On Sir Charles's refusal, Brian fired : the shot broke the Baronet's right arm, and the discharged pistol fell from his hand : he himself was prevented from falling to the ground by his second, who caught him in his arms. The Captain running up to him, expressed his hopes that he was not mortally wounded, and that each party would be satisfied with the proofs they had given of their being men of courage, and drop their animosity. As the Baronet was unable
to

to make any reply, the Captain returned to Brian, and told him that it was high time for them to look to themselves, and to send a surgeon to his opponent, whom he believed to have received a very dangerous hurt. Brian, however, began to grow very faint, his face exhibited the most alarming paleness, and the Captain now first perceived the streams of blood which flowed over his clothes. “You are wounded, Sir,” cried the Captain—“let me help you to reach the town, that we may proceed with all expedition to London, and get your wound skilfully dressed.” They returned to Uxbridge with as much expedition as Brian’s situation would permit; but he was then so ill, that it was judged dangerous to take him any farther.

A medical *professor* was sent for, who

c 4

appeared

appeared very doubtful of the case ; and giving the *usual* shake of the head, declared that, as it was more than probable that the patient would expire under his hands during the operation of extracting the ball, he would not risk his own reputation so far as to venture upon it, without the assistance of some eminent surgeon of London. This shake of the head was attributed by the Captain, who had seen much of the world, to its true source—*ignorance* ; although, by persons who are as ignorant as the professors that make use of it, the very same token is accounted a symptom of great foresight in the professor, and of imminent danger to the patient. The fact was, that the medical gentleman had been no more than a compounder of medicines under an eminent practitioner in London, and
preferring

preferring to be a master in any other place to a servitude in the metropolis, he had ventured to set up in business at Uxbridge, on his own stock of knowledge. In matters of barely administering medicines or external applications, such as potions, lotions, blisters, glysters (where it is very difficult to discern between skill and ignorance), and even in the articles of tooth drawing and blood-letting, he was as bold as a lion ; but in the routine of more arduous surgical operations, where unskilfulness is most easily detected, he was as timid as a hare. It was, therefore, customary with him to pursue the same mode as he took in the present case, that of sending for a surgeon from town to perform the operation ; after which he would pour in drugs, to prevent fevers, mortifications, and such like

c 5 consequences,

consequences, and to make up the usual items of a long bill. This mode was certainly the safest for the patient and for the doctor, as the latter could say that the patient was incurable, or lay his death at the door of the operator, if such was the consequence; or, if a cure took place, he could (as he never failed to do) take all the merit of it to himself. The Captain, however, was not to be so blinded; and having desired the surgeon to put a stop to the hæmorrhage as well as he could, he jumped into the post-chaise, and drove back to London, where he found a skilful professional gentleman of his acquaintance, a Mr. Handaside, who instantly set out with him for Uxbridge.

Mr. Handaside had no sooner probed the wound, than he pronounced it to be more formidable in appearance than in reality;

reality ; and, without the slightest hesitation, he performed that operation, which had appeared so arduous to the other surgeon. Brian bore the pain of the extraction, excruciating as it must have been, without flinching, or even groaning. It was no sooner finished, than, to the surprise of all present, he expressed his fears for his wounded antagonist, and his wish that he might enjoy the benefit of that skill to which he was likely to be indebted for the preservation of his own life. His firmness was now less admired than his generosity ; and Mr. Handaside, after having recommended to him to endeavour to compose himself, promised that he would be ready to lend his assistance to the other gentleman, if he was not already taken care of.

Brian, however, could by no means

rest under the ideas of the anxiety which his friends, Mr. Hewson and Charlotte, would experience at his absence, particularly the latter, who must suspect the cause of it. Having made known the occasion of his uneasiness to the Captain, the latter addressed him thus : “ My dear fellow, you need not retard your recovery on that account : your friends undoubtedly will be more gratified by hearing that you have behaved like a man of spirit, although you will smart a little for it, than that you preferred your safety to your honour : that such will be the sentiments of the lady at least, I am perfectly convinced, from my experience in the sex. It may be proper, however, not to let them remain in suspense ; and I can write a letter to them, treating the wound as a slight matter, and informing them
that

that it is the opinion of one of the most skilful surgeons in London, that your cure is certain, and will be speedy ; or, if you think that my going in person will be more satisfactory to them, command me—you have only to say the word.”

Brian was about to pour out a string of apologies and thanks, but the Captain prevented him, by saying that, where an offer was sincerely made on one side, there was no occasion for many apologies from the other side for accepting it ; and, in the present case, an effusion of words, after an effusion of blood, should be particularly avoided. He then asked if he should go or write ? Brian preferred the former ; and after the Captain had obtained Mr. Hewson’s address, he was presently again on the road to London.

Mr. Hewson and his daughter were, at
that

that time, in the most cruel suspense and anxiety. At breakfast time, they waited for Brian; and at length a servant was sent to seek him, who brought back word that he was not in the house; and that, as the door had been found unbolted, it was probable that he had gone out early. As Mr. Hewson knew nothing of the preceding night's affair, he sat down to his breakfast; but Charlotte stood like one thunderstruck at the news, and the colour had wholly forsaken her cheeks. Mr. Hewson, after waiting for some minutes, in expectation of her pouring out his tea as usual, looked at her, and observed her standing, and quite lost in thought—"Come, come, my dear," said he, smiling, "we can surely breakfast *for once* without Mr. Bonnycastle."

Charlotte endeavoured to resume her-

self, and began to perform the honours of the table, but in so awkward a manner, that her father passed several jokes upon her inattention. Charlotte put on a feigned composure, that she might not afflict her father with imaginary fears, although she dreaded that her own would prove but too real.

Mr. Hewson had no sooner finished his breakfast, and withdrawn to the counting-house, than, after many sighs, the unhappy Charlotte could not refrain from giving vent to her direful forebodings in a shower of tears. In this situation, and before she could clear away the pearly drops, was she surprised by her father, who exclaimed—"Something must be amiss, Charlotte: tell me truly, I charge you on the authority of a parent, what
has

has happened, or what you suspect to have happened."

Charlotte related what had passed at the theatre, and excused herself for not mentioning it to her father, as she thought she had obtained Mr. Bonnycastle's promise to take no further notice of the affair.

"It is too late now," said Mr. Hewson—"the mischief, if any is to ensue, is over before this time. We must await the event with patience, as it will be in vain to endeavour, at this time, to trace the rash youth, who undoubtedly went out very early to prevent detention."

Charlotte uttered not a syllable; but she no longer sought to restrain her sobs and groans. Her father was touched with her situation, and strove to relieve it—

"Brian

“ Brian is brave,” continued he ; “ and his cause is just, if there can be any justice in duelling. As for his antagonist, I have no idea that *he* can be a brave man who will insult a female ; and although he may muster sufficient resolution to shew his face upon the ground, yet he may perhaps be glad to find a hole to creep away from fighting. I have often read in the newspapers, of the disputes of these *box-lobby heroes*, some of which have been accommodated with an *if*, others with an exchange of powder alone, and I don’t doubt but that was terrifying enough to the principals.— Brian’s antagonist is probably one of these gentry ; but, should he be a fighting man, Brian may as well prove victorious as otherwise.”

Mr. Hewson uttered this speech with a
feigned

feigned composure; and leaving the room, he dispatched a messenger to the public office in Bow-street, to give notice of the apprehended meeting, that steps might be taken to prevent it, if not too late. He had but just returned to his daughter, when they heard a chaise stop at the door, and a thundering knocking at it. Charlotte jumped up, exclaiming—"Ah! he would never return in a chaise! no—he must be brought back, either severely wounded, or a corpse!"

Mr. Hewson entertained a similar dread, especially when a servant announced that a gentleman wished to see him on private business. Leaving Charlotte to the care of the servant, he hastened to obey the summons, which came from Captain Fascine.

The Captain briefly related the whole
affair,

affair, of which he had been a witness almost from the beginning to the end, in the most favourable point of view, on Brian's side ; and concluded with giving Mr. Handaside's opinion of his wound.

As Mr. Hewson had often heard Mr. Handaside's name and professional skill mentioned, he was somewhat relieved by this intelligence, alarming as it was, upon the whole. He was afraid to break it to his daughter (but it could not be avoided), as her fears would conceive the worst. Having asked the Captain when he should see Mr. Bonnycastle again ? and being answered that he should return so soon as a change of horses could be procured, Mr. Hewson expressed a desire to accompany him, if he would have the goodness to wait a short time. The Captain readily acquiesced ; and Mr. Hewson
returned

returned to his daughter, to whom he broke the news without the least alteration, except that the surgeon had found Brian's wound to be so slight that he would be able to return to town within two or three days at farthest: he added, that to assure her, as well as himself, that this report was not more favourable than strictly true, he was going off with the messenger, who had acted as Brian's friend on the occasion; and that he should take care that nothing should be wanting that might expedite his cure and return.

After Charlotte had expressed herself to be somewhat reconciled to the news, and to approve of her father's intention, Mr. Hewson recommended to her not to torment herself with useless fears; and getting into the chaise with the Captain, they

they drove to the Gloucester Coffee-house, changed horses, and took the road to Uxbridge.

Although Mr. Hewson had always professed the utmost abhorrence of duelling, yet he had so high an opinion of Brian's peaceable disposition, and entertained so much regard for the defender of his beloved daughter, that he had perfectly justified it to himself in this instance.

On arriving at Uxbridge, Mr. Handaside, who had never left the patient, was summoned to the parlour, and informed his friends that his patient had dozed for upwards of an hour, and had awoke so much refreshed and relieved, that he was confirmed in his former opinion of a speedy cure. He, however, desired Mr. Hewson, if he considered that his presence would be any way liable to agitate
his

his patient, to refrain from visiting him for the present.

After some little hesitation, Mr. Hewson, who had clearly perceived the growing attachment between his daughter and Brian, concluded that his presence might discompose him, and he contented himself with writing a most consolatory letter to him, painting his high sense of that gallantry, which had put him to the risk of his life on his daughter's account, and expressing his hopes of his speedy return to receive the heartfelt acknowledgments of himself and his daughter.

Having communicated the contents of the letter to the Captain and Mr. Handaside, who both approved them, the former carried it to Brian's room, exclaiming, as he opened the door—"Here, my dear boy, here is an effectual cure for
you !

you ! The old gentleman and the young lady are brimful of gratitude and admiration. I hope there is a fortune of half a plum at least for you."

Brian perused the letter several times, until he dropped asleep with it in his hand ; and Mr. Hewson returned to London in the evening, firmly relying on Mr. Handaside's assurance that the worst was past.

The Captain and Mr. Handaside never left Brian during his confinement, unless when their own affairs required their presence in town ; and, in those cases, they always returned to him at night. Mr. Hewson was daily informed of the progress of the cure ; and when Mr. Handaside was of opinion that his patient could bear the journey to town, he
came

came in person to carry him back with him. Besides making a very handsome compliment to Mr. Handaside, Mr. Hewson insisted on paying the whole of the expences at the inn, alledging that they had been incurred solely on *his own* account.

Mr. Hewson, Brian, the Captain, and Mr. Handaside, then returned to town in two post-chaises, and reached Mr. Hewson's door after dark: he had planned it so, in order that the meeting between Charlotte and Brian might be deferred till the next morning, to allow time to prepare for it, and to prevent any danger of a relapse in Brian. Immediately after their arrival, therefore, Brian, notwithstanding his eagerness, and almost entreaties, to be permitted to see Miss
Charlotte,

Charlotte, was prevailed upon, by Mr. Hewson and his other friends, to retire to his chamber.

Mr. Hewson detained the Captain and Mr. Handaside to supper, and gave them an opportunity of admiring the person and manners of his daughter, and of envying the happiness of Brian, of which they had not the least doubt. The guests, in return, were incessant in their praises of the conduct of Brian, which kind of conversation they observed to be extremely grateful to Mr. Hewson and his daughter, particularly the latter, whose face glowed with the praises of the object of her attachment.

At taking leave, Mr. Hewson gave the two gentlemen a general invitation to call and see their friend, Mr. Bonnycastle. Charlotte and Brian were both a long
VOL. I. D time

time in composing themselves to rest on that night, and then they slept only to dream of happiness, that is to say, of each other.

CHAP. III.

The most glorious Prospects blighted by a Want of Resolution to fly from bad Company—The first Steps to Dissipation hard to be retraced, and the Gulph of Wretchedness begins to yawn.

WHEN the breakfast hour arrived, Brian descended into the parlour, where he beheld Charlotte alone. For an instant, her joy at beholding him, after so cruel an absence, called up the crimson in her cheeks; but she no sooner observed the pallid hue on his, than her own resembled the lily. She turned her head aside, to conceal the sigh which struggled in

D 2

her

her bosom, and the tear which started into her eye. Brian approached, took her trembling hand respectfully, and addressed her thus, in the tenderest accents: “ Will not Miss Charlotte pardon me then for the deception which I practised upon her, and which my honour imperiously dictated to me? If I have still her displeasure to encounter, I am only sorry that I have lived to deserve it, and that the ball had not been friendly enough to close my eyes for ever.”

“ How can you suppose, Sir,” replied Charlotte, with much emotion, “ that I can entertain any such sentiment as anger against you, after your having so generously exposed your life for my sake? It was to preserve a life which could not but be dear to me, both from esteem and gratitude, that I extorted a promise from
you

you not to endanger it. If you have broken it, your sufferings have been so severe, that I should rather wish to alleviate than to encrease them."

" Ah, my Charlotte, I have suffered nothing, since you confess that my life is dear to you ! How life-restoring must be that confession, which informs me of what I dared not even suspect, which gives me to understand how inextricably my happiness is interwoven with yours ! How doatingly fond my heart is of you !"

At these words, a glow of transport seemed to animate Charlotte's whole frame ; at first she trembled with delight, and then a soft languor succeeding to her tremor, she sunk upon Brian's bosom, exclaiming, as she concealed her blushing face, in the softest accents—" Do you then indeed love me ?"

Brian was so lost in ecstasy, that he made no answer; perhaps he did not distinctly hear the question; till Charlotte, looking earnestly in his face, as if she had her doubts, as if she feared to be mistaken, repeated it. Brian made such ardent protestations of the most unalterable attachment, that she scrupled no longer to give way to her feelings: she suffered Brian to press her to his bosom, and asked him why he had never told her before that he loved her?

“Because I had firmly resolved,” replied he, “never to make that disclosure; for which I cannot now justify myself: love has triumphed over reason, and rendered me ungrateful to my benefactor—to your father!”

“What is the meaning of this sudden change?” cried Charlotte, looking very seriously—

seriously—" Do you repent of having made me happy by your confession? Do you wish to retract it?"

" No; I shall never repent of making you happy, my dearest Charlotte: I would willingly make your happiness the sole aim of my life, but it will never be in my power—Mr. Hewson will never consent to give me his daughter; no—I am destined to love, and to be miserable."

" Do not say so; you may be happy, if I can make you so. I am very well assured, and so ought you to be, that my father entertains the highest esteem for you; and if you were to declare to him an attachment to me——"

" How can I venture to make such a declaration, when there is so great a superiority of fortune on your side? I must banish every thought of an union

with you, which could only appear in a mercenary point of view, on my side."

"But I shall not think so: fortune is well exchanged for happiness; and you must promise me to banish all such notions of imaginary honour."

Brian seized her hand, and kissed it with a glow of rapture, which was interrupted by the opening of the door, and the entrance of Mr. Hewson. Brian was as much shocked at being surprised with Charlotte's hand enclosed in his, as he would have been at being caught picking a pocket; for, according to the principles which he had imbibed from his father, and which had not been at that time impaired by any vicious intercourse with the world, he thought that the highwayman, who robbed from necessity, was a better character than the man who would
steal

steal a woman's affections, without the approbation of her parents. Brian looked, as he felt, very much disconcerted; but he was somewhat restored to his ease, by observing the utmost complacency and kindness in Mr. Hewson's looks and conduct. Charlotte was not in the least constrained by her father's presence; she directed the most engaging smiles and speeches to Brian, who would have been happy, but for the want of that paternal sanction which he timidly despaired of. He was not, however, to remain long in a state of suspense.

One day, when Brian was walking across the parlour, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the floor, revolving whether it was honourable in himself to remain any longer under Mr. Hewson's roof under existing circumstances, Mr. Hewson

entered the room. After having talked a little on affairs of business, Mr. Hewson enquired where Charlotte was? looking, at the same time, full in Brian's face. Brian was disconcerted by the question, and hesitated before he could stammer out that he did not know. To complete his confusion, Mr. Hewson turned short upon him, and asked him if he did not love his daughter? Brian started, the blood flushed his pallid cheeks, and he faintly articulated—"Love Miss Charlotte, Sir?"

"Aye, do you love Charlotte, my daughter?—Is it not a plain question? and cannot you give me as plain an answer?"

"I fear, Sir," replied Brian, "that I have not acted as plainly with you as I ought to have done. I confess that I love
Miss

Miss Hewson more than my life ; and to prove the truth and disinterestedness of my attachment to her, I was just now thinking of asking you for your recommendation to some mercantile house that may be in want of a traveller. I should have been void of sensibility, to have witnessed so many charms and so many virtues unmoved ; but I ought to have quitted your house on the first discovery which I myself made of my presumptuous passion—It is not too late now.”

Mr. Hewson surveyed him from head to foot ; he saw, he could not avoid perceiving, that he was in a very great agitation, that his eyes dared not to meet the glances of a man whom he thought he had injured—“ Why,” said Mr. Hewson, “ do you think of leaving a girl, to whom

D 6

you

you confess that you are attached, before you have satisfied yourself that it is necessary you should do so?"

"I am already satisfied, Sir, that I can have no pretensions to a lady of Miss Hewson's fortune. You, and every other person, might have deemed me mercenary, if I had addressed Miss Hewson; and have concluded, not unnaturally, that her fortune would have been my principal object: I therefore carefully concealed from her the emotions with which she had inspired me, until an unforeseen accident made me lose sight of so honourable a reserve; till that time, the secret never burst from my labouring bosom; and, ever since, I have been forming a resolution to avoid disturbing the peace and happiness of yourself and
your

your daughter. At the very moment you joined me, I was planning the best method of accomplishing this design."

"I suppose, Sir," said Mr. Hewson, who had been smiling during the whole of this speech, "that my daughter is as much attached to you as you are to her."

"If you shall please to ask her that question," replied Brian, "I am certain that she has too much candour, as well as too high a sense of filial duty, to dissemble with you on that or any other point."

Mr. Hewson left the room, without uttering another syllable; and in about a quarter of an hour he returned, leading in the blushing Charlotte. Having placed her hand in Brian's, he said—"There, Sir, is my daughter's hand; and be assured, that if I imagined I could have found a more worthy person than yourself,

self, you would never have received it with my consent."

Brian thanked Mr. Hewson in the best manner his raptures would permit him, for this inestimable gift; and then turning to Charlotte, he asked her if it would be offering the least violence to her inclinations, to consent to his happiness?

"No, Sir," replied she; "I bestow my hand freely upon you, for the very same reason that my father has already given it to you."

Brian's happiness now seemed to have attained nearly the pinnacle of fortune, and to rest on a most solid foundation—But what is the foundation of all human happiness?—*Sand.*

Mr. Hewson declared, that he would delay the marriage-ceremony no longer than till the return of his son, who had
written

written that he was about to embark at Leghorn, and expected to be in London soon after his letter. He did arrive, and his arrival, which Brian had looked forward to as the signal of complete happiness, proved that of the most abject misery.

Mr. Robert Hewson, the son, finding how high Brian stood in the estimation of his family, was excessively polite to him ; and among other offers, which were intended as acts of kindness, he desired his father to give him leave to introduce him to some young persons of fashion, with whom he had made acquaintance on his travels. As Brian had never been in any mixed company, except the trading part of the city, whom he met at coffee-houses on business, he was very doubtful of his being able to conduct himself with

ease

ease in a higher sphere ; and he would have readily declined the offer. Robert, however, gave so advantageous a character of his acquaintance, that, as Mr. Hewson made no sort of objection, a natural curiosity of youth began to make Brian wish to be admitted into such company. When the evening came, Robert conducted him to a hotel, under Covent-garden Piazza. Brian had often heard the place mentioned, but he had never felt the least curiosity to visit such houses, believing them to be the temples of riot, ebriety, dissipation, and ruin.

Brian was introduced to a very genteel-dressed party of young men, who received him with the greatest politeness. His heart was dilated with his reception, and with the expectation of enjoying a charming evening amidst such a
brilliant

brilliant company, whose taste and conversation, from their knowledge of *the town* and of foreign parts, he presumed to have been of a superior cast. He was, however, miserably disappointed: the interval before supper was trifled away in recounting their schoolboy tricks at the time of breaking up, their feats at the last Newmarket meeting, and in laying bets for the next. They then fell upon the subject of *ladies of the town*; and from that they began to criticise upon theatrical performers and pieces, if that could be styled criticism, which extended no farther than an insipid narration of Thespian anecdotes, that had appeared in magazines years before.

The supper put an end to this sort of trash; but it was only to give place to worse. An hour was wasted over the meal,

meal, in giving reasons why one of the company would not eat of any high-seasoned dish. This subject, disgusting as it was, was rendered still more nauseous, by the chyming of the waiters in the laugh, at certain appropriate stories which they were called upon to witness. From the very great familiarity which apparently subsisted betwixt them and the guests, Brian almost expected that the former would have taken chairs, after the supper was removed.

At length the cloth was taken away, the table replenished with bottles and glasses, and a president and vice-president appointed, previously to proceeding to what was termed the *business of the evening*: this was nothing more than an observance of the laws and ceremonies of giving toasts, singing songs, and
drinking

drinking bumpers. It was to no purpose that Brian pleaded his inability to drink, and that he had business of great consequence to transact on the next morning; Robert Hewson pronounced him a green-horn, who had never been entered; and the whole company persisted in urging him to do as the rest, and swallow bumper after bumper, to a routine of *toasts* and *sentiments*, which he afterwards found to have been long hackneyed through the night-cellars.

This prelude was, however, harmless, to the scenes which followed. As it is impossible for any club of *bucks*, *bloods*, *eccentrics*, *odd fellows*, *high fellows*, or *free and accepted brethren*, to pass a whole evening on their own stock of wit, or whatever their heads can carry of other people's, some auxiliaries, such as wo-
men

men or hazard, are resorted to, that the fun may be kept up. If the guests are backward at mentioning women, the waiters are sure to remind them of them, because those houses are never without plyers, who are penned up, like sheep in Smithfield, waiting to be sent for.

Some of these unhappy females were introduced, and as the company were some way gone in the second bottle to each man, Brian regarded the one who was recommended to himself as a most beautiful woman. Already inflamed with wine, he drank her health in a gobletful, challenged the company to follow the example, promised to meet the company again on the next night, and was dignified with the appellation of a *d—d high fellow*.

To all that ensued he was totally insensible,

sensible, till he awoke in the morning, in a strange place, with a violent pain in his head, his lips scorched, and his ideas in the utmost confusion. It was a long time before he could call to remembrance some faint traces of the preceding night's debauch: he started up, as if terrified at himself, and beheld the fair one, who, the night before, had so fascinated him, now so changed, that he left her as much a vestal as he found her, paid his quota of a most extravagant bill, and returned home, afraid to meet the eyes of Mr. Hewson and his daughter.

Robert Hewson undertook their excuse, which was, that having been detained late, they had preferred accepting a bed at a friend's house, to disturbing the family at an unusual hour. The well-known sobriety of Brian's past conduct, made

made this excuse pass without the least suspicion: he hugged himself in the deception; and when Robert reminded him of his engagement to meet the same company in the evening, he told him the resolution which he had formed of never running such another risk. Robert ridiculed his fears, by asserting that his father and sister might be always kept in the same darkness; and insinuating that his *honour* demanded that he should keep this one engagement, if he never made another. Brian was tricked out of his resolution; and, rather than appear ridiculous in the eyes of those whom he now despised, he consented to become wretched.

The meeting was polite and sociable, but the company appeared rather flagged; novelty was worn off—Brian was
considered

considered as one of them, and the mask was dropped. A repetition of the preceding night's amusements was slightly proposed, and rejected; but a challenge given by one of the company to throw a main, was rapturously received, and dice were called for.

For a while, Brian was only a mere spectator; but as the game of hazard appeared to him extremely fair, and he was much pressed to try his fortune, he took the box, and threw in five hands. Emboldened by this success, when it came to his turn again, he threw with spirit; and at the breaking up of the party, was a winner of sixty guineas. A play-club was established, to meet twice a-week; and as they returned home that night, Brian was overjoyed, not only with his present good fortune, but with the prospect

pect of gaining considerably in future, without being suspected by Mr. Hewson of such practices. On the next day, he purchased the *Doctrine of Chances*, *Hoyle's Games*, and all the treatises on the subject, and studied them with the most profound attention. As he had been much used to business, he was cool, could lay his bets better than any of the other members of the club, and was more successful than any of them.

He had been for some time so deeply involved in calculating the probability of winning against that of losing, that he became almost insensible of any change in his own conduct, till he could not help observing that Mr. Hewson and his daughter grew very reserved, and rather ceremoniously polite than affectionate and tender, as they had formerly been.

Avarice,

Avarice, however, solely possessed him; and he imagined that when the fortune with which he flattered himself, was once gained, he should easily gain more of the esteem of Mr. and Miss Hewson, than he could possibly lose in the pursuit of it. He was dreadfully staggered, however, when, on entering the breakfast-parlour one morning, after being up the greater part of the preceding night at the club, he saw nothing of Miss Charlotte. On enquiring after her, he was *coolly* told by Mr. Hewson, that he had consented, at her own express desire, to her paying a visit, for a month or two months, to a boarding-school acquaintance, in Worcestershire. Brian was thunderstruck, both at the matter and manner of communicating this intelligence, as he had never before received the slightest inti-

mation of such a visit being intended. Besides the coolness of Mr. Hewson's reply, he never gave the slightest hint of the marriage, and even appeared to avoid studiously any private conversation with his late favourite.

Brian now began to perceive the folly of his late disgraceful pursuits, and he bitterly reproached Robert Hewson with having drawn him into them, to the destruction of all his happiness. Robert Hewson laughed at his groundless fears, as he termed them, and assured him, that his sister's visit was only a preliminary step to his marriage, which she was gone to propose to a distant relation, from whom she had a great expectation; and that he had heard his father declare, that the marriage should take place immediately after her return.

Improbable,

Improbable, and really untrue as was this assurance, Brian was so infatuated as to suffer himself to be lulled by it, and to be drawn that very evening into another fertile source of misfortune. Robert Hewson carried him to a house, where he introduced him to two females, whom he represented as in high-keeping, and desirous to keep it up for a day or two, their *friends* being gone out of town for that time.

Brian's passion for gallantry had long been wholly absorbed by that of gaming; but the Champaigne flew about briskly, the ladies were in high spirits, sung well, and were so charmingly beautiful, that he was surprised into a consent to join in an excursion for a day or two. Post-chaises were hired, the *parti quarré* set off for Windsor, and were so mutually

delighted with each other, that they delayed their return till the end of the sixth day. The consequence was, that Brian's partner lost her friend, who had returned during her absence; but she declared, that the loss of such a *scrub* would never give her a moment's uneasiness, and that she would rather live with Brian upon bread and water.

As Brian had been the means of her losing a good allowance, he thought he was bound in honour not to desert her; and to support this additional expence, he doubled his assiduity at the play-table with such success, that, besides making his mistress many valuable presents, he accumulated upwards of two thousand pounds at the end of six weeks from the commencement of their acquaintance. His infatuation encreased—he saw nothing

thing but golden prospects before him ; but one fatal night dissolved the club, and all his dreams of happiness.

A dispute took place between Robert Hewson and another of the club ; words ran very high ; but, by the interference of Brian and others, the affair was seemingly adjusted. When the rest of the company, however, had returned to their employment, the two disputants slipped away unheeded, retired to an adjoining bagnio, fought, and about four o'clock in the morning, Robert Hewson was brought to his father's house, desperately wounded.

Mr. Hewson's agony was not to be described ; and when Brian knocked at the door about an hour afterwards, totally ignorant of his companion's fate, he was told that, as Mr. Hewson had, in all probability,

bability, lost his son, through a quarrel at a gaming-house, of which he himself was a principal member, and also kept a mistress, Mr Hewson thought it inconsistent with his reputation, and the interest of his daughter, to suffer him ever to enter his door again.

CHAP. IV.

A Mistress finishes what the Gaming-tables had begun—Characters of two Men of the Town—A Club of dramatic Censors described—Their Chastisement by an odd Character—The Knowing Ones taken in—A Midnight Street Robbery.

BRIAN's trunk and clothes were handed into the hackney-coach which had brought him home, and he ordered it to be driven to his mistress's house. He did not conceal from her the full extent of his misfortunes; but she made light of them, and represented that, as he had already been so successful at play, he might find

the gaming-house a surer and more profitable card than the counting-house.— Brian observed, that the club would be inevitably broken up by the unhappy catastrophe of his companion; but she assured him, that every gaming-house, every company, in whatever circle, was open to a man of his appearance, who could make a show of plenty of ready cash. This was some alleviation to his misery, although it was worse than death to him to appear more criminal than he really was in the eyes of Miss Hewson, for whom his love returned with redoubled violence, now that he considered her as irrecoverably lost. He sent a letter to Mr. Hewson the next morning, in which he stated all that had passed since the arrival of his unfortunate son in England, and assuring him that he had not the
least

least idea of the duel which had terminated so fatally, till he was informed of it at his own door by the servant, who announced to him the heart-rending decree which was to separate them for ever. He wished not to appear, in his eyes, worse than he really had been ; and conjured him, in his report to his father, to commiserate the feelings of a friend.

This letter was immediately transmitted by Mr. Hewson to Mr. Bonnycastle, the father, who wrote to his son, that it had proved a terrible shock to his aged frame, to find that he had so madly overthrown the fairest prospects of earthly happiness, by plunging into an abyss of vice. He gave him the most salutary advice respecting his future conduct, and concluded with informing him, that he should never wish to hear from him again,

unless it were to assure him of the utmost remorse for his past vicious conduct, and that he was engaged in some industrious, honest pursuit.

This letter plunged Brian into the utmost despair, as he considered himself an outcast from all the society that he held dear in the world. He was roused, however, by his mistress, who ridiculed his pitiful behaviour; and urged him, now that he was dismissed from his last leading-string, to assume the man. Her artful remonstrances, taunts, and insinuations, mollified at intervals by caresses, and the most violent protestations of eternal attachment, at length banished all symptoms of remorse, and inflamed him against the world, which he determined to make his future prey. He commenced *man of the town*, frequented the
most

most noted taverns, and assumed that pitiful consequence which every street-lounger puts on, to practise upon the unwary. These airs of consequence which he gave himself, did not, however, sit very easy upon him, either from a natural bashfulness, a consciousness of his wretched situation, or a want of practice. He soon made a numerous acquaintance, because he appeared to have plenty of money; and he would often sigh at the happy *nonchalance* and gaiety of some of them, who were sometimes even reduced to the necessity of borrowing two or three guineas from him to pay their share of an entertainment, which they had enjoyed as if they had been possessed of thousands. This indifference, he observed, was not only a source of happiness to themselves, but made them most welcome

guests in every company, as, without the least pretensions to genuine wit or learning, they dispelled the gloom of melancholy by the rapidity and whimsicality of their nonsense.

Brian endeavoured to analyze this apparently-happy temperament, which he found to consist of a feigned contempt of worldly affairs, intended to pass for the ease and indifference of high life and affluence, and of a consummate effrontery—the present characteristic of *good-breeding*. He wished to attain it; but, notwithstanding all his assiduity, that reflection, which never fails to attend upon deeds, the reverse of those dictated by early and well-grounded principles, would cross his path, and make him walk as if he trod upon thorns.

His two principal types were young
men

men of the town, of the names of *Glare* and *Burnish*, whose every word betrayed their ignorance of even their mother-tongue; but their numerous anecdotes of people in high life, seemed to announce that they frequented their places of resort: although the words *families*, and *dirty family acres*, were frequently in their mouths, yet they ever avoided saying where they were situated. They lived as expensively, and apparently free from every care for the future, as if they had been possessed of great wealth; although the difference of their situations, being sometimes flush of money, and at others without a single guinea, made Brian imagine that their only resources were, like his own, the *doctrine of chances*. They had, however, the advantage of knowing men and life infinitely better:

Brian

Brian felt himself perfectly at ease in their company, because they gave him implicit confidence for all the airs which he assumed, without enquiring into the foundation of them — a politeness of which they undoubtedly expected a return.

Those two friends introduced Brian, one evening after a lounge at Covent-garden Theatre, into one of those houses in the neighbourhood, which are resorted to by the second-hand dramatic censors, whom they represented to him as the greatest geniuses of the age, and the fates who held the dramatic scissars. Brian was excessively attentive to their conversation; but, to his great surprise, he found that it was wholly *mechanical*, and a mere repetition of speeches from the works of different authors, without the
least

least effusion of spontaneous, genuine wit, or the least spice of sound criticism. At intervals, the company were surprised and disconcerted in their remarks by an elderly person, genteelly dressed, who exclaimed, loud enough to be heard throughout the room—“*Mouthers! Murderers of English! Monkies! Parrots!*”

The critics passed over the affront as long as they could, consistently with the lofty character which they assumed, and the high opinion which they entertained of themselves; but at length the chairman, tipping a wink to the rest of the company, observed, that it gave himself, and must afford the rest of the company infinite satisfaction, to find that their judgments on dramatic productions were generally those which afterwards issued to the public through the medium of the
periodical

periodical publications, and that no man of sense would find fault with them: some few persons indeed might be displeased, such as those unfortunate pretenders, whose bantlings had been d—d on the first nights of representation.

The rest caught his meaning, and addressing the chair, at the same time that they kept their eyes fixed on the intruder, they began to take him off, as they thought, most unmercifully. The gentleman perceived their drift, and answered for a while only by the most contemptuous sneers; but at last paying his reckoning, and rising from his chair, he addressed them thus: “Gentlemen, I must confess that you utter more of other people’s wit, and less of your own, than any other set of men in the kingdom; but as you are mere public machines by profession,

profession, monkeys by action and grimace, and parrots by speech, I will never trouble you with my company again, till you shall have attained (which I think will never be the case, from your present ignorance) a greater number of ideas, and a less share of impertinence. However, I'll not quite desert you; I'll now and then drop a few shillings at the theatre-door, to have an opportunity to stare at you from a distance, as I would at wild beasts."

He instantly retired, and the hypocritics endeavoured to conceal their astonishment and confusion at his severe chastisement, under a hearty laugh, and shouts of, "Who is he?"—"What was the title of his condemned piece?" and, "May his next attempt be crowned with a dinner!"

Brian was so strongly impressed by the

apparent

apparent eccentricity and bluntness of the stranger, that he expressed a wish to Glare and Burnish to follow him to one of his haunts, and make some enquiry into his real occupation and character; but they informed him that he needed not take that trouble at present, as he was a very well known character, and they could introduce him into his company again almost every evening, and probably they might pop in upon him that very night.

In fact, after leaving the dramatic club, as it was the market morning at Covent-garden, they called at the *Finish*, where they found the stranger, whom Glare and Burnish saluted by the name of *Verjuice*, and congratulated him upon the success with which he had blown up the pretenders to dramatic criticism.

“There is no matter of triumph,” replied

plied Verjuice, “in detecting such ignorant impostors—I should have thought them beneath my notice, if they would but have deemed me unworthy of theirs; but this is the age of pretenders: we have pretenders to high life, whose origin might be traced to the plough-tail; pretenders to wealth, who are only runners to gaming-houses; pretenders to wit, who are only retailers of Joe Miller’s jests; pretenders to politics, who pick up their knowledge from the servants of parliament-men in the public-houses near St. Stephen’s; and pretenders to gallantry, who are qualified to guard the seraglio of the grand sultan. I shall leave to yourselves, gentlemen, to fix which class you belong to.”

“Why, to the same class in which you rank,” rejoined Glare—“We pretend to
enjoy

enjoy life at the expence of the fools, upon whose heels we tread at every step."

"It is a happy world," observed Verjuice, "when fools can enjoy themselves at the expence of fools."

"There is no folly, however, in those who laugh," said Burnish.

"They are only the wisest of fools," cried Verjuice—"But pray, gentlemen, did you leave the club of critics to follow me hither, and take me off? If so, I shall take myself off, without even intruding upon *you* so far as to ask you to lend me as much money as will pay my reckoning—a custom very prevalent among you gentlemen in *high life*."

Brian observed the sneer which accompanied this last speech, as did his companions, who burst into a laugh, and declared that they came only to have their
appetites

appetites whetted by a few of his cynical remarks, before sitting down at the Hummums, to a turbot and brace of pheasants, of which they invited him to partake.

“Don’t hum us—to sprats and a brace of cowheels, in some night-cellar, I rather suppose,” replied Verjuice—“Well, I believe I have still eighteenpence left in my pocket, which will be sufficient to defray my share of any supper you will have to-night; so I don’t care if I do for once *descend* to keep you company.”

They all went to the coffee-house, where they were regaled with a most sumptuous supper; and when they had drunk about a bottle apiece, Glare and Burnish proposed to make out the night, either by beating up the watch, and retiring to some of the houses under Covent-garden piazzas, or by taking a hand at whist.

I thought

“I thought it would end,” said Verjuice, “in your wishing to sup at the expence of myself and your friend: but, be it as it will, if he will be my partner, we will try whether we cannot make you apply to your *steward* for the next remittance, before it is due.”

They then called for cards, and in about three hours' time, Brian and his partner had won all their adversaries' ready cash, amounting to twenty-seven guineas.—They would then have borrowed from Brian, but Verjuice dissuaded him from lending, saying that none but a madman would lend a knife to cut his own throat; and that, for his part, he would not play, unless they could raise a supply elsewhere. Glare and Burnish proposed playing upon *tick* on both sides, till they could meet again, prepared to renew the contest

test with the ready ; but Verjuice would stay no longer, and walked off with Brian, leaving Glare and Burnish to take beds in the house, as they had not money to defray their reckoning.

“ I thought,” said Verjuice, “ that, unless you *played booty*, we should oblige the gentlemen to *hang up the reckoning*. The waiter will not perhaps be afraid to trust them, as they are well known to be *men of honour*, and not long together out of cash.”

“ They are men of independent fortunes, I presume,” said Brian.

“ Have they really palmed that upon you ?” asked Verjuice, in return ; “ or are you going to *run it* upon me ?—Don’t you know better ?”

“ Upon my honour,” replied Brian, “ although I have been often in their company,

company, yet I never put to them any questions respecting their means of subsistence."

"Why, the gaming-houses are their only estates," said Verjuice, "and the *family stock* all their funds; and if you are not a bird of the same feather, they will surely rook you."

Brian felt much confused at this insinuation; he assured Verjuice that he had never yet made a livelihood by gaming, but that he had a little ready money, which he wished to embark in some mercantile employ.

"You have fallen upon a very bad method then," said Verjuice; "for, if your friends do not soon ease you of your capital, yet they are so well known *upon the town*, that every respectable house will be shut against you: you
must

must then either be a gamester or nothing. But excuse me, Sir, your gay turn of mind does not seem suited to the confinement of a counting-house."

"And yet, till lately, I have known no other," said Brian; "but, I confess, it does not altogether suit me. If I could bestow my money with any person possessed of sufficient interest to procure me a genteel post under Government——"

"Take care how you proceed there," said Verjuice—"There are persons who make it their business to take in the unwary, by getting their money, and promising places, which they could not obtain for themselves."

"But would a person of consequence, a nobleman, act thus?"

"Many of them would, and do every day: the profligacy of many young men

of rank of the present day, renders them callous to shame; and, of the two, I would rather risk my money at the gaming-table, than trust it to their promises. But I must now wish you a good-night, as I perceive your route lies a different way." Brian was going through Piccadilly, and Verjuice stopped to turn up Prince's-street, Soho—"But, before we part, let me give you a piece of advice: be out of the way to-morrow, for I suspect that Glare and Burnish will send to borrow money from you, to release themselves from the house where we have left them."

Brian thanked him for the hint, and expressed a wish to keep up the acquaintance; giving him an invitation at the same time, to dine with him the next day. Verjuice accepted the invitation; and, after receiving Brian's address, left him.

He

He had scarcely walked fifty yards, before he heard a voice exclaim—"Watch! watch!" From the sound of the voice, and the direction whence it came, it immediately struck him that it proceeded from the old gentleman whom he had just quitted. He turned back, ran up Prince's-street, and was just in time to observe two men forcing another down an alley leading into Rupert-street. He followed, and cried up, to terrify the thieves, "Here they are! run round, and cut off their retreat in Rupert-street!"—The ruffians instantly quitted their prey, fired a pistol in the direction in which our adventurer stood, happily without doing him any mischief, and ran off in the opposite one. Brian hastened to raise the person whom they had thrown on the ground, and were then in the act

of rifling, and found that it was indeed his new acquaintance. Brian asked if he was hurt? and not receiving any answer but a stifled groan, supposed he had been stabbed, and roared out for the watch. When they came however, by the additional light of their lanthorns, they perceived a handkerchief tied over the mouth of the supposed murdered person, which being removed, they had the satisfaction of hearing him say that he believed he was not much hurt.

Having got him on his legs, and examined his clothes, to see if there was any blood upon them, but could find none, Brian congratulated Verjuice on his escape.

“ But how have you yourself escaped?” demanded the old man; “ for they fired a pistol at you, as you ran up.”

“ I feel

“ I feel nothing amiss,” replied Brian.

His own clothes now underwent a similar examination, and a hole was discovered in the left skirt of his coat, apparently made by a ball, which must have narrowly missed the thigh. Brian desired one of the watchmen to get a hackney-coach to the corner of the alley, where he put Verjuice into it; and, after having given a crown to the guardians of the night to drink, he desired to accompany him home; but the old man declined the offer with many thanks, assuring him that he was in no fear of further danger now, and was neither so frightened nor hurt as to prevent him from keeping his appointment to dine with him.

CHAP. V.

A Kept-Mistress dissected—The Duplicity and Tricks of Bagnio-Keepers exposed—A further Acquaintance with an odd Character.

As Verjuice had foreseen, a note was brought, the next morning, from Glare and Burnish; but Brian had given orders to the servant, to tell any one who should ask for him, that he was gone out for the day.

At dinner-time, Verjuice was punctual; and he and Mrs. Fisher (Brian's mistress) eyed one another with no little keenness.

After

After dinner, Verjuice proposed a walk ; and Mrs. Fisher would have prevented Brian from accompanying him, by expressing a wish to have him go out with her ; but Brian pretended particular business, and left her.

“ Pray, is the lady, to whom you have done me the honour to introduce me, *really* your wife ?” enquired Verjuice.

“ Not legally so.”

“ I thought so—her face seems not *new* to me.”

“ Have you any knowledge of her ?”

“ None in particular : when we often see a face, we remember it, without farther acquaintance.”

“ I think her an honest woman, of the sort.”

“ Like all the rest of them, I dare say.”

The lady was then dropped, and they

walked into Hyde Park, where Verjuice highly entertained Brian with the characters of the principal personages, not one of whom but he knew, and he received nods from several of them.

When they returned to supper, Brian was informed that the messenger who had been there that morning, had returned several times, and, the last time, had left a message, desiring him to come to ——, at his return. Verjuice asked Brian sneeringly, if he did not mean to comply with the request? but he replied only by bidding the servant continue to deny him to any person from the same place.

Mrs. Fisher was very polite to Verjuice, but it was evidently constrained civility; and, after his departure, she asked Brian where he had picked up that
suspicious

suspicious character, and who and what he was ?

Brian replied, that he knew nothing of him, but that he was a humourist, whom chance threw in his way ; but that he was far from entertaining any suspicion of him, as he strove to put him on his guard against those who might wish to take advantage of him.

“ Aye, my dear Brian, to have you all to himself.”

“ I think he has no such views ; but I shall put his own advice in practice against himself, till I know more of him.”

“ I am very much mistaken, if he be not a designing person. However, keep your secrets to yourself—male friends are no less dangerous than female ones.”

Probably the reader will have penetration enough to guess why Mrs. Fisher

wished to break up this intimacy ; if not, the reason will be presently disclosed to him. Brian was so taken with the eccentricities of Verjuice, who seemed to associate with mankind solely to make sport of them, that he began to imbibe much of his cynical humour, to which he was no doubt predisposed, by his own disappointment in his tenderest hopes, which, notwithstanding Mrs. Fisher's caresses, would, at intervals, give him the most excruciating pangs—he experienced that he could never drive Miss Charlotte Hewson from his heart, although he despaired of obtaining her. He was now more than ever with Verjuice, as Mrs. Fisher began to make home uneasy to him, by dropping all her former gaiety, and appearing sad, taciturn, and gloomy : sighs would every now and then escape her, although she

she wished it to appear that she endeavoured to suppress them. Brian pressed her repeatedly to tell the cause of her uneasiness. "What!" replied she, "that you might expose me to the ridicule of your satirical friend Verjuice! No; I will die first."

Brian was so eager to find out the cause of her secret grief, that he applied to her servant, and became the dupe of as stale a trick as could be played off, although he had heard much of the artifices of females of that description, and had resolved never to suffer himself to be duped by them. He had, however, presented her with jewels, which she accepted with a well-feigned reluctance, to the amount of three hundred pounds; and he had advanced several sums towards expences of housekeeping, having de-

sired the servant to call upon her mistress for as little as possible, without giving her reason to think that she was not at the whole expence. There was not the least occasion for this delicacy, as Mrs. Fisher and her servant had the best understanding; and the latter only waited for her cue, to break ground against Brian. He had no sooner put the question to her, than she began a long dismal story, about how well her mistress had lived with the last friend, whom she left for him; but that she had been running behindhand ever since. Her love for him would not let her disclose her present situation to him, lest he should think her *mercenary*; but, as she hoped to be saved, her mistress went in fear of being arrested every day, as she had given up all company for his. Brian snapt at
the

the bait, and ordered her to get a list of her mistress's debts, without saying a word to her about it. She had it ready, she said, and had been going to shew it to him several times, but fear of her mistress's anger had prevented her. Even this ready-wrote out list did not open his eyes, he was infatuated for the moment, and he gave the girl the money to pay the whole amount, nearly to the tune of seven hundred pounds.

This folly may appear incredible in a gamester; but Brian was young, of warm passions, and vain of the possession of so fine a woman as Mrs. Fisher certainly was; he, moreover, thought it a meritorious act, to save a girl from that ruin to which she had reduced herself for *love* of him.

Brian was now reduced to about one
thousand

thousand guineas, and he began to reflect that it was time to leave lounging and betake himself to the gaming-tables, which he had shunned whilst he was rich, dreading a reverse of fortune. He was to meet Verjuice that evening, by appointment; and when the time came, he was so unusually thoughtful, that Verjuice asked what ailed him? and whether his mistress had drawn heavily upon his banker that morning?—Brian had long wished to open the real state of his affairs to Verjuice, whom he thought capable of giving him the best advice, but bashfulness had hitherto prevented him: the present question afforded him a fair opportunity, and he frankly gave him a sketch of his past life, not concealing Mrs. Fisher's affair.

“ From

“ From the first moment I beheld that woman,” cried Verjuice, “ I thought she was duping you.”

“ *Duping !*—Do you imagine that this was a planned thing ?”

“ Certainly, to pay either her real or *pretended* debts. She always looked shy upon me, because she must have guessed that I was no greenhorn, and she dreaded lest I should *split* upon her. Her gloom and sighs were intended to excite your curiosity, and try what hold she had upon you: when she thought you were wrought up to her purpose, the maid was set at work, and you were caught.”

“ But do you really think, if I were distressed, she would not make away with every thing to set me up again ?”

“ On the contrary, she would turn her back upon you, and her door would be
closed

closed against you, from that moment. 'Tis easy to make the trial, and much better to do it in jest than in earnest. Feign yourself reduced to that distress, and see what reception you will meet with: 'twill never recover what is lost, but may save from her grasp what is still left."

Brian resolved to make the trial instantly; and having appointed a place of meeting, he returned to Mrs. Fisher's. The servant informed him, that she was gone to a house in Hart-street, Covent-garden—a resort not only for the common class, but for those in high keeping, when they were inclined for a lounge. Brian had often accompanied her thither, and the master and mistress had always expressed the most cordial friendship for him; nay, they had several times offered
to

to lend him any sum of money he might want ; adding, that it was only to ask and have. He found his mistress sitting with the landlord and landlady, who, so soon as he opened the door, rushed towards him to welcome him ; and the landlord said, it was well he was not of a jealous disposition, for his wife was as fond of Mr. Bonnycastle as of himself.

“ Nay, for that matter,” cried the landlady, “ you are as fond of his Honour as I can be ; and have often told me, he was the finest *gentleman* in England. I wonder indeed what makes all the men and women so fond of him : I’m sure, if he wanted it, he might have all we were worth in the world.”

“ Aye, that he should, and heartily welcome,” said her husband, vanishing, and returning with a bottle of claret, out
of

of which he drank to his guest's health, with the most fervent protestations of kindness.

Mrs. Fisher, holding her glass in one hand and seizing Brian's with the other, looked him full in the face, and wished the most bitter bad luck might befall her, if she ever refused to share her last sixpence with him.

Brian could not have found a fairer opportunity of putting all these protestations to the test, and he immediately declared, that some unlucky circumstances had made it necessary for him to borrow from some of his friends, two hundred pounds for a month. During the latter part of his speech, he took notice that the landlord was trying to put the cork into the bottle again ; and it was no sooner ended, than, turning to the door, he

he cried—" *Coming ! coming !*" and instantly left the room, followed by his wife.

Brian then turned to Mrs. Fisher, who gave a start, as if just awakened, and asked her what she thought of the behaviour of these people ?

" Lord, I don't know ; to be sure, they know their own affairs best. Do ring the bell—I want somebody to get me a chair."

" Where are you going ?"

" To the *Key*, in Chandos-street."

" I came on purpose to spend the evening with you."

" I can't stay. Is it to be expected that a girl, who has her living to get, can waste her time for nothing ?"

Before he could reply, the landlord and landlady came back ; and, after some little altercation between them who should speak

speaking first, the former got the start, and addressed Brian thus: "I scorn to be worse than my word; and if I had any money in the house, you should be welcome to it; for I'd do any thing to help a *gemman* in distress. But indeed, Sir, I have so many bad debts, that nobody on earth wants money more than I do.—Here is your bill, Sir—not much—I never love to sponge upon my friends—only twenty-five pounds in the whole, for yourself and madam. Take your time, Sir, since it is not convenient now—a week will make no great odds" The landlord then left the room, followed by his wife, who told Mrs. Fisher she wanted to speak to her.

"They are a couple of *scrubs*," said Mrs. Fisher; "and, for my part, I'll never enter the house again. You must
have

have a very mean spirit, not to pay them their bill immediately."

"But how can I do it, unless you will lend me the money?"

"If I have any more than this half-guinea in the world, may I never see daylight again!—You know I would pawn my gown off my back for you!"

"Well thought of! You have superfluous plate enough upon your sideboard at home, to raise what I want."

"Yes; and then my servants would miss it, and it would be talked of in the neighbourhood, and my landlord would seize for his rent."

"Your jewels then ——"

"I have not enough, as it is, to go decently to the Opera-house. You ask things out of all reason; unless you would starve me, and that would do neither of us good.

Before

Before I would let such creatures dun me, I would——Pray, are you the first gentleman that has been reduced to *take a ride*?"

"What! would you have me turn highwayman?"

"Oh dear! is that such a vast matter? Have not you been a gamester? and that, I am sure, is the worst calling of the two. But I see what sort of a spirit you have: either prove that I am mistaken, or never see my face again."

She was then going to leave the room, but Brian stopped her, coolly observing, that she should at least have the satisfaction of seeing the *scrubs*, as she termed them, paid, before they bade a final adieu to each other. He then rang the bell, and the landlord and landlady reappeared. Brian took out of his pocket-book

twenty-

twenty-five pounds in notes, and demanded a receipt, to the no small surprise of the trio.

“ There, by G—d !” cried Mrs. Fisher —“ Did not you see me wink at you, so much as to say, he was *humming* us ?— Well, my dear Brian, you must at least confess that we were even with you.”

“ Ha, ha, ha !” shouted the landlord— “ I *see’d* you tip me the wink, and you *see’d* me return it. Why, Bess, what the devil is become of the *clarrut* ? sure I brought it in : but one rings here, another there, that one does not know what one says or does. Do step to the bar for it, Bess.”

“ The receipt !” cried Brian.

“ Surely your Honour don’t take in earnest what was only meant as a joke ?”

“ I have taken it in its true light,” re-

plied Brian, "and will never set foot in your house again."

"As your Honour pleases for that—you may go farther, and fare worse. I'll bring the receipt immediately."

Whilst he was writing it, Mrs. Fisher and the landlady exerted themselves to make Brian drink, and pass the whole affair over as a joke; but he only hummed a tune. After the business was settled, Brian told Mrs. Fisher that he was going to her house to remove his luggage; and as she might probably wish to see what he took away, she might accompany him in a hackney-coach, which he desired to be called. She replied, that she had not the least doubt of his honour; but as he seemed to wish her to go, she would accompany him. On the road, she tried all her arts, even to tears, to make him
change

change his mind ; but finding that he was proof against them, and ordered his trunks into the coach, she pursued him to the door, with loud peals of laughter. He drove away to meet Verjuice, who enjoyed heartily the success of his scheme, which had thus opened his friend's eyes.

Brian thanked him for having warned him of this shoal, and expressed a desire to get a lodging before night.

“ If you are willing to lodge under the same roof with me,” said Verjuice, “ I believe that you can be accommodated ; and I assure you, that I would not make such a proposal, if I had not a better opinion of you than of any man I have ever yet seen ; for, to avoid impertinent intrusion, I have never entrusted the secret of my abode to any one.”

Brian thanked him for his good opi-

nion, and accepted his offer. They got into the coach, and the coachman, after he had received his directions from Verjuice, drove off.

The coach stopped on the outskirts of Mary-le-bone, before a small neat house, surrounded by a garden. Verjuice alighted, and desired Brian to remain in the coach till he had apprised the lady of the house of his having brought a visitant; and, after a lapse of about five minutes, he returned, with an elderly genteel woman, who still bore the impression of much youthful beauty, and better days. On approaching the coach-door, she told Brian that she should be very happy to accommodate any friend of Mr. Verjuice, but that the smallness of her house would only admit of her giving up a bed-room entirely, with the use of the common sitting-parlour.

ting-parlour. Brian replied, that he should be perfectly satisfied with this accommodation: and preliminaries being thus adjusted, the coachman was discharged.

Mrs. Marsden shewed Brian a very pleasant well-furnished bed-chamber; and the terms which she asked were very moderate. Verjuice desired her for once to order supper in his own apartment, to which he retired with Brian, who was rather surprised at the manner in which the house was furnished: every article was excessively genteel, not to say elegant, and in plenty; and Brian told his friend, that he enjoyed a *paradise* within the bounds of an immense city.

“ I have given this house,” replied Verjuice, “ to the lady whom you have seen, on condition of holding my own

two rooms for life, and of her taking every kind of trouble off my hands. She is likewise to admit no other lodger, nor even a visitor, who may entertain any prying curiosity into my concerns: not that I have any secrets at present worth their knowing, or my concealing; but I have long chosen to laugh at the world, without holding any particular acquaintance with it. You are the only person who have, for years, tempted me to break through my usual reserve: I could perceive that you had received the benefit of a good education, although I have never known the advantage of even a common one. From the first moment that I saw you in the company of Glare and Burnish, I imagined that you were to be their prey, and I wished to rescue you from their clutches: it was with this view
that

that I accepted their invitation, such as it was, to sup with men whom I despised : I closed with their proposal of cards, to discover whether you were really their bubble, or a *draw* for them ; in which latter case I would have been satisfied with the loss of a few guineas, and you never would have known any more of me. The result convinced me, that you were, as yet, unhackneyed in their practices, and I met your invitation to a further acquaintance. I now owe you perhaps my life, and will, if it be agreeable to you, give you a convincing proof of my prepossession in your favour and gratitude, by making you acquainted with the outlines of my life, which I may do in the interval before supper : the narrative may enlighten you, with respect to your own future conduct in life."

Brian thanked him for this token of his confidence, which he should gladly accept, and hoped he should never prove ungrateful for it.

Verjuice then began his history, as follows.

CHAP. VI.*History of Mr. Verjuice.*

“ I WAS left to the care of the parish of ———, in the East Riding of York, as both my parents, who were only labouring people, died when I was a child: I have no other reason, therefore, to boast of my ancestry, except that I have heard them spoken of as very industrious honest people, and perhaps those are the most reasonable grounds on which we can be proud of our ancestors. When I was quite a lad, I was taken from the
G 4 workhouse,

workhouse, to serve as an under-helper in the stables of Sir David Whiphand, who was as ignorant as myself, excepting in those matters which related to racing, hunting, and cocking. In his stables, then (for I was seldom admitted farther, always sleeping under the mangers or in the hay-lofts), I imbibed my first knowledge of mankind, which I afterwards turned to a good advantage. The head-helper taught me, that we must look upon our master, as he regarded the foxes in his neighbourhood, as fair game, and join together to run him down. He never failed to enforce this theory by the following kind of practice, whenever the Baronet had rode a hard day's chace: 'D—n it, Joe,' he would say, 'the horses are in a sad plight, and we must have double doses. Run to the housekeeper with

with our bottle, for a little brandy to rinse out the horses' mouths; take the can too, and get some strong beer from the butler, to make a mash; any of the maids will give thee a little sugar, and thou canst crib a couple of eggs from the poultry-yard; bring a crust of bread and cheese for a snack; and, by the time we have tipp'd off our flip, the horses will be dry enow to clean, and we shall be fit for work—Look sharp now.'

“ I was so much with the horses, that a kind of intimacy sprang up between us; and my attention to them could not escape the notice of my master, whose chief delight they were. A book of farriery, which I borrowed from one of the grooms, instructed me in the principal anatomical points of that noble animal; and I easily got by rote such technical

phrases as blood, bone, strength, courage, fire, speed, &c.

“ Emulation now began to inspire me with a longing to rank among the grooms, and it was not long before I was gratified. My master had made a match for a considerable sum, at the ensuing Doncaster races, and none of the grooms were of sufficiently light weight for his purpose : my size suited exactly, but I was unskilled in the manœuvres of the turf : I was, however, taken into training and sweating, and exercised the horse so much to the Baronet’s satisfaction, that he determined to venture on me ; probably the rather, because, from my ignorance, he thought himself secured against my selling him. From the moment that the point was settled, I never left the horse which I was to ride ; and we came on the ground, panting

panting equally, I believe, for victory. My master kept me constantly in sight till the signal was given to start, to prevent the opposite party from *feeling* for me; but I verily believe, so anxious was my desire for fame, that I should have refused a bribe of a purse of guineas, although I had never had one in my hand in my life. Mine and the horse's efforts were successful; and I shall never forget how my heart expanded, when, on jumping out of the saddle, my master shook me by the hand, swore I was a d—d clever lad, and clapped a couple of guineas into my hand, to drink his health.

“ I was now placed above my former master, the head-helper, who was ordered to do whatever I bade him; and, having plenty of leisure time, I studied the distinction between distances, hands, stones,

catch-weight, give and take, and whim plates, post and handicap matches. My master being also very fond of cocking, to ingratiate myself with him, I studied the whole arts of breeding, feeding, and pitting. I was now allowed the run of the house, and a good bed, instead of my litter one; and was upon familiar terms with my master, who, perceiving the rapid progress I made in those *arts and sciences*, which alone he deemed useful or honourable to mankind, never attended any races or sporting-matches, without taking me with him. My wages were settled at twenty guineas a-year, besides clothes, and an allowance of five per cent. on the amount of every match I should win.

“ I had no idea of greater happiness than I at present enjoyed, until the piercing

cing

cing dark eyes of one of the female servants, which were often cast on me, and as often withdrawn in swimming confusion, whenever I caught their glances, made me feel that Nature had intended me for some other employment besides rearing colts and chickens. As we were both mere children of Nature, undebauched by the arts arising from birth, rank, and fortune, we soon came to a mutual explanation, and agreement of uniting, so soon as we should have saved money enough to enable us to take a farm, or public-house, in the neighbourhood. In the meantime, we indulged ourselves in all the innocent freedoms of a pure attachment; and I made no less sure of having her hand, than of receiving happiness along with it—But she was mere woman.

“I perceived,

“ I perceived, by degrees, that she began to repulse me, when I attempted a repetition of our usual freedoms ; and I thought that she assumed airs of consequence. As this behaviour encreased, I went through all the gradations of anxiety, grief, despair, and mortification ; in turns, I begged, entreated, flattered, railed, raved, cursed and swore at her : my situation appeared to make her relent, as she really loved me ; but ambition finally steeled her heart against all the pangs of mine.

“ So well, however, did she manage her cards, that I had no idea of the game she was playing, till the Baronet one day called me aside, and, after praising me as a most valuable servant, informed me, that he was sorry to be necessitated to part with me, but such was the case. As I

was

was too much astonished to be able to return any answer, he added, that he was well aware of my attachment to a certain female in his family, and not having been able to avoid seeing her in the same light as I had done, he had, that very morning, made her *his wife*, which would account for the necessity of our parting.

“ My eyes were now opened to the cause of Betty Duster’s treachery ; and as I had as little inclination to obey the future commands of Lady Betty, as she had to blush at laying them upon a man with whom she had been upon such familiar terms, I immediately quitted my situation. To soften my disappointment, Sir David presented me with a bank-note for two hundred pounds, and gave me such an excellent written character, that I should not have long wanted a place,
if

if I had wished for one ; but I now began to look higher, and giving myself credit for sufficient knowledge to start upon my own bottom as a sporting gentleman, I hastened up to London, on the outside of the coach.

“ On my arrival, I clothed myself fashionably, bought a hack, and introduced myself into all the second-rate gaming-houses, the tennis-courts, and cockpits : but, for fear that my finances should run out faster than I could recruit them, I took up my abode in a garret, for which I paid two shillings a-week, and lived with the utmost frugality.

“ For a while, I had no other guide in laying my bets, than my own little skill in physiognomy : those faces which were branded with design and suspicion, I marked down for *rooks* ; whilst those
which

which were open and frank, I set down as the characteristics of those children of ease, affluence, and credulity, the *pigeons*. Trusting to these indices, and siding with the former against the latter, I seldom lost; and scarce a night elapsed without my adding somewhat to my little capital.

“ My life was as different as day and night: diving into some cellar to take my cheap pennyworths, and retreating to my garret, when the fatigues of a gambling life made rest indispensable, I appeared in public as a man of fortune and fashion; and although it was strongly suspected that I had no other mode of supporting myself than gaming, yet as I dressed well, paid my debts of honour, and spent my money freely, whenever I indulged, which was very seldom, in coffee-house dinners or suppers, I was countenanced

tenanced by, and intimate with several persons of fashion, nay, noblemen."

"I beg pardon for interrupting you," said Brian; "but, utterly devoid of education as you were, and having so lately emerged from the stables, I cannot conceive, not only how you could muster sufficient courage, but how you could manage to pass yourself off as a gentleman in such company."

"You know nothing yet of high life, I perceive," replied Verjuice, smiling—"I had no occasion to aim at raising myself to the manners of the nobility, as they had sunk down to that of my former situation; as they assumed the language and manners of grooms and mail-coach drivers, what was only affectation in them, was nature in me. Numbers of them were no better bred than myself, and all their
little

little learning was of the same stamp: the only necessary attainment, was an ease not to be ruffled, and an effrontery not to be shaken. To be polished, in the present age, one needs only to be *knowing*, or to appear so."

"I thank you for this explanation," rejoined Brian; "and, from the very slight experience I have had of fashionable life, I perfectly agree with you.—Have the goodness to proceed."

"A deep scheme was, however, laid by the *family-men*, to make me refund my winnings with interest, as they always attack those professed gamesters, who venture to act independently of them. One of the most adroit was picked out, to insinuate himself into my good opinion, and to lead me as a victim to the altar: indeed they are all adroit; but,

but, as you will readily guess, some are more so than others, as in every situation of life. The true-bred gamester must be possessed of the following natural or acquired properties: he must have an eye, sharp as a hawk's, to catch instantaneously the minutest errors that others may commit, and to turn them as quickly to his advantage; he must have a more than ordinary presence of mind, to enable him to recover any *faux pas* made by himself, or to profit by that of others; he must have the nice hand of a surgeon, to fit him for performing any operation; his countenance must be ingrained, to conceal shame or disappointment; and he must possess courage enow, or the affectation of it, to face out detection. One of the best skilled in the art of dissimulation was set to work upon me, and
by

by entering into conversation whenever he met me, putting me on my guard against certain characters, and joining me in bets which were generally successful, I was insensibly drawn deeper into the snare.

“ He made many attempts to sound the depth of my purse ; but there I was always upon my guard against him, being ashamed to confess on how small a capital I supported the figure which I made in public. Being therefore unable to ascertain to what extent he might expect to bubble me, and afraid perhaps of startling me, by setting off with too high a demand, he told me one day, that he would let me into a good thing, as equal sharers, if I could bring about three hundred pounds with me, just to make a show at first, as he had one of the finest *flats* in
in

in the world in training, and I should be sure to carry off treble that sum with ease. As his demand did not amount to quite one half of my present capital, I agreed, after some little hesitation, and repaired with the money to the rendezvous.

“ The pretended flat, who was a *draw*, was introduced, and we won five hundred pounds from him before midnight. We then left off, just to take our supper; and my friend tipped me the wink to encourage the circulation of the glass, in order to intoxicate the flat. Whether any drug was mixed with the liquor I know not, but I was soon insensible to every thing that passed afterwards.

“ In the morning, as I had been put to bed in the house, I was roused by my friend, who, in a feigned phrenzy of passion,

sion, exclaimed, that I had ruined both him and myself, because I would insist on playing ; and had not only lost all his winnings, but the whole of our stock. As I lay like one thunderstruck, and was incapable of making any answer, he resumed his discourse in a gentler tone, by bidding me not to despair, as we were still sure to make the bubble, who was impatient to renew the contest, refund his winnings with ample interest, if I could but bring another brace of hundreds into play, and resolve to keep sober.

“ If my eyes were not opened to the trick, yet my suspicions began to awake, and I resolutely refused to have any more to do with any partnership-affair; upon which he left me, heartily cursing my headstrong folly.

“ I had now experienced such checks
from

from love, friendship, and wine, that I resolved to discard them for ever, and to concentrate all my happiness and efforts within myself. I resumed, with encreasing perseverance, my former isolated plan of proceeding; and, by the utmost stretch of frugality, I soon found my stock encreased to one thousand five hundred pounds. Having opened an account with one of the principal banking-houses, to give myself greater credit, I now ventured into B——s's and W——'s, in St. James's-street, and joined in the first circles, till I imagined that years, and a difference of manners and dress, had placed me beyond the knowledge of those who had seen me in my former humble capacity. I then visited all the race-grounds, and had the satisfaction of entering into conversation even with
some

some of my former fellow-servants, without being recognized by them. As I associated with them, and treated them freely, and was besides pretty well versed in all the turf-manœuvres, I wormed myself into many lucrative secrets, and found this to be my surest hit. To ensure myself a favourable reception, I never set out on any expedition, without purchasing an additional hack, and hiring a servant; the former of which I sold, and the latter discharged, so soon as I returned to London, and to my usual economical mode of living.

“ At the end of about six years, I had amassed a property of about ten thousand pounds, which I placed in the funds, with a determination that nothing should induce me to break in upon the capital; and I never found a temptation to do it,

as my prudence encreased with my fortune.

“ About this period, one of the strangest adventures befel me. I went to Epsom races, attended by two hired servants, in handsome new liveries; and as I cast my eyes about, to discover, by my skill in physiognomy, proper persons to bet with, I was suddenly struck with the sight of my old master, Sir David Whiphand, seated in a curricule with Lady Betty, who was dressed in the highest style of fashion. To one of the handsomest faces in the world, she had now added the ease and confidence of the *haut ton*, and no small share of the graces. I felt, by the fluttering of my heart, that my former flame had been only damped, not extinguished; but, gracious Heavens! how it leaped, when I perceived that she had fixed her

6

eyes

eyes on me ! She gazed eagerly and unblushingly ; although the idea that she might recollect me, crimsoned all my face. I was so awkward and confused, that, without being conscious of what I was doing, I made her a slight bow, which she returned by a nod and a look, expressive, as I thought, of wishing to say somewhat to me. She then turned her head round towards her husband, as if afraid of his perceiving her attention to me ; but he was too busily engaged with the blacklegs, to take the least notice of her.

“ I drew nearer by degrees, and started, when I first caught Sir David's eye ; but I resumed a little more ease, when he exhibited not the least symptom of retaining any knowledge of my person ; I was even emboldened to propose a

trifling bet to him, which he accepted; and, upon the strength of it, I placed myself on the side next to Lady Betty, and entered into conversation with her on indifferent subjects. I lost my bet, and paid it immediately to Sir David, who appeared much elated with the success of the day.

“ In the course of conversation, Lady Betty contrived to drop, that they were to dine at one of the inns in Epsom that day, in such a manner as gave me to understand that she should expect to see me there. I gave her a nod of intelligence; and, to avoid the suspicion of Sir David, I removed to a little distance: but I had wholly forgot the business that brought me thither, and had no eyes, no senses, but for Lady Betty.

“ I was at length roused from my almost

most incessant contemplation of her charms, by a turf-acquaintance, who asked me jocularly, if I was caught in the snare of Lady Betty Whiphand?—I confessed that I thought her the handsomest woman I had ever seen in my life; and in order to learn what was her public character, I asked who she was, as if I had never heard her mentioned before.

‘ I wonder you know nothing of her,’ replied my acquaintance, ‘ as she has, for some time past, visited all public places with her husband. She once moved in the humble sphere of one of his domestics; but she had no sooner *legally* ascended her master’s bed, than she began to give symptoms of a soul far superior to her former servile state. Sir David was too well aware of the licentiousness of women in general, and of

H 3

married

women in particular, in this *improving* age, not to wish to keep his charming wife from imitating such examples: his sole aim was to keep her ignorant of the *vanities* of life, as he termed them; but she panted to figure in new scenes, reproached him with ill-founded jealousy, as the cause of secluding her from the world, and teased him, till, with the utmost reluctance, he consented to introduce her into the world. The spark of fashion fell upon tinder, and Lady Betty made such rapid progress in the jargon and etiquette of high life, as made her husband tremble: so violent was her passion for making new conquests, that she had scarcely a moment's rest; night and day she was studying to vary the decorations of her person, to render it more conspicuously attractive, as if it were not
already

already sufficiently alluring, and to distinguish herself from all the rest of her sex. Whenever she drew the gazing multitude around her, then, and not till then, did she appear tolerably easy; and she played off a thousand airs and graces, without which personal beauties “*fade in the eye, and pall upon the sense,*” to fix them in her train. At first, Sir David remonstrated with her on the freedom of her conduct; from remonstrances he came to reproaches, and reproaches brought on quarrels: neither remonstrances, reproaches, nor quarrels, could deter, or reclaim her Ladyship; and Sir David was at length obliged to give way, and let her take her full swing, to avoid the effects of her dislike and resentment. They are now become one of the most fashionable couples living.’

‘Has she many admirers at present? Does she encourage them?’ said I.

‘She has crowds of admirers,’ was the reply; ‘but nothing has transpired for certain, that she gives them any thing more substantial than hopes.’

“My passion was now inflamed by curiosity, to know whether her Ladyship had recognised me, or was only playing off her coquettish arts on me, to encrease her train: I was determined to be satisfied, and kept my eye on her till the curricule left the ground, when I followed it at a distance. I observed her turn round, and on beholding me, her face beamed with a smile of pleasure and satisfaction. I was encouraged, and resolved to encounter all risks to speak to her in private.

“I alighted at the same inn, which
was

was so thronged with company, that a private room could not be had for any price. I rejoiced at the circumstance, and drawing near to Lady Betty, I obtained the next seat to her, by dint of perseverance and no little pushing.

“ We scarcely spoke during dinner-time, but we exchanged glances; and hers were the softest, sweetest, and, I may add, the tenderest, that were ever cast on the happiest lover. I repaid them in the like coin; and shewed her the most pointed attention, by helping her to something from every dish within my reach.

“ Soon after dinner, the ladies withdrew into the garden; and those gentlemen who preferred the pleasures of their conversation to drinking, shortly followed them. I observed with pleasure, that

Sir David was not of this number; and hastening into the garden, Lady Betty soon gave me an opportunity of singling her out. She advanced towards me with a languishing smile, and told me that she was happy to meet me again; adding, with a sigh, that she had long lamented our separation.

‘Have you recognised me then?’

‘Yes; lovers are lynx-eyed; and your image is too deeply impressed on my heart, to be ever erased. There are now some hopes of returning happiness—a blessing to which I have been wholly a stranger, ever since our separation.’

“I felt myself pleased to believe that I could have made her happy, though Sir David had failed, if she had given her hand to me: I appeared, however, to doubt her sincerity; and a few tears
dropped

dropped from her eyes, to vouch for it. She wiped them away, and strove to conceal them from the company which crossed the walk ; but she appeared desirous that I should see them, as she turned her face towards me. It is impossible for me to describe what I felt at seeing those beautiful eyes swimming in tears ; I longed to give ease to her throbbing bosom, at the same time that I enjoyed her disquietude, from the remembrance of her desertion of me. My sensations, for a time, rendered me unable to speak—sighs burst from my overcharged heart ; and they were echoed by those which she did not strive to suppress.

“ We were in this situation, when we heard Sir David’s voice near us, and presently discovered him, although he did not appear to have observed us. ‘ We

return to town to-night,' said Lady Betty hastily—'I wish to communicate something to you. Can you meet me to-morrow evening at seven, in Kensington Gardens?'—I had just time to answer—'I will most undoubtedly,' and to press her hand, before she flew from me; and I walked off the opposite way.

"I hastened to the appointment, and found her arrived before me. Her eyes at first seemed to reproach me with tardiness, but she received me with such an appearance of real satisfaction and joy, that I was charmed to see her as kind as I had ever known her, and only perhaps restrained from giving me every proof of her love, by the recollection of her detested marriage: she assured me that it was the cause of all the misery she endured—misery which would never end
but

but with her life, or the dissolution of her unfortunate bands—‘ Were I but at liberty,’ continued she, ‘ I would give myself to you for ever ; but perhaps you are engaged to some other female, and I can never expect to taste tranquillity again.’

“ I interrupted her, to assure her that I had never been able to engage my heart to any other of her sex ; and that I only wished she was as much at liberty as myself, that I might take her to my arms.

“ A torrent of tears rushed from her eyes, and she lamented her ambition and folly in such pathetic terms, as pierced my soul. I was, however, delighted with this retaliation upon Sir David, who had so ungenerously supplanted me ; I exerted all the eloquence I was master of

to

to soothe her, and so far succeeded, that she raised her drooping head, and dried her weeping eyes, which were directed towards me with all that love and tenderness, that had given me the highest delight when she first confessed her attachment to me. She thanked me in the warmest terms, for the generosity with which I overlooked the injury I had received from her, and entreated me to see her sometimes. Charmed by her condescension, I could not forbear clasping her in my arms, and pressing her throbbing bosom to mine. We continued thus for a time entranced, till, lifting up her eyes, which had assumed a melting languor, she murmured out, in broken, touching accents, ‘ Have you forgiven me, my dear Joseph? for mine you will, you must

must be. Tell me that you still love me, and that you will see me whenever I can give my tyrant the slip.'

"Where is the man, thus tempted by the woman he adores, to forget every moral, every social virtue, to forget even himself, and all the world but her, who could have refrained from assuring her that he would be entirely at her disposal? I was inflamed to a higher pitch, and entreated her not to let the present opportunity slip, without giving me unequivocal proofs of her love. Silence gave consent; and I led her, '*nothing loth*,' to a convenient house in St. Martin's-lane, where we revelled in guilty pleasures; but the sting was not far behind. Whether Sir David had observed any thing that had passed between us on the race-ground, or in the garden of the inn
in

in particular, or he was actuated by a general jealousy of his wife's conduct, he had caused her to be strictly watched, and burst in upon us with two or three followers, when we were the least apprehensive of, and prepared against such a surprise. As our situation had furnished him with every thing that he wanted, he retired with his followers, without uttering a word. Lady Betty and myself were for some time unable to speak; but at last resuming her tongue and her fortitude, she said that she did not mind it, as she should be as glad of a divorce as Sir David could possibly be; and if that should be the worst of it, she should be more than compensated by a continuance of my attachment to her.

“ As there was no probability of her being received at home again, I was under

der

der the necessity of taking her home with me ; and being afraid of having an action commenced against me for damages, I purchased this house with all expedition, and removed to it with the utmost privacy. For the same reason, I gave up my attendance on all those public places, where I stood the least chance of being recognized by the injured Baronet, and buried myself with Lady Betty, who is that very person to whom I have just introduced you, and who assumed the name of Marsden. Sir David obtained a divorce ; and as there was no marriage-settlement, his wife was left without a shilling.

“ When we heard, some years since, that Sir David was dead, being heartily tired of seclusion, I entered the world again, and resumed my former pursuits ; but
more

more as an object of amusement than of profit. Having more wealth than I make use of, and no relations, I have given up making a prey of the world, for the more innocent pastime of making sport of it. However, I am no misanthrope, and feel that I should experience a great degree of additional happiness, in the acquirement of an intelligent confidential friend of my own sex, whose inclination may be somewhat congenial to my own: I have cast my eye upon you; I do not wish you to leave the world, but to encrease our mutual enjoyment of it, by making our pursuits and remarks together. If the proposal suit you, I shall make your fortune my aim; and will support you, whether you wish to follow your present pursuits, or to enter into any other line of life."

Brian

Brian replied, that being now an out-cast from the world, nothing could be more agreeable to him than the offer of such disinterested friendship ; and that he would revolve in his own mind first, and then submit to his advice, some plan for his future conduct.

Supper was soon afterwards served up, and they retired to rest, at an early hour.

CHAP. VII.

The Despair of hopeless Love—A Dialogue in high Life—The natural Awkwardness and Timidity of a first Appearance in the higher Circles—The Proverb verified, “One Half of the World does not know how the other Half lives.”

BRIAN'S couch was not like that modern “*bed of roses*,” which seems to benumb and stupify all the faculties of those who repose upon it; they are continually dozing and dreaming, in spite of all the weighty cares which hang upon, or ought to hang upon their minds; but balmy sleep

sleep fled from the eyes of Brian: a virtuous education, the effects of which are seldom eradicated in the most libertine bosom, and still more, an ardent desire to regain the good opinion of the Hewson family, made him wish to return to the paths of virtue; and he resolved to be previously assured, that all hopes of a reconciliation with them were over, before he would come to a conclusion.

Having acquainted Verjuice with his intention, he went the next day into the neighbourhood of Mr. Hewson's, and discovered that Edward Hewson had recovered from his wound, and soon after returned to the Continent. Brian then went to a coffee-house, and wrote to Mr. Hewson to the following purport:— That he was overjoyed to hear of his son's recovery, and that he did not entertain

tertain the slightest doubt of his having done him the justice to say, that he himself had led him into those pursuits which had ended so disastrously, and had acquitted him of the least knowledge of the duel. He hoped, therefore, that Mr. Hewson would reverse, or at least mitigate his harsh decree against him, and restore him to the affection of his once-fond parent, and his own good opinion ; a continuance of which he hoped to merit, by his future conduct.

Having dispatched this epistle by a messenger, he awaited the result with an impatience indescribable. After a lapse of half an hour, the messenger returned with a note ; and Brian broke the seal, with a trembling hand. It contained to the purport, that Edward Hewson had indeed confessed his having drawn his
friend

friend into his vicious courses, and absolutely exculpated him from all knowledge of his duel: that, at his son's most earnest entreaty, he had even consented to enquire into his present pursuits, in hopes of finding a contrition for past follies; but had sorrowfully discovered that he lived publicly with a mistress, and that his other pursuits bespoke not those sentiments which he should have been happy to have found in him, and which might have entitled him to his pity and returning esteem: he had even acquainted his old friend with his son's confession, and had concealed from him the result of his later enquiries, sincerely hoping that Brian would yet resume such pursuits, as might be comfortable to the declining age of his father, and honourable to himself; but, after what had passed, it could never
be

be expected that he could receive him within his doors, or even maintain any further correspondence with him. He hoped that he retained too much honour, ever to make any attempt to disturb the repose of his daughter; which, however, would be fruitless, as she was at that moment standing by him, and perfectly coincided in what he had written.

Brian now sank into a gloomy and sullen despair, as, from the rigidity of Mr. Hewson's morals, and his well-known pertinacity to his determination once fixed, the die was cast. Returning to his friend Verjuice, he concealed nothing from him; and told him, that as his once-dearest prospects were now vanished, he had only to look to his future support; and being released from all constraints as to the ways and means, would

would submit himself wholly to his guidance, whom he now looked upon as his only friend.

“Then make yourself easy,” said Verjuice; “it must be your own fault, if you are not soon in fortune’s way. Our first step will be to learn somewhat of *town*, or *life in London*, which, as I believe you to be as apt a scholar as, I flatter myself, I am qualified to be a master, you may soon attain, and then you may walk by yourself. But now, as a necessary preliminary, let me ask you whether you know any thing of the long shuffle, the slip, the bridge, or the palm? Can you cog a die, or throw a main, when you please? Did you ever plumb the bones, alias load the doctors?”

“I am really, Sir, a total stranger even

to the terms, so that the practice is quite out of the question."

"How then could you think of venturing into *genteel company*, without a knowledge of the elementary principles of the profession? Mark me, I shall teach you all these manœuvres; not that you should practise them, but that you may be on your guard against, and be able to detect them. I am well assured that you have too much honour to make any other use of the secrets which I am going to disclose to you."

Besides teaching all the tricks practised on cards, dice, and at E O tables, some days were wholly taken up by Verjuice, in instilling into his pupil a knowledge of the ways of *town*, and of the leading characters, with which Verjuice was well acquainted,

acquainted, having only dropped their pursuits, not their acquaintance; in short, from his long practice and success in the profession, the *knowing* ones always dignified him with the title of *Father*—"The whole art," said Verjuice, "of being respected in the profession you are about to follow, consists in *keeping up appearances*. To appear *knowing* where you are really not so, there needs only to be mysterious; speak unintelligibly, in monosyllables or broken sentences. As you cannot *flash* your birth and estates, let your purse speak for you on those occasions. Take the following example for your rule:—A gentleman on the race-ground once offered a bet to a very considerable amount, which was accepted by the famous Colonel O'Kelly. The gentleman asked how Mr.

O'Kelly was to answer such an amount, if he should prove unsuccessful, and where lay his estates?—‘*My estates!*’ cried O'Kelly—‘Oh, by J——! if that’s what you mean, I believe I’ve a map of them in my pocket.’ Then producing his pocket-book, he pulled out *bank-notes* to ten times the amount of the bet proposed; and, in the end, had the pleasure of making the enquirer add considerably to their sum total. As for your behaviour, act as if you yourself were thoroughly convinced of your own importance, and others will be ready enough to give you credit for it. Leave the rest to me; from my well known science and responsibility, you will make an *entrée* under better auspices than most, if any young men have ever had the advantage of.”

The

The first sally of the two friends was to *Lord's cricket-ground*, where a match for one thousand guineas a-side was advertised to be played—"You will understand," said Verjuice, as they walked to the spot, "that the match is *very often* merely *nominal*, to create attention, and draw the flats. One party hangs back, and the other takes bets; the party taking bets is allowed to win, the others accepting only to a small amount, as a *blind*; and the spoil generally affords not only the expences of a supper, but a handsome surplus for division. Make your observations, and act accordingly."

Brian profited so well by this advice, and his friend's hints on the ground, that he pocketed a trifle of thirty guineas.

After the play, the friends received an invitation to sup with the parties; but

Verjuice, drawing Brian aside, addressed him thus: "You have made a tolerable day's work, and some *greenhorns* would be tempted to follow up their success; and, by accepting the invitation of the parties to supper, and making too free with the wine, not only refund their winnings, but perhaps lose all the loose cash they may have at command. But as we are not altogether in the situation of needy gamblers, we have no occasion to push fortune to extremities: we can afford a dinner out of our winnings, and therefore we will resort to a coffee-house. Depend upon my losing no opportunity to aid you in your lucrative pursuits; but, at your leisure intervals, I expect you to be my partner in my *quizzing* ones, especially as we may often make the one subservient to the other."

In

In the evening, the friends went to Covent-garden Theatre, where education and the bent of Nature were about to resume their sway ; and Brian wished to drown in oblivion all thought of *fashionable* pursuits, by drinking of the pure stream of talent and genius. But though he had, for the present, quitted the pursuits of fashion, it seemed that they were to pursue him. As Verjuice had laid down the necessity of *keeping up appearances*, Brian had provided himself with a dress-suit ; and his friend chose the lower tier of boxes for their lounge. The house was pretty full that night, and several doors were opened, without finding vacant seats. At length a box-keeper opened one, into which Verjuice peeped : it was not more than half occupied, but he was uncertain whether to withdraw or

not, when a lady, elegantly dressed, happened to turn her head, and familiarly beckoned to him with her fan, to take a seat behind her. Verjuice entered, and introduced his friend to the lady, whom he addressed as *Lady M'Lackland*, and who eyed our adventurer with a fashionable regard, that is to say, she stared him quite out of countenance. She then turned about, and patting Verjuice on the head with her fan, as a hint for a little private *confab*, the following dialogue passed between them, which, tho' perhaps not overheard by the other ladies, of whom there were three in the box, who conversed in their usual tone, that is, two keys higher than Verjuice's entertainer, was nevertheless audible enough to our adventurer.

Lady—"Well, you *old fright*! where
have

have you been *eclipsed* so long? We gave you over for lost, little imagining that you would have the heart to absent yourself from us, unless you had received an irresistible call from the *lower regions*, and were gone to keep the opposite postern to that guarded by your twin-brother *Cerberus*. The neglect is the more provoking, as you reappear dressed like a *human being*, not, as usual, in the old cynical cut of *Diogenes's* time. What does it portend? Has love crazed your old gouty brain? and are you in pursuit of some damsel, at whose feet you are going to sigh out your last tooth?"

Verjuice—"It cannot be your Ladyship then, for your good nature is well known never to give any one time to sigh—'tis even granted before asked."

Lady—"Filthy fellow! you had better

have changed your manners than your dress."

Verjuice—"Would your Ladyship wish me in an *undress*?"

Lady—"Mercy forbid! Your dress only reminds one of the monuments in Westminster Abbey—the elegance of art enclosing corruption. How could I bear to see the *skeleton* displayed?"

Verjuice—"Consult your glass, the instant before stepping into bed."

Lady—"Oh, you monster!—I should cut acquaintance with you, but that you are a necessary kind of a creature, that—*A-propos*, who is that awkward boy in leading-strings?"

Verjuice—"Does your Ladyship wish me to be a *kind of a necessary creature* there?"

Lady—"Ridiculous idea!—But tell me,

me, old Gout and Rheum, is he a young *fool of fortune?*”

Verjuice—“ He possesses youth, as you may see, and fortune, but not folly enough to mistake you for *two-and-twenty.*”

Lady—“ Malicious dotard !—But who is he ?”

Verjuice—“ Almost young enough to be your grandson—quite young enough to be your son-in-law.”

Lady—“ Brute ! Either satisfy my curiosity, or never see my face again.”

Verjuice—“ I have never yet had that pleasure ; I have indeed seen the weather-board of varnish.”

Lady—“ Scurvy Jack !—But say, are you going to dispose of *your friend* to the highest bidder, or by private contract ?”

Verjuice—"Neither; so you need not bid."

Lady—"Oh, I understand you! He is a *greenhorn*, about to be launched upon the *town*, and you are to act in the capacity of his *travelling tutor*."

Verjuice—"In a word, he is *forbidden fruit*."

Lady—"I see *company* to-night."

Verjuice—"I knew that your *Ladyship* was a true daughter of old mother *Exc*, and that I should set you a longing. But really one would imagine that your *filly's* *tooth* had gone with the rest, and that the *Chevalier* had the credit, or rather that you had credit with him, for the whole set."

Lady—"You promise, however, that you will *both* come?"

Verjuice—"Yes; but your *Ladyship*
knows

knows that I never am fool enough to pay for my entertainment."

Lady—"Oh, you mistake! you under-rate your own value! We pay as readily for a sight of you, as we do for that of the wild beasts in the Tower. You are *horribly* amusing, and almost as mischievously entertaining as a *chained baboon*."

Verjuice—"Or any other branch of *your Ladyship's family*."

The dialogue was here cut short by one of her Ladyship's female friends; and as it was the first *fashionable conversation* that Brian had ever heard, it no less surprised than entertained him. In the intervals between the acts, her Ladyship would frequently address herself to Verjuice, and two or three times made some trifling remarks to Brian, which he attempted to return with the ease, though
not

not the familiarity of his friend. He had not, however, attained to the art of disburthening himself of his natural bashfulness, and respect for the fair-sex ; but he could perceive that he should not want for encouragement to lay them entirely aside.

When the entertainment was finished, her Ladyship patted Verjuice on the cheek with her fan ; and paying the same sort of compliment to Brian's elbow, said — “ Remember, I shall expect you *both* ; ” to which they bowed assent.

Verjuice and Brian went home in a hackney-coach, to prevent Mrs. Marsden from sitting up for them, and then drove to a coffee-house in Bond-street ; Verjuice informing his friend, that the company would not begin to assemble at her Ladyship's, until the opera was ended,
that

that is, between twelve and one o'clock. About the latter hour, they drove to her Ladyship's door in *St. James's-square*; where, on entering, our adventurer was no less surprised at the glare and magnificence which surrounded him, than at the little ceremony which was practised on their introduction. The lady of the house barely looked up from her employment at the *bank*, and gave them a nod and smile of recollection, without the least notice being taken of them by the rest of the company, any more than if they had entered into a common gaming-house, which in truth it very much resembled.

The inexperienced Brian, who dreaded the ceremony of a formal introduction, and the undergoing the scrutiny of all the company, felt himself much relieved
by

by this *haut-ton* ease, which he determined to imitate as nearly as he could. Being a very good natural mimic, he presently acquired the easy loll on the backs of the chairs of the players, the familiar lounge from one table to the other, arm-in-arm with Verjuice; and even dared once or twice to look some of the ladies, whose eyes chanced to stray from their cards towards him, full in the face; but here he was obliged to yield to the superior fire of the ladies, or their longer acquaintance with the rules of *good breeding*.

Brian had not yet ventured a stake, when Lady M'Lackland, looking full at him, asked what sum he would set her on a card?

He fancied that all eyes were attracted towards him, blushed, grew confused, and stammered out—"Ten pounds, my Lady."

"Gold

“ *Gold* you mean, of course, Sir,” said her Ladyship ; and the play went on.

Brian instantly conceived that he had made a *faux pas* at the very outset, by substituting the vulgar phrase *pounds*, in use on the east side of Temple-bar, for the more elegant one of *guineas*, practised on the western. He imagined that he had already betrayed his ignorance of *haut ton* to the whole company ; but he was totally mistaken, as they paid not the least attention to what passed, except their own interest in the game. In his confusion, he looked round for Verjuice to support him, but he unfortunately stood at a distance, looking attentively over a whist-party.

Whilst our adventurer was almost wishing his friend at the devil, and himself beside him for company, he heard her

Ladyship's

Ladyship's voice exclaim—" *Zounds!* what a run of ill luck!" And, in the course of paying her losses, she added—" Here are your ten guineas, *Mr. Thimgumee.*"

Brian approached her Ladyship, in dread of committing another *faux pas*, and received his winnings with a tremulous hand. Happy was he to seize the very first opportunity of seeing her Ladyship's attention engaged, to steal away to his friend, with a determination not to venture an inch from under his wing during the rest of the *evening*, as the *morning* is termed in the higher circles.

At the end of a game, a gentleman, who was one of the party, rose from the table, and declared that he would no longer sit there, *piddling* for a paltry *ten-guinea*

guinea rubber, but would try his fortune at the *bank*.

A lady-player said—"Here is Verjuice, who will take his place."

"Surely," replied Verjuice, "*your Grace* would not think of putting me in the place of a so-much-younger man?"

"Poh!" rejoined her Grace—"any thing—a broomstick will do for a partner at cards!"

"I thank your Grace for the distinction," retorted Verjuice; "but if you are so much distressed for an *old Sir Simon*, you had better not have stirred from *home*."

"Odious remembrancer!" cried her Grace; and then directing a side-glance towards Brian, added—"Perhaps the gentleman at your side will be more complaisant?"

As

As this was the first time our adventurer had ever been addressed by a *Duchess*, even in this side-way, much less had received from one an invitation to be her partner at whist, he trembled so that his knees shook under him; and not daring to look at Verjuice for his approbation, he endeavoured to apologize for his little skill in the game; but finding that his tongue would serve him no better than his knees at this pinch, and that a stammering fit had come over him, he sank into the vacant seat, like one resolved to plunge into the depth of distress at once, rather than linger in tortures.

Whilst the first hand was dealing, he looked up at Verjuice, who gave him an encouraging smile; notwithstanding which, his hand trembled so that he could
scarcely

scarcely sort his cards ; no wonder then that, in the course of playing them, he made a mistake ; and instantly felt his partner's foot pressing his toe, and saw her draw in her under lip, looking him at the same time full in the face. This circumstance did not add to his composure ; but he resolved to withdraw within himself as much as he could, and to attempt to forget all other distinctions of rank, than that of the *honours on the cards*.

At the end of the deal her Grace observed, that it would be vain to expect any luck that evening, as her partner seemed to be thinking of some favourite lady, rather than of his game.

Brian began stammering—“ *M'am—your Ladyship—I beg pardon, your Grace,*” when he was interrupted by Verjuice,

juice, who judging of his extremity, interposed to take the fire from him ; and observed, that as it was the first time his friend had ever enjoyed the felicity of beholding her Grace, it would be an ill compliment not to pay more attention to so much animated beauty, than to a parcel of paltry bits of pasteboard.

“ I have heard,” replied her Grace, “ that *Balaam* could not speak, and his *donkey* was obliged to answer for him.”

This unexpected retort so totally overcame every other feeling, that our adventurer burst out into an involuntary loud peal of laughter ; and seeing the eyes of the company turned on him, he recollected that he had infringed an express *Chesterfieldian* rule ; and thought that he must either renounce all pretensions to the character which he assumed, or come
through

through it in a clean manner. Therefore, bowing to the Duchess, he observed that the similarity held good in both cases, as it was an *angel* that caused the miracle.

He had now the happiness of observing, that his *maiden speech* in high life was extremely well received; and her Grace and himself received many compliments on their *jeu d'esprit*. Brian consulted Verjuice's face, as if to beg pardon for having chimed in against him; but he gave him a cheering nod.

Now that the ice was broken, Brian became more at his ease; but he nevertheless resolved to attend wholly to his game, that he might not run the risk of again committing himself: this he did so effectually, and was so well seconded by her Grace and a run of good cards, that,
when

when the party broke up at daylight, they had won five rubbers.

As her Grace rose from the table, she approached our adventurer, and said to him, in a low tone of voice, “ Well, Sir, I think we have done much better than we could have expected, considering that we were total strangers to each other’s play; an advantage which our opponents enjoyed, in addition to that of not being *over-scrupulous*—you understand me?”

Brian was thunderstruck at this insinuation of *unfair play* among such company, and not knowing what to answer, he only *looked knowing*, and bowed profoundly, as if in deference to her Grace’s better judgment, which is an excellent shift of saying much by nothing, where
one

one wishes to avoid, or is at a loss for saying any thing.

The company broke up with as little ceremony as they had met; but Brian was not yet to leave the house, without betraying another specimen of his ignorance of *haut ton*; for, on the servant's attending him to the door, he put his hand into his pocket, and gave him a *crown*. He saw him eye it in his hand, look at him, and going to Verjuice, who was behind, heard him say—"Sir, your friend, I presume, has made a small mistake—he has given me *silver*."

"Oh! a mistake undoubtedly!" replied Verjuice; "but you see he is a little flushed with wine. Here is a *guinea* for us both."

"What! another blunder!" said Brian, when they drove from the door.

“ A small one,” answered Verjuice—
“ You must know, that the lady who keeps, or rather who is kept by this house, subsists chiefly on the profits of the gaming-tables, as her income is very small for the circle in which she moves. The mansion is, in another respect, much more convenient than you would surmise; for, if a lady happen to lose more than she dare to apply to her husband for, or can raise upon her jewels, in case they are not already pawned, she will oftentimes find another mode of paying the winner, if a male, without the least hazard of detection; as, though the happy man surmises who is his paymistress, every thing is conducted without a syllable being uttered on either side.”

“ Is it possible,” exclaimed Brian,
“ that nobility can descend to convert
their

their mansions into gaming-houses, and resorts for worse purposes?"

"Be assured of it," said Verjuice—"nay more, were not you, as winner, called upon to make a deposit under the candlestick?"

"Yes, and was at a loss to know the reason for it."

"Why, the expence of cards, dice, candles, &c. are all provided by the servants with their own money, and are their property, at the end of the night; in fact, they have no other wages than the presents which are made to them by the company, so that they look upon it as an affront to offer them any thing beneath *gold*; and you made a small blunder, which I rectified at the expence of truth and yourself, which you must excuse."

This explanation brought them home; and they retired to rest, and slept till noon.

CHAP. VIII.

An Excursion to Richmond—A disagreeable Meeting, and an agreeable one—Anecdote of the D—— of Q———: The Malice of a deserted Mistress—A modern tête-à-tête—Advice from an old sporting Character to a young one.

As Verjuice had not been used of late to nocturnal revels, he excused himself from going out of doors that day. Brian offered to keep him company; but Verjuice insisted on his standing upon no ceremony of the kind, as he could never

be at a loss for company, whilst Mrs. Marsden was in the same house with him —“ Let us be no constraint on each other,” added he—“ age requires rest, and youth exercise. The weather is fine —take your pleasure ; besides, the occurrences of the day may afford something for you to entertain me with at your return.”

Brian strolled to Hyde Park ; and as it was rather too early in the season for Kensington Gardens to be opened, he passed on to the gate at Knightsbridge, where seeing one of the short stage-coaches pass by, he instantly conceived a desire to behold that delightful spot *Richmond Hill*, of whose beauties he remembered the following luxuriant description of Thomson :—

Say,

Say, shall we ascend

Thy hill, delightful Sheen? Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye
Exulting swift to huge Augusta send;
Now to the sister-hills that skirt her plain,
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow,
In lovely contrast to his glorious view,
Calmly magnificent: then will we turn
To where the silver Thames first rural grows;
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray,
Luxurious there rove through the pendant woods,
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
And stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
Here let us trace the matchless vale of Thames,
Far winding up to where the muses haunt,
To Twit'nam bow'rs, to Hampton's royal pile,
To Claremont's terrass'd height, and Esher's groves:
Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
O vale of bliss! O softly-swelling hills!
On which the power of Cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonder of his toil!
Heav'ns! what a goodly prospect swells around!
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,

And glitt'ring towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays !

Having stopped the coachman and entered the vehicle, he actually saluted the company, two gentlemen and a lady, before, to his great astonishment and no less chagrin, he discovered the identical persons of Mrs. Fisher, Glare, and Burnish, who appeared equally surprised at the unexpected meeting, and burst into a fit of laughter.

“ What, my tight one ! all alone ! ” cries Glare.

“ Without your guardian ! ” exclaims Burnish.

“ Really, gentlemen,” answers Brian, “ you are pleased to be facetious ; but excuse me if I am too dull to discover where the wit of the joke lies.”

“ Poh ! poh ! ” says Glare—“ you were
a devilish

a devilish high fellow before you fell in with that *old file* Verjuice, and now you affect to be as great an oddity as himself. Your toast then used to be—‘*May we never see an old friend with a new face!*’ but your *sentiment* is changed since.”

“Why, perhaps we gave him some reason to be shy of us,” continued Burnish; “as, at our last meeting, he might be afraid we were coming the borrowing rig over him.”

“Indeed,” said Brian, “I was *afraid* of no such thing; for, at no little expence, I had bought experience enough to know the wisdom of keeping my money in my own pocket.”

“It will be in vain then to ask you to accommodate us with a few pieces?”

“Quite so.”

“Well, well, be a good boy, and mind

what the old one says to you, and perhaps he may make you his heir. But, supposing you were to meet with a lady, your old friend Mrs. Fisher here, for instance, under a temporary inconvenience for a trifle—I suppose your determination against lending does not extend to that case?”

“To lending in every case.”

“Oh!” cries Mrs. Fisher, “I am not at this day to learn Mr. Bonnycastle’s generosity: he never *lends* to the ladies, he always makes *presents* to them.”

“I must indeed acknowledge, Ma’am,” retorted Brian, “that I have a little *stood flat* there; and perhaps should have done so still, if the ladies had thought it worth their while to practise their deceptions on me any longer.”

“Come, come,” cries Mrs. Fisher,
“what

“ what the plague signifies *sulking*? We took you for a novice, but we found you too deep for us. Deception can now be of no use to either of us: there is my hand, let us be friends upon the square.”

“ Whenever we meet, Ma’am, as in the present instance, I shall always behave to you with that politeness which is due to your sex from mine.”

“ Perfectly polite, and as cool as a cucumber, Sir, upon my honour!—But we shall have the pleasure of your company to dine with us at Richmond?”

“ Excuse me, Ma’am—I have business.”

On their arrival at Richmond, Mrs. Fisher and her party renewed their solicitations for Brian to join them; but he was proof against them, and walked up the hill, to compare the scenery with Thomson’s description. *Many things,*

however, *happen between the cup and the lip*; and a far different entertainment awaited him. A lady, in an elegant *dis-habille*, advanced towards him, whom he recognized to be the Duchess of Fallowland, his whist-partner at Lady M'Lackland's: she accosted him without ceremony, as an old acquaintance, and proposed his taking a turn with her, if he were not better engaged; to which, replying that that was impossible, he eagerly assented.

The Duchess possessed youth, beauty, and a lively genius, improved by a better education than is usual to her sex, particularly in her sphere of life; her conversation was spirited and pointed, but rather romantic; her remarks were shrewd, just, but rather satirical, which suiting with Brian's disposition, rendered them agreeable

agreeable companions—"Do you remark," said she, "that old gentleman, in a plain great-coat and large slouched hat, who is just alighted from his *vis-à-vis*, and is mounting on a black poney?"

"Yes, your Grace."

"Do you know him?"

"No."

"I have not been long enough in town to have a knowledge of many *leading characters*, as I guess him to be."

"You are not mistaken in your conjecture, Sir; it is the D—— of Q——, whom I presume you have heard mentioned, as famous for his attachment to our sex. He is said to be a veteran in amours, as in years; and indiscriminately lavish of his caresses, provided the objects be not too old and too ugly. I will relate to you an anecdote, out of the
many

many which have sprung from his amorous adventures. A certain *lady-abbess* having promised to treat him with a *bonne-bouche* fresh from the country, his Grace was surprised at being introduced to an old acquaintance—"What! Eliza!" cried he (I suppose her Christian name was Elizabeth, but she had curtailed the unfashionable termination, on entering into a fashionable line of life), "I remember to have ruined you six months ago!"

"No indeed—your Grace is mistaken; for I *takes* more *ruination* *nor* ever your Grace thinks for."

After Brian's mirth on this humorous anecdote had subsided, her Grace continued thus: "The Duke is a memorable instance of the longevity of the passions, after the power of gratification has been
long

long on the wane: variety now and then gives a zest to his sickly appetite, and his feeble frame is renovated with milk baths. A prey to his desires, he is always in pursuit of fresh prey for them; and as he is liberal in his presents, he is said to be often a dupe to designing women, who affect the dress, dialect, and manners of country girls, on purpose to entrap him. But he is by no means nice, and verifies the old French adage—‘*Tous les chats sont gris à la nuit.*’

In the course of the ramble, her Grace pointed out several other *fashionable curiosities*, characterising their leading pursuits and foibles, and instancing them with appropriate anecdotes. Brian passed the time so pleasantly, that he was no less proud than delighted at her Grace’s proposal to eat a bit of dinner with her

at

at the *Star and Garter*, towards which they were bending their way, when they were met by Mrs. Fisher and her two companions, who were ascending the hill. Giving a vulgar stare as they approached, they had scarcely passed, when Glare and Burnish set up a loud laugh, and Mrs. Fisher exclaimed—"I swear, I wish there was a tax on all *traders*, provided that the married ones, under a certain degree, were obliged to take out a yearly licence, and pay double duty, and the *quality ones* according to the rank of their husbands."

Brian's indignation was kindled, and he looked at the Duchess, hoping she had not heard the exclamation; but she presently put him out of all doubt of it, by asking him if those *gentry* had the honour of being of his acquaintance?

Confused

Confused as he visibly was, he could not avoid acknowledging, that he had sometimes met the two *gentlemen* (if their behaviour could allow him to term them so), and looked upon them to be mere *men of the town*; and owning his having maintained an intimate acquaintance with the lady, which had been broken off by her rapacity. To take off her Grace's attention from the insult offered to herself, he then related, as ludicrously as he could, how he had been duped by Mrs. Fisher, and the scheme by which he had drawn her in to betray herself, and which had terminated in their final estrangement; for such he was determined it should be.

After a moment's thoughtfulness, her Grace said—"It is no matter—my reputation can never suffer from such creatures;

tures ; and I have no doubt of being under the protection of a man of honour.'"

Brian instantly offered to oblige the two *gentlemen* to return, and apologize for the affront ; but her Grace held them beneath notice, and thought the most prudent way would be to treat them as such.

An excellent dinner, and a couple of glasses of good wine, had just restored the Duchess to her former vivacity, when some company was heard to enter an adjoining room ; the partition between them being only a temporary thin wainscotting, removeable at pleasure, to throw both apartments into one, for the convenience of entertaining large parties. Brian was thunderstruck, at distinguishing the voices of Mrs. Fisher's party ; and the Duchess coloured, and
put

put her fingers to her lips. Brian understood the hint, and conversed only in whispers, and by signs; but he was on thorns, lest something might come out in conversation, to lessen him in the eyes of the Duchess, with whom he began to entertain the vanity of hoping to be upon a good understanding, in the course of time.

After a while, they heard Mrs. Fisher say—"Well, may this glass be my poison, if he is not a pretty fellow, and deserves the notice of any woman, whatever difference there may be in birth or rank, which we all know to be rank nonsense in love-affairs: the man is all—the rest nothing. But I bear a mortal antipathy to all sly traders, and should like to hit upon some scheme of revenge upon her for spoiling our market, and
upon

upon him for refusing my overtures; not that I care for the fellow—he used to *bleed freely* at one time, but he is got too knowing now. Suppose we were to give such a hint to the old Duke, as might lead to the discovery of a *crim. con.* business, and to a prosecution for damages? Would not this scheme pay the fellow off for his contempt of us?”

“A bright thought!” exclaimed Glare.

“Not the least danger,” added Burnish.

“It shall be done then,” continued Mrs. Fisher.

The Duchess’s colour had progressively advanced towards the deepest crimson; and her companion’s visage had now attained a similar hue, through the grossness of the inuendo, and indignation. He started involuntarily from his seat; but the Duchess catching him by the arm, whispered—

whispered—"Be cool—they have put me on my guard, and leave me alone to counteract their designs. I shall acquaint his Grace with my having passed part of the day in your company by mere chance, and my frankness will take off his suspicion, if he should be inclined to any, which I do not much suspect."

Her Grace's tranquillity restored Brian to his ease, and he even made some advances towards gallantry, which she did not much repel, but gave some hints of thinking it proper to know more of a person before she could be expected to bestow any marks of her confidence upon him.

Brian related to her the chief passages of his life, concealing only his present mode of subsistence, by pretending to be in possession of an independance, through the gift of a distant relation,
which

which deception, whether pardonable or not in a point of morality, many of our readers perhaps would not scruple to play off in an affair of gallantry.

The remaining part of the conversation between Mrs. Fisher and her friends, which was overheard at intervals, consisted only of some *professional anecdotes* and *coups de main*, which would have tended rather to amuse than disturb the harmony of our *duo*, had they not been too much engaged with what was passing between themselves, to bestow much attention on any other subjects. At length they heard the waiter announce to Mrs. Fisher's party, that the stage was at the door; and they departed, but not till they had agreed to pass the night at a house under Covent-garden Piazzas, to which Mrs. Fisher undertook to invite
one

one of her female friends, to make up a *parti quarrré*.

Her Grace and Brian being thus released from their constraint, began to treat of certain matters, which we shall leave to our readers' imagination. Her Grace having stipulated for a monopoly of his attentions, and for a certain time of trial, intimated that, if she should be satisfied with him, he might perhaps be favoured with her confidence, which was all he could obtain for the present ; and even this distant hope put him into high spirits.

It happened luckily for Brian, who was unprovided with any mode of reconveyance, that her Grace had herself made use of no other vehicle than a hackney-coach, longing to steal away from the insipidity of pomp, to the un-

restrained enjoyment of rural pleasures. She therefore offered Brian a seat, which he was happy to accept; and they separated at Hyde-park Corner, after a thousand renewals of the articles of their lately-concluded treaty.

Brian hastened to his friend Verjuice, to whom he related the adventures of the day, without the least concealment. Verjuice observed, that he was not so very ignorant, or inconsiderate of the passions of youth, as to exact from him a total abstinence, either from women, wine, or other pleasures; but having forewarned him, from his own example, of the danger of suffering oneself to become their slave, nothing remained but to advise him to make them all subservient to his designs. “The reputation of being on a good understanding
with

with a woman of the Duchess's rank and figure, if you manage so circumspectly as to confine matters to mere conjecture, and afford no room for *eclat*, may gain you importance in the higher circles, particularly with the fair sex; but you know your own situation too well, to let any thing blind you to your own interest. I very well know the disposition of the Duchess; she is young, sentimental, romantic, and disinterested; and you may safely trust yourself in her hands: she would rather warn you against a snare, than lead you into one. I was glad to see that she somewhat noticed you last night, and I am not in the least surprised at her behaviour towards you to-day. Her reputation is sound in the world, as she has, in every instance but one, behaved with the greatest circum-

VOL. F. L spection.

spection and reserve, even to her most familiar female acquaintance. The Duke himself is not of a jealous disposition, and consequently not inclined to suspicion; but if you should be indiscreet, his honour will oblige him to open his eyes, and crush you with all the weight of his power: you will have, therefore, only to enjoy your good fortune with circumspection. As a guide for your conduct, I will give you a sketch of her history, and of the principal personages with whom she has been acquainted, which will sufficiently put you upon your guard against all who might endeavour to entrap you."

END OF VOL. I.

Lane, Darling, and Co. Leadenhall-street.

WORKS

Printed at the Minerva Press,

With the Reviewers' Opinion.



FALCONBRIDGE ABBEY,

A DEVONSHIRE STORY,

BY MRS. HANWAY.

5 vols. £1 7s. 6d.

"The fair Author of this work tells us in a Preface, which is written with peculiar energy, that, after a long lapse of time, she trusts her third Work for public perusal, written under many interruptions from ill health, which would certainly have been a plea for any defects that might have appeared, had the fire and spirit of her talents, already well known and duly appreciated by the Public, by her former valuable productions of "*Ellinor*" and "*Andrew Stuart*," been found to have evaporated. But our judgment is decidedly given in favour of a direct contrary position; for we are of opinion, that if "*Falconbridge Abbey*" does not surpass, it is certainly in no degree inferior, in the great points of either amusement or instruction, to either of her former public exertions.

"The *execution* does justice to the *design* portrayed; the characters are, in general, very strongly marked, and with many high touches of the pencil. Lady Falconbridge, although a rigid moralist and a strict disciplinarian, both in mind and manners, has all the humanizing virtues of the heart, which the various occurrences of the history finely draw forth. The whole of the Ellerton family, which is powerfully delineated, exhibit instances of the temporary success of almost every species of infamy to attain the objects of their ambition; which, though gratified, ultimately terminates to their confusion, and in need complete destruction; and that in a manner alike favourable to morality and probability, which should never be violated in any imitation of history, for such may be denominated a well-written novel. Sir Henry Falconbridge is a compound of imbecility and goodness of heart, his best-directed benevolence being frequently mixed with an almost infantine weakness, from a certain constitutional languor of disposition, and a want of mental energy. The natural son of this gentleman, who
comes

New Works, &c. continued.

comes very forward in the story, and secures the esteem and admiration of the reader by actions well calculated to command it, is, in every respect, a very happily-drawn character, evincing, in the progress of the action of the story, the purest generosity and utmost bravery, accompanied by the most unaffected sensibility; at the same time that he is a rare pattern of filial piety.

"The different interests of this "Devonshire Tale" are so closely interwoven with each other, and are made so skillfully to connect, that, although they are, from that very circumstance, more important as a *whole*, they are, by that proportion, less favourable to partial extract. We shall therefore refer our readers with a good conscience, to the perusal of the work itself; after observing, that we have not a doubt, to apply her own words, "the public *en masse* will still be found candid and liberal to her efforts for the amusement of their leisure hours." We will add, also, for the *instruction of their most serious ones*."

Gentleman's Magazine, March, 1809.

THE NUN AND HER DAUGHTER,

A NOVEL.

4 vols. 18s. sewed.

"The Nun and her Daughter is superior to most publications of this sort. The story is told in a manner that indicates a fertile imagination, and excites a great deal of interest."

Monthly Epitome, May, 1805.

CASTLE OF SANTA FE.

A NOVEL,

4 vols. 18s. sewed.

"The Castle of Santa Fe, by a Clergyman's Daughter, is a well-written novel; the incidents are dignified, and not improbable, the characters are well supported, and the tendency of the story is moral and religious."

Monthly Mag. Sup. July 1805.

THE METROPOLIS.

Lane, Darling, and Co. Leadenhall Street.

THE
METROPOLIS;

OR,
A CURE FOR GAMING.

Interspersed with
ANECDOTES OF LIVING CHARACTERS IN HIGH LIFE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY
CERVANTES HOGG, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF
THE RISING SUN, THE SETTING SUN, &c. &c.

How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of we three?
Now, Mercury, endue thee with pleasing, for thou speak'st well of fools.
Clown, *Twelfth Night*.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED AT THE
Minerva-Press,
FOR A. K. NEWMAN AND CO.,
(Successors to Lane, Newman, and Co.)
LEADENHALL-STREET.
1811.

THE METROPOLIS.

CHAP. I.

The History of the Duchess of Fallowland.

“**T**HE Duchess is really to be pitied: at an age when the youthful passions demand an equal warmth of return, she was torn from the arms of a lover, the man of her own age and choice, and sacrificed, through her mother’s addiction to the gaming-tables, to the embraces of her present old Lord. Having, from her infancy, been accustomed to the uncere-
monious visits of her first cousin, the

as time generally brought to light, that *love-matches*, of all others, were the most pregnant with unhappiness—‘ It is with the utmost propriety,’ she would add, ‘ that *Cupid* is represented blind, and *Hymen* in full possession of his eyesight; for lovers see only perfections, and married folks imperfections; the illusion vanishes, and the deception becomes more cutting. I have had experience, and in spite of the whole tribe of poverty-struck novel-writers, give me what they emphatically term a *Smithfield bargain*. Talk of flames, darts, and wounded hearts! What are they, to the delicious sounds of settlement, pin-money, jointure, title, town and country establishments? these are enjoyments which never pall—the others vanish with the honeymoon.—Trust to me, my dearest Julia; and if I
do

do not provide all these lasting pleasures for you, may I be doomed for life to hold in my hand a prayer-book instead of a pack of cards !’

“ Julia answered, as is usual in such cases, only by sobs, sighs, and tears, which Lady M’Lackland rather encouraged than endeavoured to suppress, aware that the more rapid was the ebb of love, the more speedy would be the flow of vanity. One opportunity offered, just such as her Ladyship could have wished, when Julia, in despair, declared, that if she was not to be united to her cousin, she cared not who was to lead her a victim to the altar.

‘ Spoken with spirit, my dear girl ; and I am convinced that you have made a brilliant conquest of his Grace of ———, which will render you the envy of our

tion against her. Lady M'Lackland never asked for the money, though she often could not help the escape of a complaint of the straitness of her circumstances; and as Lady Dashwell had been entrapped into other debts to persons who professed no friendship for her, and who pressed for payment, which was totally out of her power, she was literally at her wit's end; indeed she had squandered away not only all she could raise on her own jointure, but had made away with the greatest part of her daughter Julia's fortune, to whom she had been unfortunately left sole guardian by an uxorious husband.

“ Under this distress, she was somewhat relieved by Lady M'Lackland, who having two strings to her bow, was a match-maker as well as a gamestress, and who proposed
to

to her two matches for her daughter, and her nephew Mr. Tyson, on terms that would not only enable her to discharge all her debts, but also put a round sum at her command. This was too tempting a bait for one in Lady Dashwell's situation not to catch at; and having come to an understanding, that she was to have ten thousand pounds out of each party, she commenced her opposition to the union of the lovers, by the before-mentioned scruples.

“ After she had played off this farce for a while, Lady M'Lackland came into play. She began by ridiculing to Julia, her mother's antiquated religious notions; not but that she must likewise deem it a *folly* in young folks, to conceit that only one person of the other sex could contribute to their happiness,

as time generally brought to light, that *love-matches*, of all others, were the most pregnant with unhappiness—‘It is with the utmost propriety,’ she would add, ‘that *Cupid* is represented blind, and *Hymen* in full possession of his eyesight; for lovers see only perfections, and married folks imperfections; the illusion vanishes, and the deception becomes more cutting. I have had experience, and in spite of the whole tribe of poverty-struck novel-writers, give me what they emphatically term a *Smithfield bargain*. Talk of flames, darts, and wounded hearts! What are they, to the delicious sounds of settlement, pin-money, jointure, title, town and country establishments? these are enjoyments which never pall—the others vanish with the honeymoon.—Trust to me, my dearest Julia; and if I do

do

do not provide all these lasting pleasures for you, may I be doomed for life to hold in my hand a prayer-book instead of a pack of cards !’

“ Julia answered, as is usual in such cases, only by sobs, sighs, and tears, which Lady M’Lackland rather encouraged than endeavoured to suppress, aware that the more rapid was the ebb of love, the more speedy would be the flow of vanity. One opportunity offered, just such as her Ladyship could have wished, when Julia, in despair, declared, that if she was not to be united to her cousin, she cared not who was to lead her a victim to the altar.

‘ Spoken with spirit, my dear girl ; and I am convinced that you have made a brilliant conquest of his Grace of ———, which will render you the envy of our

sex—A splendid wedding, an old Duke, a grand settlement ! and then hey for a youthful widowhood, a Duchess-dowager's title, and love at will !'

“ The tender Julia was, however, proof against all these seducing prospects ; and would perhaps have played a part in *All for Love, or the World well Lost*, and concluded with another in *A Trip to Gretna Green*, but for the following pantomimic interlude, of her mother's acting. Lady Dashwell really loved her daughter, with an affection that nothing but her distressed situation, and itch of gaming, could abate, or prevail on her to sacrifice her on the altar of avarice : she determined to make one desperate effort to redeem her losses, and save her child from misery : all her spare jewels and plate being conveyed to the *three*
blue

blue balls, she raised what she could on her little remaining credit, and found herself in possession of *three thousand guineas*, with which she resolved to make a *grand push*. Without hinting her intention even to her friend Lady M'Lackland, she repaired to the gaming-tables, and set the whole sum on a single card. The company stared at the coolness with which she hazarded so large a stake, and more so, when she won, and *cocked* her card, as the term is for turning up one end of it, to signify that she went for double: again luck favoured her, and she was mistress of *twelve thousand guineas*, which was barely enough to discharge her debts. She now hesitated a few seconds, and the company observed her in deep suspense: she could discharge all demands, but what was she to do in

future? To withdraw for ever from the dear delights of gaming, when one more favour of fortune might enable her to continue those loved pursuits with splendour?—She cocked again, and *lost*.—Rising with apparent serenity from the table, she said she had had enough for one night, got into her chariot, and returned home. She retired immediately to her apartment; and having assumed, without the assistance of her woman, her most elegant night-dress, and thrown herself on the bed, she rang the bell, and summoned her daughter to attend her. The tender Julia, almost heart-broken, yet still entertaining the most filial affection for her mother, was thunderstruck at the unusual appearance of things, and eagerly demanded what ailed her?

‘ My poor dear Julia,’ answered her
Ladyship,

Ladyship, ' the die is cast, and I must leave you to the world, the unpitying, merciless, malicious world, with a broken fortune, and, what is worse, an object of their detestable, insulting pity. Oh ! do not execrate the memory of thy wretched mother; although she has been to thee the bitterest of enemies ! I can deceive you no longer—my infatuation, my unhappy attachment to gaming, has ruined us both ; and debts of thousands more than I can pay, sink me into a premature grave. I can say no more ; spare me the shame and horror of the catastrophe, all but—Farewell, my dear undone Julia ! farewell for ever !' She then hid her head under the bed-clothes, and sobbed, or affected to sob, with the most violent emotion.

“ Julia was so shocked at these dread-

ful tidings, that her mother had sufficient time for a dozen hearty sobs, before she was interrupted by her daughter's throwing her arms around her, and exclaiming — ' My dearest mother, what misery are you preparing for me !—If we are doomed to poverty, oh ! let us bear it together ; and leave me not alone, to sustain that and the scorn of the world !—Some mode of retrieving your affairs may still be found : your nephew,' here she became confused, ' is not rich, but he has a soul above the lot of humanity, and will readily lend us all the assistance in his power. Suffer me to send for him.'

' My dearest child, there you only lend a hand to drive the dagger to my heart : Mr. Tyson's whole fortune would not suffice to pay my debts ; and the only fruits of his disinterested affection would
be,

be, to render you both beggars. Rather let me die, my debts will die with me, and his fortune may be sufficient to keep you both above want.'

'Die! no, my dear mother; there is no extremity to which I would not sooner resort. Let us anticipate the sneers of the world, and leave it with contempt.'

'No, Julia; I will never bear that my follies, vices rather, should entail obloquy on my child. My death will readily be attributed to despair for my losses, and spare you the shame—there is no other remedy.'

'No other remedy?'

'None but one, my endeavours to prevent which has hastened on my catastrophe, which I can infinitely better support, than to live to witness yours.'

'Name, name that one; and should it
even

even be that alternative which I most deprecate, here by Heaven I swear—' dropping on her knees.

' Do not swear, Julia; nay, it will be useless, as I cannot, will not name it.'

' Then will you seal your daughter's doom; for I swear never to survive you, to behold the light of another day.'

' Unhappy girl! miserable victim of a wretched mother! learn then the rest from Lady M'Lackland.'

' I understand, and will not shrink—I will send for her this instant.'

" Julia wrote a pressing summons to Lady M'Lackland, who dreading, from Lady Dashwell's conduct in the former part of the evening, that something might have happened to endanger the chance of her getting her seven thousand pounds, threw down her cards, and flew to her

with all the wings, if not the *sentiments*, of friendship. I need scarcely tell you, that she had no sooner gotten her cue, than the farce was admirably sustained, between the art of the two veteran actresses and the simplicity of the young one. No time was suffered to elapse : his Grace of Fallowland was summoned, by a note from Lady M'Lackland, in which she gave him his cue, and he arrived, attended by his solicitor. As all the articles of settlement had been concluded between their Ladyships and his Grace *some time before*, the preliminaries were soon signed ; and on the ensuing day, the definitive treaty of marriage took place, and Julia became the wretched titled Duchess of Fallowland."

"Gracious Heaven !" exclaimed Brian,
"what a monster of a mother ! and what
a load

a load of villainy must be the night, or rather *morning-mare*, of Lady M'Lackland !”

“ Poh !” cried Verjuice, “ these matters are trifles in the *beau monde*. You are not yet acquainted with the tenth part of Lady M'Lackland's *finesse*. Mr. Tyson, in despair at the perfidy which he unjustly attributed to the wretched Julia, at first forswore all commerce with the sex ; but afterwards, through pique, resentment, and the pride of retaliation, aided by the artifices of Lady M'Lackland and his own aunt, he threw himself into the odious embraces of the rich old Countess-dowager of Lackit, and formed a moiety of that fashionable monster—a disunited united couple.

“ By these sales of her daughter and nephew, Lady Dashwell acquired *twenty thousand*

thousand pounds ; and Lady M'Lackland not only procured a settlement of her debt of seven thousand pounds, but also received a handsome *extra douceur* from the joint subscriptions of the Duke and Countess : still she was not satisfied. Under pretence of her long and vast friendship for the mother, she couched the most insidious designs against the purse, and even the honour of the as-yet-artless daughter. Although gratitude for his Grace's beneficence towards her mother, and his unbounded liberality, tenderness, and politeness towards herself, had made no weak impression on her mind, yet she could not help many melancholy reflections on the expence with which she herself had purchased them. Lady M'Lackland seized all opportunities of those *sombre* fits to wean her from
her

her allegiance, by representing matrimony as only a cover for other indulgences, and a ready bank on which to draw for the *sine quâ non* of all earthly enjoyments. Her Grace at first smiled at what she supposed to be meant as a joke, but afterwards began to oppose every idea of the kind, with becoming warmth. Lady M'Lackland, however, was not to be so repulsed; she repeated her assertions with more earnestness, and even appealed to living instances among her numerous acquaintance, in support of them. The appeal was undeniable, and her Grace was at length half reasoned, half ridiculed out of her unfashionable scruples. The fatal example of her mother's propensity to gaming, however, held out for several months, against the siege laid to them by her Ladyship; and
her

her fixed determination of never losing above *twenty guineas* at one sitting, was never once broken in upon.

“ As the Duchess was a prize of great consideration, and her scruples required longer time to overcome them than Lady M'Lackland's numerous avocations would allow her to bestow, she turned the siege into a blockade, and entrusted the charge of it to an experienced subaltern, the *Honourable Miss Rachel Rappee*. This Lady was a younger daughter of an Irish Peer, who left her only a portion of two thousand pounds, in addition to her honourable birth. Possessing neither youth, mental nor personal charms, she was endowed with astonishing perseverance and art of insinuation, which, although they wholly failed with the opposite sex, in all her endeavours to procure a partner
for

for life, were seldom ineffectual with her own sex, from whose weakness she contrived to eke out her scanty pittance. A person so qualified and disposed, was the very thing for Lady M'Lackland's purpose, as was Lady M'Lackland for hers: a treaty of mutual confidence and support was the natural consequence.

“ Miss Rappee was no sooner entrusted with the blockade of the Duchess, than she plied her with fawning, flattery, and even the meanest servility. Deprived of the advice of a mother, who, however, was the worst person in the world to bestow any that was wholesome, and who, thinking she had got to the extent of her natural duty, by getting her daughter off her hands, had returned to her former habits with encreased ardour, it was no wonder that the inexperienced Duchess should

should be ready to fall into the snare of any artful person of her own sex, who should assume the mask of entire devotion to her services. Miss Rappee, after having sufficiently reconnoitred the ground, and guessed what lengths she might venture to advance, hinted, that what might be prudence in women of inferior rank, herself for instance, would be justly deemed beneath the consideration of the Duchess of Fallowland, who should never be seen to play for a paltry five or ten guineas: there was reason in all things, and a reasonable ground of difference between such trifles and thousands. It could be from no interested motives she spoke, as her Grace very well knew, that the scantiness of her income would scarcely support her, much less

less allow her to think of venturing a single guinea.

“ Long while did her Grace successfully resist all these insinuations; but, beset in public and private, she at length began to give way. On her first advances, she was suffered to win a brace of thousands, to give her appetite a whet; fortune then appeared to fluctuate, before the combined party would venture to strike a stroke, lest her Grace should not be sufficiently hooked, and get away without biting again. At length they ventured, one night, to *strike* her for *five thousand pounds*.

“ If she could at that time have discharged this loss, she would have resumed her old plan, and never have deviated from it; but as she had never, at any one
time,

time, asked his Grace for five hundred pounds, she was afraid to break out with so considerable a demand, lest he should draw from her, or even guess her imprudence. More women, and men too, are undone by want of resolution, than by any propensity to vice: this was the case with the Duchess, whose wavering state could not escape the observation of Miss Rappee; indeed, as it was expected, she was set on to attend to the periods of the conflict within the Duchess's bosom, and to give such a bias to it as the confederates wished. Pretending ignorance of the Duchess's loss, which it would have been highly impolitic to own a knowledge of, she began by giving hints and expressing fears, that her Grace laboured under some latent cause

of

of uneasiness, until she had brought her to confess the real state of the case.

‘Poh! poh!’ cried Rappee, smiling; ‘is that the mouse with which the mountain is in labour? To be sure, five thousand pounds is a sum to some folks, but a mere bauble to her Grace of Fallowland: this night’s run will, perhaps, much more than redeem that paltry loss.’

‘You mistake, Rappee; for I cannot go to the play-table again before I am able to pay it, and that at present is impossible.’

‘But absenting yourself, your Grace knows, will look worse than going unprepared. I never wished to be rich so much as at this very instant. But his Grace will supply you, for the trouble of asking.’

‘I dare

‘ I dare not ask him for so considerable a sum, without assigning some reason for my wanting it; and as he has liberally anticipated all my needful wants——’

‘ Cannot your Grace contrive to borrow the money on——there are lenders enough, who would jump to do your Grace so small a favour; nay, would think it a favour conferred on themselves.’

‘ I cannot degrade his Grace so far as to apply to a common money-lender.’

‘ Well then, Lady M'Lackland is a *sincere friend*; if she has not the money by her, she may at least put you in a way——’

‘ A lucky thought, my dear Rappee! Oblige me so far as to go to her this instant, and acquaint her with my embarrassment.’

‘ Lord ! what a strong term your Grace applies to what is beneath a moment’s consideration !’

‘ It has, however, entirely destroyed my rest ; and shall be the last freak of the kind, I am resolved, Rappee.’

“ Miss Rappee flew to concert with Lady M‘Lackland, not the means of drawing their *friend* out of the scrape, but how to plunge her deeper into it—‘ We must not let her have the whole of the money,’ said her Ladyship, ‘ lest she should leave off play. Take these notes for one thousand pounds, tell her it is the half of all I have at present, having been a considerable loser myself last night ; and if Fortune proves the same jade to-night, I shall be compelled to *pawn my jewels* for a supply. This, you know, will be a decent hint for her.’

‘ What

‘What can I do?’ said her Grace, on receiving the notes and this message—
‘the whole debt must be paid to-night. I should not be so particular, if it were owing to one of my own sex; but one must not remain in debt to one of the other sex, you know, for very obvious reasons.’

‘Well, your Grace, one night can make no odds; try your luck, and if it should be against you, it will be then time to think about raising the money; and then you will be left to your pleasure, to play or not.’

“To cut short, the Duchess hazarded the one thousand pounds borrowed of Lady M’Lackland, and lost that, and also another sum of four thousand pounds, to the gentleman who before won the five thousand pounds. It was now more than

ever impossible to apply to his Grace : however, as the winner was a man of large fortune and of gallantry, and her Grace was a fashionable reigning toast, it was managed, through the *brokerage* of *Lady M'Lackland* and the *Honourable* Miss Rappee, that the fortunate winner and fair loser should hush up matters between them one evening, at her Ladyship's house ; and her Grace got a receipt, without drawing upon his Grace's banker for a single guinea."

" Indeed," exclaimed Brian, " you were right in saying that the Duchess was to be pitied ; for the most rigid virtue could scarcely be expected to hold out against such an experienced corps of sappers and miners."

" There is very little doubt," continued Verjuice, " but that the Duchess
would

would have never sacrificed her virtue, but for her *fiends* of *friends*. Ever since that time, she has been so extremely cautious, as never to have committed another *faux pas* from necessity; if from inclination, she has been so extremely circumspect, that the breath of slander has never dared to sully her fame. You will wonder, perhaps, how I should become so well acquainted with all these details of matters, which might be supposed to have been transacted so much in the dark as to baffle disclosure; but I had the whole of them from her Grace's *bosom-friends*, Lady M'Lackland and Miss Rappee, who, looking upon me as *one of themselves*, imagined that the story would give them infinite credit for ingenuity, rather than have the effect it produced; for, in all my gambling transactions, I

never betrayed a friend, nor ever made an acquaintance with the view to draw him into a loss, and despise those who do. Her Ladyship can therefore tell you, that she is indebted to me for a thorough insight into the artifices of her pretended friends, with whom, although she chooses not to break entirely, yet she secretly detests them, and has ever since acted towards them with the utmost reserve.— But, if my memory serve me right, you mentioned that the plotting *trio*, who are so fond of a little mischief, are to pass the night at a certain house.”

“ I overheard them so agree.”

“ What say you? Should you like to have a hearty laugh at a piece of revenge, which I have an idea of taking upon them?”

“ Nothing could please me better.”

“ Let us set out directly then.”

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

A ludicrous Piece of Revenge played off upon a Lady of the Town—The fatal Effects of Gaming on inexperienced Youth—An astonishing Act of Benevolence, from a Cynic and a Gamester.

VERJUICE and Brian went straight to Covent-garden Piazzas, and on entering the house, enquired of a waiter if Mrs. Fisher and her party, describing their persons and dress, were there? He replied, that such persons were then in the house, and had ordered supper, which

was getting ready. Verjuice asked if there was any shrewd clever girl then in waiting? and was answered, that there were several girls in the house, and one styled by the rest *Knowing Peg*, who had the character of being a *deep one*. Verjuice ordered the waiter to send her in, and also to put a couple of bottles of sherry on the table.

Peg was introduced; and after she had taken three or four bumpers, Verjuice opened the business, by telling her that, if she would lend a hand to play off a joke upon some company then in the house, she might soon earn a couple of guineas and a good supper, and should not come to the least harm—it was merely a bit of a frolic.

“Oh, if that be all,” cried *Peg*, “I loves a bit of frolic to my heart; only
give

give me my cue, and if I don't play my part, say my name's not *Knowing Peg*."

"Do you know Mrs. Fisher?" demanded Verjuice.

"Aye, that I do; I owes her a grudge too, for getting away my *fancy-man* from me one night; and if so be as how you *means* to play a trick upon her, here's have with you, if you will bear me out, as you say you will."

"Never fear that; we will be as good as our words."

Having fully instructed Peg, the waiter was again called, and asked whether there was any room adjoining to that in which Mrs. Fisher's company were? and being answered in the affirmative, Verjuice and Brian took possession of it, leaving the door ajar, to hear what passed.

Just as supper was put upon the table

in the next room, they heard Peg tap at the door, and exclaim, on being bid to come in—"Mrs. Fisher, you may guess perhaps as how I *owes* you a grudge; but rot me if I don't owe the *bums* a greater, and would give my last gown to see any of them *queered*. The case, in a word, is, that there are two of them now below, asking for you and two gentlemen; one they call Glare," Glare started up, "and t'other—I forget his name."

"Burnish?" cried he, starting up also.

"The very same: I heard them say they dodged you into the house, and are resolved not to leave it without seeing you, as you are *shy cocks*, and they have long waited for such an opportunity."

"My dear girl," cried Glare, "is there any back way out of the house? Help us off, and I'll give you—that is, I'll be
a guinea

a guinea in your debt ; and 'pon honour it shall be left with the waiter for you."

" Why, Sir, though I *wants* a guinea bad enough, I *hates* to see good fellows trapped. There is a back way into Hart-street, for quality and gentry ; follow me in the dark—there's not a minute to lose : I *thinks* I *hears* them coming up stairs."

Without another word, or even staying to get their hats, Glare and Burnish rushed out after her, bolted down stairs, crying, "*Coming, coming, Sir !*" to make the bailiffs think they were waiters, scudded through the back way, and *threaded* most of the lanes and allies about *Seven Dials*, where they imagined that the bailiffs must be blood-hounds indeed, if they had not lost scent of them.

As they were leaving the room, Mrs. Fisher bawled out after them ; but find-

ing that they would not stay to answer her, she said to her female companion, whom she had sent for to make up the *parti quarrré*, “ Blow me into a gin-shop, if they ha’nt left us the reckoning to pay, and I’ve no money !”

“ Nor I.”

Peg now returned, and told them that she had seen their friends safe off, and hoped to be treated to the share of a bottle of wine, for her intelligence.

“ Aye,” said Mrs. Fisher, “ we may as well drink the wine and eat the supper too, for that matter ; although the fellows flew off in such a tangent, that they have forgot to leave money for the reckoning, and the devil a *sneg* have we to pay it with—Have they *faith* here, Peg ?”

“ Till you have swallowed the supper, no longer.”

“ Well,

“ Well, ring for the waiter, and hear what he says.”

When the waiter came, Mrs. Fisher told him, that the gentlemen had been obliged to go away on the most pressing business, and left word, that if they should be prevented from returning, they would call and pay the bill next day, without fail.

“ I can’t trust to that, ladies ; I am answerable for all I bring in, and must be paid before you leave the house. If the *gemmen* were *real gemmen*, they would never have left you so—Two knowing kiddies, I’ll be bound—trust to them, ey !”

“ Won’t you take *my* word then ?” said Mrs. Fisher—“ you know me.”

“ Yes, and therefore I’d rather take *your* money.”

“ Well,

“ Well, I dare say all *my uncles’* shops are not shut up ; so *pop* this gold *tattler* for five *quid*, and bring them to me with the duplicate.”

After the waiter was gone, Verjuice and Brian entered the room ; and Macheath never shewed greater surprise in the supper-scene, when disturbed by the entrance of the ghost, than did Mrs. Fisher betray on seeing them.

“ We beg pardon, Mrs. Fisher,” said Verjuice, “ and are afraid that we have been the occasion of disturbing the harmony of the party, and driving away the two gentlemen, by a small mistake, which this lady it seems has made, in supposing us to be sheriffs’ officers.”

“ Why, you are not the *bums* then, are you ?”

“ We are the persons who were en-
quiring

quiring for you, and were mistaken for such by this lady."

" I smell a rat now, and faith, Peg, you were up to it."

" Well, and if I were, Moll; you know you took away my man the other night, and now I am only even with you."

" Well, gentlemen, you've had your bit of gig out ; and now, pray, what other business might you have with me ?"

" To tell you that we are no strangers to the notable scheme which you and your *light-heeled* friends were planning this afternoon at the *Star and Garter*, and to warn you, that if you should persist in your intentions of raising calumnies to sow dissensions in a certain great family——"

" No, no—I've done with it: you're too many for me. I give you my *honour*,
that

that I'll not only drop the business myself, but frighten Glare and Burnish out of it: and so, to drown all animosity, sit down in the places of these two *flats*, and eat up their supper; for strike me old and ugly, if I don't make them pay for it!"

"I thought you knew us better," said Verjuice, "than to ask us to stand in the shoes of *two flats*."

"No, no, 'pon honour! You think I want you to *post the poney*, but the supper is already paid for, and you may see the waiter bring the change presently."

"Aye, *my uncle's* is not far off," said Verjuice; "but we can't stop. Mrs. Peg, here are the two guineas we promised you, and a third for having played your part so cleverly. We wish you all a merry bout."

It

It was impossible to be tickled by this laughable piece of revenge more highly than Brian was: he enjoyed it the more, because Verjuice had not pre-acquainted him with his plan, but had played it off-hand.

“ There now,” said Verjuice, “ you may not only set the Duchess’s mind perfectly at rest on this business, but may make her laugh heartily at your next *tête-à-tête*.”

On their return homewards, they called in Lisle-street, Leicester-square, at one of those inferior gaming-houses, whose attractions are so pregnant with ruin to clerks, apprentices, &c.; and here Brian observed things which made him thankful that he had gained too much knowledge to be entrapped, without having paid so extravagantly dear for it as some
who

who were present. Among others, there was one young man, of very genteel appearance, whose repeated losses had caused such a phrenzy, as gave his cool opponents every advantage which they could desire over him: having lost all his cash, he absolutely staked his coat against two guineas, and lost it: he then sat down in a corner, folded his arms, and sank into a deep reverie. Verjuice pointed out to Brian the advantage which the table-keepers and their associates had over the fair players; and after having marked out both sets to him, Brian began by risking a few stakes at the silver-table. He still kept on the side of the knowing ones, whom Verjuice had noted, whilst Brian was playing at the other table; and as there were plenty of *fresh-men* there that night, the table

was

was at one time covered with heaps of gold ; but, as the play proceeded, they insensibly vanished. In proportion as the *pigeons* lost, their desperation so obscured their observation, that the *rooks* plucked them in the most barefaced manner ; and by merely observing their hits, Brian won one hundred and twenty guineas, before all the cash had utterly disappeared from the table. Verjuice had also staked at certain intervals, and had won forty guineas, without much risk.

When the golden mountains had vanished, the parties looked at each other for some minutes in silence, and no one of the *fresh-men* offering to pull out any reserve, the *professors* guessed them to be thoroughly *cleaned out*, and rose up at once from the table. The youth who had lost his coat was so buried in gloom, that

that the master of the house shook him by the shoulders to rouse him; and he started up, and made precipitately for the door. Our friends were in the passage, and heard him mutter to himself—
“It is over—the sun rises no more for me!”

Struck with horror at the situation of this young man, which might have been his own, Brian caught him by the shirt-sleeve, and said to him, in the tone of an acquaintance, “My dear fellow, you cannot think of returning to your friends in this plight; my great-coat is superfluous, permit me to accommodate you with it. Fortune has been as favourable to us this night, as she has been unfriendly to you; therefore we beg you to take a bit of supper with us.”

The youth seized Brian’s hand, and gave
it

it a convulsive grasp of acknowledgment, his heart being too full for his tongue to give utterance to its sentiments.

“Come, let me help you on with it,” added Brian, stripping off the great-coat; and then, putting an arm within his, he led him off, followed by Verjuice, who had never spoken a word all this time. Brian led the way to Wright’s hotel, in Soho-square, where he was assured of entrance, although the morning was pretty far advanced; and having ordered supper, he began to rally the youth upon his eagerness for play, which had prevented his observing the shuffling of the *professors* and *artists*, which could not have escaped his eye in cool moments. The youth stared wildly in his face, and answered mournfully—“I did observe their tricks, but I was indifferent to them, through

through despair of ever retrieving my lost money and character, which must doom me to the fate I have——”

“ I guess what you mean,” said Brian ;
“ but beware, young man, of rushing into the presence of your Creator uncalled. What are the few ills to which your imprudence may perhaps have doomed you to bear in this short life, to an eternity of misery ?—Forgive me the expression, but suicide is the resort of cowards.”

The youth started, rose up vehemently, and pulling off the great-coat, exclaimed —“ There, Sir, I free myself of any load of obligation to you, and am now at liberty to demand satisfaction for an imputation——”

“ Which your own rashness, impudent boy, justly deserves,” cried Verjuice, rising, and pulling him down on his chair
——“ Hear

—"Hear me, Sir; despair renders men testy, and makes them see an insult, in what a man of sobriety would deem salutary advice. My friend could have had no intention to bring you hither, to add to your present pressure by unmanly insult; he feels for you, perhaps from having narrowly escaped shipwreck on the same shoals. Be candid, Sir; tell us the difficulties under which you labour, without the least reserve: I have read my friend's intentions to rescue you from perdition, and will second them, if you will put it in our power."

The youth now burst into tears, and confessed that he was the son of Sir Jacob Thrum, a wealthy knight of Ewel, in Surrey, who had placed him in the counting-house of an underwriter in London; and having had the misfortune

to fall in with an artful woman, who had put him upon making free with his master's cash, he had resorted to the gaming-table to make it up, but had only trebled the deficiency.

“ Why not apply to your father, who you say is wealthy, and ingenuously confess your errors to him ?” demanded Verjuice.

“ He is indeed very rich, Sir; but having raised his fortune entirely on economy and industry, he is very parsimonious; and no crime could be, in his eyes, greater than a want of them : I dare never look either him or my master in the face again.”

“ What is the sum total of your deficiency ?”

“ Little short of three hundred pounds; and to-morrow I must make up my cash-book,

hook, or close accounts before it arrives."

"By ten o'clock you may be enabled to do so, as the banks will be open; and I am afraid my friend and self have not enough about us to make up the whole. But let us see what we have."

Verjuice and Brian could muster only two hundred and thirty pounds, which Verjuice told the youth should be lent to him; and he would moreover give him a check for what more he wanted to clear himself, provided he would solemnly engage never to hazard a bet until it was repaid.

The youth instantly dropped on his knees, pronounced fervently the promise, then seized Verjuice's hand, and bathed it with his tears, calling him his second father. Then turning round, he

approached Brian, who prevented his repeating his humiliation, by catching him in his arms, and saying, “No more of this, Sir—be a man : your errors will be blessings to you, if they cause you to forswear them in future. Apply yourself to the lucrative pursuits for which your father has destined you, and you will soon be enabled to discharge this trifling obligation.”

Verjuice in the mean time was writing the check, which having given to the youth, and taken his acknowledgment for the money, and also his master's and father's addresses, he desired that not another syllable might be said on the business, by either party.

After a good supper and an excellent glass of punch, as it was nearly three o'clock in the morning, they all slept at
the

the house; the youth having, before he retired, taken leave of his benefactors, as he wished to return home before his master should be out of bed, to prevent even a suspicion of his misconduct.

It may seem strange, that a man of Verjuice's cynical disposition should have joined in such an act of benevolence; but his true character will be developed in proper time.

CHAP. III.

Epsom Races—An Act of Gallantry—Love and Jealousy—A Race-Ball—A female Fox-hunter—A Sketch of her History—Character of her bit of Blood of a Son, and of a Fox-hunting Fellow of a College, his Tutor.

THE season of Epsom races was now approaching, and our friends went down thither about a week previously, to take soundings, as the seamen phrase it, and lay their bets accordingly. Verjuice attended the exercise of the horses in training, and plied the grooms so well, that
he

he wormed out of them some secrets, which, with the knowing ones, are termed valuable ones. The horse of a certain r——l D——e was matched to run; and, to the no little surprise of Brian, he saw Mrs. Fisher appear on the ground, in an elegant chariot, with footmen in the liveries of H— R—— H——, under whose protection she had been lately taken.

Verjuice's return to the turf was hailed by all his old acquaintance, among whom were several of the nobility; and he actually betted one thousand pounds with the r——l D——e, of which he told Brian he should go his half. The sum would have appeared to the latter to be too great to be risked at once, but for his reliance on Verjuice's information, which proved to be well grounded: his

D 3

partner,

partner, however, in the interval, felt many of the uneasy sensations of a novice.

The day of trial arrived, and the Duke's horse won the first heat. Brian was all over in a tremor, which did not diminish on his favourite's winning the second. The third heat was about to begin; the riders had left the scales, mounted their horses, and were waiting the signal to start; the horses were impatient, and Brian no less so, when his ears were assailed by the shrieks of female voices; and turning round, he thought that they proceeded from a chariot, with which the horses, having been imprudently left by the driver, were galloping off at full speed. Our adventurer instantly forgot his former anxiety, and galloped off, in a direction to cross and stop them. Getting

ting a-head of them, he was turning round, when the chariot-horses ran against him, and threw him to a considerable distance. All three of the horses fell, but happily Brian received no material injury: he sprang up, ran to the chariot-horses, and luckily seized the reins, just as they were got on their legs, and appeared to be meditating another course; he restrained them with the greatest difficulty, till the driver ran up, and remounted; then opening the chariot-door, to assure the ladies, who were two in number, of their safety, he found one of them in hysterics; and on getting a view of her face, instantly recognized Miss Charlotte Hewson. Grasping her in his arms, he lifted her out of the chariot, where, with the air and the aid of her companion's fan and smelling-bottle, she soon

gave symptoms of recovering. On opening her eyes, and beholding the well-known and never-forgotten features of Brian, she stared wildly, closed them again, and appeared to be relapsing; but the shock was only momentary. She continued faint, however, for several minutes, during which the happy Brian pressed her to his breast, and contemplated her face with the utmost anxiety and tenderness.

The heat being finished, several of the spectators, who had not moved from their stations before through humanity, now began to approach them through curiosity. To avoid their impertinence, Miss Hewson faltered out a short effusion of gratitude to her preserver, as did also her fair companion, who observed that her father's house was at a very short distance

tance from the race-ground, and insisted that he should call before he left Epsom, and receive their thanks for his gallantry, when they could be more at their ease.

Having received a card of address, Brian reseated the ladies in the carriage, which drove off, having taken the liberty, in so doing, to give a gentle pressure to Miss Hewson's hand. He continued looking after the vehicle, which contained his whole happiness, till he received a hearty slap on the shoulder from Verjuice—"What the devil!" cried he, "I brought you to Epsom, as a *knight of the post*, but you have turned a knight-errant upon my hands!—Pray, who are the *dulcineas* whom you have just extricated from their perilous situation, at the risk of your *woful countenance*?"

“ One of them,” replied Brian, “ is my heaven-upon-earth; and this card will inform you who the other is.”

The instant Verjuice had cast his eye on the card, to which Brian had hitherto paid little or no attention, he exclaimed—“ Mighty odd indeed ! This address is the very same as that which the young man who lost his coat in Lisle-street, gave us as his father’s; and the young lady who gave this to you, is, according to probability, his sister—aye, ’tis the very same—*Sir Jacob Thrum, Knight, Ewcl, Surrey.* Well, it lies in our road homewards; and by giving you her address, the lady certainly intends that you should do yourself the honour of waiting upon her, and receive the proper acknowledgments for your Quixotism.—But, zounds, man, you look as if you had
lost,

lost, instead of having won five hundred pounds !”

These sounds roused our adventurer, who had wholly forgot the match, and even the horse he had rode upon, which had galloped off, and judiciously entered the stable of the very inn at Epsom, at which they had put up. Guessing that it had taken the London Road, they returned to Epsom, where their trouble was soon ended on that account.

In the evening, there was a race-ball, which was attended by an assemblage of ladies ; but as Miss Hewson was not present, our adventurer had no eyes for any of them. The dances had scarcely commenced, before Brian was struck by perceiving their Lisle-street acquaintance enter the room. He no sooner caught the eyes of his friends, than he started ;

but instantly made up to them, and declared his happiness at seeing them—
“ You will now have an opportunity,” added he, “ of knowing that I have not deceived you, as you must promise me to call at my father’s on your return.”

“ Why, to tell you the truth,” replied Brian, “ if we had not seen you, we should have called, having received this card of address, and the honour of an invitation from a young lady, whom we presume to be your sister.”

“ You are then,” cried Augustus Thrum, “ the person who preserved my sister and her friend from being killed in the chariot this morning ?”

“ I had indeed the happiness of stopping the career of the horses.”

“ Oh what a load of obligation do my parents owe you ! but for you, perhaps,
they

they would have been at this moment childless !”

“ No more of that,” cried Verjuice.

“ Well, but how are the ladies ?” demanded Brian eagerly.

“ Oh, well enough : the doctor took off a little blood from them, and sent them a quieting draught : he gave us hopes moreover, that, by proper attention, they might be quite out of any danger in a week, or fortnight at farthest ; but, *entre nous*, they wished him at the devil, and thought themselves well enough to have been here this evening, as they expected to have been ; and I am now extremely sorry for their disappointment, as I might have had the pleasure of introducing you as my own particular friend.”

Here Augustus could not help again
launching

launching into grateful effusions for services rendered to himself and sister, when he was checked by a *pscha!* from Verjuice.

It may seem rather unaccountable to the reader, who has never experienced the thrilling pangs of real love, that Brian should have all at once become very reserved and gloomy towards Augustus; but the *green-eyed monster* had seized upon him. Augustus was a youth of the most prepossessing figure and manners, and from Miss Hewson's visit at his father's house, an inference might be drawn that the families were on an intimate footing; but the lynx-eyed lover thought he could see farther, and jumped at once into a conclusion, that there must be a treaty on the *tapis* for the union of Miss Hewson and Augustus Thrum. As
he

he answered not a syllable to Augustus's friendly advances, the latter continued—
“ You must promise to give us a call—the girls will amuse you. One is my sister, to be sure, but she is allowed to be a fine girl, of the giddy, hair-brained sort ; and I should be very happy that she could engage my friend to be my brother-in-law. Her female friend is perhaps handsomer, is a most amiable girl, and——”

“ Is intended for your partner in life, I suppose ?” cried Brian peevishly.

“ Why, many people have indeed thought so,” replied Augustus, “ from the intimacy between the families ; but I have often heard the young lady declare, that she was resolved against marriage, and that her father had promised never to press the subject on her. It is a pity ; but she is very serious and thoughtful,
almost

almost to gloominess. I once jestingly told her, that one so young and charming could never be so bent against marriage, and be so *sombre*, unless she had met with some disappointment in love. I observed the tear starting into her eye, as she turned her head aside, and have never touched that string since."

The blood forsook our hero's face, at the latter part of this speech; but it presently returned, on the approach of her Grace of Fallowland, who familiarly tapped him on the shoulder with her fan, and said—"I shall expect you to take me down the next dance."

Augustus stared, at hearing Brian answer—"Your Grace does me infinite honour—I shall attend you."

Her Grace then nodded to Verjuice, and drew him aside.

"Your

“ *Your Grace!*” repeated Augustus—
“ Oh, oh! then, if my sister and her friend were here, they need not have looked to you for a partner, as *commoners’* daughters stand but little chance against *Duchesses.*”

“ You were never more mistaken in your life; for I would resign all the *Duchesses*, nay, the *Queens* in the world, for Miss Hewson.”

“ So, so, then!—You know the lady’s name, and perhaps her family too?”

“ My impatience to do justice to Miss Hewson has betrayed me; but to you, who are yourself ingenuous, why should I be reserved? Once I had the honour and happiness of being intimately acquainted with Mr. Hewson and his daughter; nay, I had the blissful expectation of——but so delightful a prospect was
snatched

snatched from my eyes, through my own unworthiness."

" Oh, my preserver ! I cannot believe that it was your *unworthiness*—some misunderstanding rather——"

" No, I repeat, my *unworthiness* ; nothing short of the most forcible reasons could ever have induced Mr. or Miss Hewson to change their opinion once formed of a person. Had I not once had Heaven in view, I had not now been the wretch I am."

The last words were uttered with such emotion as startled Augustus, who said—
" My dear friend, my eyes are now opened : you may depend on all my family's assistance to heal the breach ; and the service which you have just rendered to Miss Hewson, must of itself be sufficient to incline her and her father to a
reconciliation,

reconciliation, even if a certain little fluttering portion of the human breast did not render such an auxiliary unnecessary. And, now I think of it, appearances are much against her; for, while my giddy sister cried you up for an angel, she was wholly silent, as if afraid to trust her tongue with your praises, lest it should betray the secret of her heart—
Yes, it must be so.”

Brian would have given the world to have continued the subject of his adored Charlotte, and was never less inclined to gallantry than at that moment, when he was summoned by her Grace. As the rule was to change partners every third dance, Brian, imagining the honour might be gratifying to young Augustus, requested her Grace to honour his friend with her hand; and after her Grace had eyed

eyed the youth, and assented, Brian introduced him to her. He himself sat down with Verjuice, who entertained him with some anecdotes of his own knowledge, and others which he had just gleaned from the Duchess, of the company present.

A female character now entered the room, whose eccentric appearance instantly struck Brian so forcibly, that Verjuice had no occasion to point her out to him. She was dressed in a riding-habit, with laced half-boots, a spur on her left heel, and a whip in her hand: she was a fine figure, and her face still evinced her youthful beauty; but it was masculine, sun-burnt, and strongly partook of the energies of her mind. She lounged through the room, talked loud, and was at once the object of curiosity,
of

of admiration, and of envy, with all her sex.

Verjuice perceiving the object of his friend's attention, gave him the following description of her: " That lady is the relict of Sir Harry Spanker, who broke his neck in a fox-chase. Her Ladyship was the only child of a gentleman of large fortune, who having no son to bring up to his favourite pursuits of hunting and shooting, was delighted to see his daughter prefer partaking with him in those sports, to the usual routine of female education and employments. At the age of fifteen, Miss Diana could clear a five-barred gate, was in at the death, and reckoned one of the best shots in the country. From these pursuits, her mind became as masculine as her frame; she said and did whatever struck

struck her fancy, without paying the least regard to the opinion of the world, which she always professed to treat with sovereign contempt.

“ Meeting with Sir Harry at a fox-chase, he made an impression on her heart, by taking a leap, in which he threw out all the rest of the field except herself; and her prowess made no less impression on him. They were united; and her Ladyship first entered in life, by accompanying her husband to town. Although she submitted to the rules of fashion so far as to go to operas, to give routs, and to attend them, she was quite out of her element, until the season of retiring to the country gave her an opportunity of renewing her favourite amusements. At first, her behaviour was stigmatized, by her own sex, as vulgar, monstrous,

monstrous, shocking, brutal ; but when they saw her in Hyde Park, mounted on her favourite hunter, the admiration of the other sex, their sneers were converted first into envy, afterwards into admiration and emulation—her riding-hats, habits, boots and spurs, were all the rage.

“ The Baronet broke his neck, as I have² said before, and expired in her arms, sincerely lamented by her. Her son, the present Sir John, followed the bent of his parents, and is now become a Nimrod in the country, one of the Four-in-hand Club in town, a jockey at the race-courses, a *bore* at all public places, and a *pigeon* at the faro-tables : he is also famous for drawing straws, and racing maggots for hundreds ; and lately rode a donkey-match against time, to the great envy of his fellow-sportsmen.

For

For this celebrity he is no less indebted to the example of his parents, than to their discernment of his genius, and choice of a tutor proper to call them forth into action.

“ The Reverend Peter Scentwell was a clerical buck, and a cassocked huntsman : it is true, that the greatest part of his residence at the University, was so employed in doing menial offices for young men of fortune, in hopes of their future patronage, that he knew nothing of divinity ; but then his fearless leaps, his science in horseflesh, his ability to stagger off with three bottles of wine, and his wonderful imitations of a pig, an ass, a razor-grinder at work, rendered him the delight of the college, and marked him down for promotion.— Luckily for him, in one of their convivial

vivial fits he was pushed into a gravel-pit by Sir Harry Spanker; and he regarded a dislocation of his shoulder as the happiest accident of his life, as it entitled him to a future provision. This claim and his merit were not forgotten; and he was appointed tutor to the Baronet's son, until a living, to which he held the presentation, should become vacant.

“He executed this honourable trust so entirely to the satisfaction of Sir Harry and his Lady, that the fond parents beheld, with a delight almost bordering on envy, the expansion of their son's genius. At sixteen he could leap a five-bar gate, a fifteen-feet ditch, hunt a pack of hounds, break, bleed, and cure them of the mange, knit nets, make fishing-lines and artificial flies, and put a lash to a whip: at every thing of the kind which he took in hand,

he was deemed a *hopeful lad*. His father had the happiness of witnessing all these promises of a rising genius before his death, and his mother continued, after that event, to encourage his efforts; and the Reverend Peter Scentwell is now retained as a companion of the Baronet, having accomplished him in every art of which he himself was master, except the science of biting his friends, a science in the superiority of which he was greatly envied by the Baronet. In making up and packing off a horse for five times its real value, the reverend gentleman stands unrivalled, and derives no small addition to his income from that source: he is no less famous for breaking-in pointers, one of which, under his training, is eagerly purchased at fifteen or twenty guineas; at which price he obliges his friends, and
those

those only, with parting with it. To put the finishing stroke to the Baronet's education, he is now engaged, not in a tour of Europe, but a sporting tour in the north of England, whence his mother now expects him daily to return a *first-rate character*."

CHAP. IV.

A ticklish Situation, or Virtue in Danger—An Epicure—The Trials of Love—Character of a Baronet, a Knowing One, and a Captain in the Army.

WHEN the ball was at a conclusion, and the ladies began to disperse, the gentlemen who intended to remain at the inn that night were making parties for suppers and cards; and Verjuice would have had Brian join them, but her Grace insisted that they should both give her their company.

Soon

Soon after supper, Verjuice made a pretence for quitting the room, and left our hero and her Grace *tête-à-tête*. The circulation of the blood, occasioned by the mazy dance, had thrown an uncommon lustre over her Grace's face—her eyes, at all times bright, were more animated than usual; and after our hero had encountered their fire half a dozen times, he began to be sensible of their effect, in dispersing his own torpidity.

On her Grace's reminding him of the scene at Richmond, and saying that his Grace had as yet heard nothing of the matter, Brian said he never would, and related the successful scheme of Verjuice with as much *naïveté* as he was master of, which occasioned much mirth. The conversation then naturally slid into the other matters which had been there dis-

cussed between them; and Brian's sensibility was awakened by her Grace's hinting that she was to tarry at the inn that night, having no acquaintance in the neighbourhood. Whether our adventurer seized this hint to his own advantage or not, shall be left to the reader to guess, as we shall only say that, on Verjuice's returning to the room at a late hour, he was told that the lady and gentleman had retired to their *separate apartments*, and he instantly followed their example.

The reader will now take the trouble to travel to Sir Jacob Thrum's seat, where Augustus, on his return thither, found the family gone to bed, except the groom and footman, who were waiting up for him. The next morning, he introduced the subject of his friends, by saying he
had

had seen at the ball the gentleman who had rescued his sister and Miss Charlotte from their perilous situation ; and he perfectly coincided in all his sister's eulogies on him, having had the pleasure of being in his company before, and entertaining a very great respect for him. As he pronounced these words, he looked towards Charlotte, as if accidentally ; but her eyes were fixed on the ground, and a blush overspread her cheeks.

“ Well, well,” said Sir Jacob, “ the best way of shewing our gratitude will be by asking him to dinner ; and luckily, at the present time, I believe our house will afford a tolerable bill of fare.”

“ What he will prefer before any delicacies in the world,” said Augustus, glancing at Charlotte, who was playing on the floor with her foot.

“ Aye, what is that ? ” demanded Sir Jacob—“ men have different tastes, and as you seem to be acquainted with the gentleman’s, we will try to have it on the table. I am sorry we have no turtle ; but we have venison, carp, and game, in plenty.”

Lady Thrum smiled, but said nothing.

“ I assure you, Sir,” said Augustus, “ that he is a man of great connexions, for the Duchess of Fallowland singled him out for a partner ; and after he had gone down two dances with her, he prevailed on her to honour me, as his particular friend, with her hand.”—(Charlotte now quitted her seat, and walked towards the window)—“ I was very sorry that I could not make one of their supper-party, to which her Grace invited me with him.”

Charlotte

Charlotte observed, that a little air would relieve her; and drew Miss Thrum off with her into the garden.

“ Well, but,” cries Sir Jacob, “ you have not told wherein your friend’s taste lies, that the cook may have proper orders.”

“ Oh !” replied Augustus, “ his taste in eating is similar to your own—the venison, carp, and a little game, will be the very things.”

“ Well then, my dear, you will please to see that nothing is spoiled; and do you, Augustus, go with our compliments, and bring your friend to us. You know I like my dinner precisely at two; but as the races will not be over, I will stay my stomach with a bit of a snack till four: and, hark ye, if you could prevail on the Duchess to come with you, it

would raise the respect of the neighbourhood."

Lady Thrum and Augustus instantly set out, the former for her kitchen, and the latter for the race-ground. Brian joyfully accepted an invitation to dine in company with Charlotte; but no sooner had Augustus expressed his father's wish for the honour of her Grace's being of the party, than he changed colour, and desired Augustus not to hint a syllable of it to her, as he knew she would be otherways engaged. To prevent an accident of the kind, he kept Augustus in sight whilst the sport lasted, and drew him away with Verjuice, so soon as it was finished.

On entering Sir Jacob's mansion, our hero's heart fluttered with a thousand emotions, and he was afraid of not being
sufficiently

sufficiently master of himself, in the presence of his Charlotte. He received the acknowledgments of Sir Jacob, his Lady, and their daughter, and returned them with equal politeness; but Charlotte was not present, nor did he care to inquire about her.

Dinner was at length announced, and Charlotte made her appearance, dressed in the most simple, though elegant style: she paid her respects to the company, and to Brian, but without daring to encounter the looks of the latter. Luckily Sir Jacob was wholly occupied in examining the dishes, as they were placed on the table, and Lady Thrum in doing the honours of the house, to pay attention to any thing else. Verjuice and Augustus had their cues, and Miss Thrum was engaged opposite to a mirror, so that the

lovers had opportunity to recover themselves a little from their mutual confusion: it was however renewed, by the Knight observing he was sorry they were deprived of the honour of her Grace's company. Verjuice, perceiving Brian's uneasiness, took upon him to be the spokesman, and said, that it was himself who had had the honour of introducing his friend, Mr. Bonnycastle, to her Grace's acquaintance, and that he was assured that he could have prevailed on her Grace, if she had not been pre-engaged.

“ Well, well,” cried the Knight, “ her Grace may fare worse, for the carp appears to be stewed admirably; and if the venison and fowl be done equally well, we need not wish ourselves at the London Tavern for a dinner.”

Notwithstanding the Knight's oration
in

in praise of the dishes, no one seemed to second him heartily in their demolition, except Verjuice, who did them ample justice. The Knight had no sooner taken the first mouthful, than he was too fully occupied to let a syllable escape his lips, except now and then such exclamations as—*Excellent, 'pon honour!—Done to a turn!—Fine flavour!—Let me recommend a trial of the venison!—Hob or nob with any lady or gentleman;* whence the reader may presume him to have been an epicure, as indeed he was.

After the cloth was removed, and the ladies had taken a glass of wine, they withdrew, and the Knight took the head of the table and the lead in conversation, as he was no niggard of his words, except when his mouth was engaged in the vocation of eating. He appeared to have

gathered all his subjects of discourse from *cookery books*, for he expatiated on none other; and as these are not so very pleasing to any but epicures, Augustus gave a wink to Brian, and proposed a turn in the garden. Verjuice, who guessed their intentions, and had no inclination to quit the bottle, declined accompanying them, saying—"Aye, aye, Sir Jacob, let the boys be gone; it is time enough yet for them to enjoy the pleasures of the table: leave youth to the amusements of youth, and old age to those of old age. Come, Sir Jacob, I'll pledge you."

"With all my heart, Sir."

Augustus conducted Brian into the garden, where they soon descried the young ladies; and the former managed matters so well as to draw aside his sister, and leave the lovers together. Both were,
for

for a time, too much disconcerted to utter a syllable ; till Brian, aware how precious the moments were, broke silence—
“ Ah, Miss Hewson ! there was a time when we were not under such cruel restraint in addressing each other—Why is that blissful period over ? ”

“ Indeed, Sir, you yourself must be the best judge of the reason.”

“ I am indeed—my own folly, my own weakness : but if you knew how wretched my punishment, in being debarred from the society of what I hold dearest in the world, has made me——”

“ I can know nothing of that, Sir.”

“ There is my misfortune, otherwise my penitence and remorse might move your tender bosom, nay, I believe, would excite compassion and forgiveness in that of your benevolent father.”

“ My

“ My father’s heart harbours no malice, Sir.”

“ I know it well—justice abides there; but stern justice may at times be tempered with sweet mercy. Let me at least enjoy the consolation of knowing that I have your forgiveness.”

“ You have never injured me, Sir.”

“ Say however, on my knees I entreat it, that I have not wholly lost your esteem: the judge does not pass the last harsh sentence of the law on the worst of criminals, without recommending him to the eternal mercy.”

“ Mr. Bonnycastle, I am sensible that you possess many excellent qualities; your friends could only have wished somewhat more stability to have been added to them: and now, Sir, I must entreat, nay insist, that an end is put to this subject,

subject, to which I can listen no longer. There is, however, a business of your own, which should be mentioned to you. A countryman brought to our house a letter addressed to you from your father, which, as we were ignorant of your address, he took away again, desiring, if we should see you, that we would direct you to ask for Giles Thornback, under-ostler at the George and Blue Boar inn, Holborn : there is also another letter left for you by my brother, which he particularly requested might be forwarded to you. Will you send for it, or shall it be sent to you ?”

“ Oh, Miss Hewson, why am I deprived of the happiness of being permitted to call in person for it ?”

“ It may not be, Sir ; I entreat you not to think of it—our conversation must

now

now end. Whither must my brother's letter be sent?"

Brian wrote his address with a pencil, and Charlotte immediately went in search of Augustus and his sister, nor would admit of another word on the subject nearest to Brian's heart.

On rejoining them, Augustus observed Brian's countenance, on which he could read disappointment and despair strongly depicted. He had given some hints to his sister of the situation of the lovers, and pressed her to join in the attempt to effect a reconciliation between them, which she had readily promised, but assured him that they must proceed in the most cautious manner, as from her knowledge of Miss Hewson's disposition, she would resist every open attempt to bias her inclination: they affected, therefore,
a total

a total ignorance of any former acquaintance between their friends, and endeavoured to give to the conversation a lively turn.

They were at length summoned to the tea-table, and Lady Thrum proposed, as that night would be the last of the balls, they should all attend. Charlotte declared herself unable, through indisposition from her late fright; and as Miss Thrum could not leave her alone, the design was given over, to the great satisfaction of Brian, as he knew her Grace would be present.

Sir Jacob and his family pressed Brian and Verjuice to pass the night under their roof. Verjuice seemed willing to comply; but Brian, on consulting Miss Hewson's looks, read so unequivocal a disinclination, that he feigned particular business,

business, and rose to take his leave. Sir Jacob insisted on the promise of another visit, before Brian and Verjuice returned to London; which being received, and compliments over, they set out for Epsom, accompanied by Augustus.

Although her Grace had never once thought of engaging our adventurer to be of her dinner-party, yet she expected him as a matter of course; and was not a little angry at the disappointment, as she testified by her looks, when they met. Brian apologized, by pleading a prior engagement with his friend Augustus, who confirmed the assertion in a way that satisfied her Grace, by assuring her, that Brian had withstood the pressing instances of his father and family, to pass the night under their roof, for the sole purpose of returning to Epsom.

Our

Our adventurer danced with her Grace, as on the preceding evening ; but his air was so distracted, and even ungallant, that she could not avoid noticing it, and observing that she feared she had committed a fault, and converted the attention of an admirer into a matrimonial sort of inattention. This inuendo roused him, and he endeavoured to assume gaiety, but not very successfully ; it was indeed a fortunate circumstance for him that Miss Hewson was not present, as he would have laboured under an insupportable degree of embarrassment.

At a late hour, Brian was rather surprised to behold Captain Fascine, his antagonist Sir Charles Rushlight, and his *friend* Mr. Shadow, enter the ball-room. The former came up, and shook Brian by the hand in the most friendly manner ;
and

and the Baronet and Shadow followed the example, asking what sport at the races, as they had not attended, and had only come out of town that morning, on an excursion?

The Baronet had received, like many other heirs of great estates, a very trifling education, and had been very niggardly endowed by Nature; the few accomplishments which he had contrived to pick up, were consonant to the vanity and weakness of his mother and himself, and merely superficial. At an early period of life, he had fallen into the snares of gamesters, in which his *friend* Shadow had artfully engaged him, by warning him against such pursuits, of which however he drew the most seducing picture, and piqued the Baronet's vanity, by the most insidious doubts of his being ever
able

able to make a figure that way. This management had the desired effect, and determined the youth to make a trial: the consequences were, that his ready money flew, his timber disappeared, and the estates themselves were so deeply mortgaged, that the remainder afforded but scanty means to support the figure which the Baronet and his ancestors had maintained. Like the lance of Achilles, pride, which had inflicted the wound, brought the remedy: not being able to endure the mortification of retrenching before the eyes of his former acquaintance, he sequestered himself from the world for some years, and lived so economically as to clear his estates; he then returned to the world, for which he sighed, but armed with so much caution and prudence, that Shadow, of whose real character

character he was still ignorant, could never induce him to venture beyond a certain point: in short, his pursuits were now more prudent, though less honourable, as he scrupled not to prey upon others, as he had been once preyed upon. The reader can want no more insight into Mr. Shadow's character, who had shared deeply in the Baronet's purse with his adversaries, and established a fortune on his losses.

The Captain entered the army with a moderate income, and as all his hopes of preferment depended on his acquiring a knowledge of his profession, he had applied himself indefatigably to the duties of it; he had moreover exchanged into a regiment ordered abroad on actual service, with a young officer, who had sufficient interest to procure preferment
whilst

whilst lying inactive at home, and who relished parade-service better than that in a burning climate, as he had no ear for the whizzing music of cannon and musket-balls.

Fascine was a man of some sound erudition, although too lively for the deeper researches into literature; and his character and manners were unexceptionable in every point, save his being a professed *amateur* of duelling, which he had imbibed from joining a regiment, the greater part of whose officers were Irish. This propensity had risen to so extraordinary a height, that he regarded an affair of honour as a mere frolic, and was equally ready to stand as principal as second. Nevertheless, his temper may be said to have been most amiable, as were his manners inoffensive; for, never put-

ting up with the slightest offence offered to himself without a suitable apology, no man was ever more cautious of giving one to another.

The Duchess retired immediately after the assembly was over, on account of her intention to set out early the next morning for town ; and Fascine solicited Brian so earnestly to join parties at supper, as did the Baronet and Shadow entreat Verjuice, with whom they had been formerly well acquainted on the turf, that they could not well refuse.

After supper, Shadow and the Captain promoted a brisk circulation of the glass, from very different motives ; the former hoping to make his advantage of the ebriety of his friends at cards, and the latter from his convivial humour, as he never played nor betted. Brian had his
reasons

reasons for refraining from either ebriety or cards; so that Shadow was foiled; until three country-looking gentlemen coming in, apparently half seas over, he engaged them in a hand of whist; and Brian and Verjuice took that opportunity of retiring.

Augustus had returned home before supper, having made his friends repeat their promise of a visit on the following day.

CHAP. V.

*Diamond cut Diamond, or the Knowing Ones
queered by the Deep Ones—A Squabble—Its
ludicrous Termination, and a Cynic's Remarks
upon it—The Cynic's Character.*

VERJUICE had scarcely got into a sound sleep, before he was roused by a tremendous noise: he called to Brian, and receiving no answer (they had been obliged to put up with a double-bedded room, the house being quite full), he went to feel for him, but the bed was empty. Fearing he might be some way
implicated

implicated in the disturbance, he crept to the door, and was presently relieved by the coming of his friend.

The noise rather encreasing than abating, they called for light, dressed themselves, and went to the room whence the noise issued, which was the same as they had supped in. On entering, they discovered the Captain just roused out of a sound sleep, in an elbow-chair by the fireside, and scarcely recovered from the fumes of the wine. Words had arisen between Shadow and the Baronet on one side, and the country gentlemen on the other, on account of some alledged foul play on the part of the latter. Brian was astonished at this, as he would have rather supposed that the accusation would have come from the other party ; but so it was. On inquiring into the cause of

the dispute, the Baronet asserted, that suspecting all was not fair, from his and Shadow's being continually losers, contrary to all presumable chances, he had narrowly watched their opponents, but had discovered nothing to justify his suspicions, till, fixing his eye on one of them, he saw him glance towards their companion, who was a looker-on, and observed the latter making signs against a looking-glass. The Baronet instantly threw down his cards, assigning his reasons for so doing, and insisted on having all losses refunded. Their opponents refused; and the person accused stripped, and offered to box the accuser for twenty guineas. The Baronet demanded gentlemanly satisfaction for himself and partner from the two players; and the Captain being by this time somewhat aroused,

took

took part with his friends, and declared his determination to fight the by-stander, desiring Brian and Verjuice to see fair play on both sides. After considerable altercation betwixt the duellists and the pugilists, the latter agreed to refer the dispute to their pistols, on condition that, as it was nearly daylight, the meeting should take place on the race-ground, to prevent interruption.

This proposal appearing reasonable, was acceded to by their antagonists: each party began to make the necessary preparations, the Baronet by calling for his chariot for himself and friends, and the country gentlemen by ordering their horses to be brought to the door. In the bustle of preparation for this *battle-royal*, as the Captain termed it, the country gentlemen were particularly boister-

ous in cursing the ostler for delaying to bring out their horses; and slipping out singly, as if to hasten him, prevented all suspicion of their intentions.

When the Baronet's chariot was announced to be at the door, and he demanded how long it would be before the other gentlemen were ready? he was answered by a waiter—"I don't know indeed, Sir; for, on calling up the ostler, and describing the gentlemen, he says they have no horses in the stables. We know nothing of them, any more than of a hundred other persons, who introduce themselves into company on all such public occasions."

A strict search now took place over the house and premises, but they were not to be found; and the ostler cleared up the business, by saying that several
persons

persons went out at the outer gateway, as he got out the chariot.

“A bite, by G——!” exclaims Shadow.

Brian burst out into a convulsion of laughter, in which he was joined by the Captain. Shadow bore all the marks of rage, and the Baronet looked silly.

“If the Baronet was not awake,” said Verjuice, with a sarcastic grin, “I am surprised that Mr. Shadow should not know his men better: these three *country flats* are nothing more or less than three *London sharps*, or I know nothing of the *town*. It’s all a dead hoax—the knowing ones are *queered*, that’s all.—Waiter, did not these gentlemen go off in such a hurry as to forget to settle their reckoning?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“The chariot is at the door,” cried the Baronet, “let us set out directly for town: we may probably overtake the rascals on the road, and make them repent their playing tricks upon travellers.”

“*Travellers* indeed!” quoth Verjuice; “for you will return greater flats than you came out.”

“Waiter, the bill!” cries the Baronet, “or this cynical old put will bore us to death.”

“How much may they have *lightened* you of?” asked Verjuice.

“A trifle—not more than sixty guineas.”

“A *trifle*! Well, I am glad they have only *trifled* with you—But then it is so galling to be hoaxed.”

“Waiter, the bill!”

“You

“ You pay for your friends, the country gentlemen, I suppose ? ” continued Verjuice.

“ I wish the country gentlemen at the devil, and you the fiend appointed to torment them.”

The bill was now brought in, and discharged ; and as the Baronet and his friends were going into the chariot, Verjuice called out—“ I suppose, Sir Charles, you will scarcely boast of this adventure to your London acquaintance ? ”

“ It may as well be put into the newspapers at once, old snarler, as be recorded in your scandalous chronicle. My only hope is, that your neck may be broke on the road, and that your first whisper of this adventure may be in the lower regions.”

“ Why, you will get little by that,

F 6

Baronet,

Baronet, as you will be *sure* to hear of it *there*."

The chariot now drove off, and Brian asked Verjuice for his real opinion on the cause of this disturbance.

"Why," replied he, "the Baronet is still a dupe, notwithstanding his dear-bought experience; and Shadow is a more finished knave than ever. I have a confused idea that I have seen these *country gentlemen* before, and that too in Shadow's company; if so, they are his colleagues, and have preceded or followed him hither, to do as much business as they could get customers for; and finding none but the Baronet at hand, they have made shift to fly off to *town* with a few of his feathers, of which Shadow will come in for his share."

"Is it not astonishing," asked Brian,
who

who had received from Verjuice, during the intervals of repose from dancing, the foregoing sketch of the Baronet's history, "that Sir Charles can so long remain ignorant of the villainous character of his pretended friend?"

"Not in the least," replied Verjuice—"his pride, and conceit of his knowledge of the world, prevent an idea that any man living can dupe him; and as pride and self-conceit are ever enamoured with flattery, of the science of which Shadow is a master, the Baronet is so delighted to hear his own praises resounded, and so blinded to his parasite's duplicity, that he pays the whole expences wherever they go together. This arrangement was occasioned by Shadow's hinting, that a man of his small income could not afford

to

to keep pace with one of the Baronet's large property."

"Would it not be an act of justice to give him such a hint as might open his eyes?"

"Neither justice nor charity, whilst he perseveres in his present resolution never again to injure his fortune. If there were any danger of his being drawn into any lengths, he should not want a friendly hint; but whilst he is rich, he ought to smart a little for his folly."

This conversation passed as they were again retiring to their chamber, to endeavour to get a couple of hours' rest, of which they stood in much need; and the interval offers a fair opportunity to give the reader the promised delineation of Verjuice's character. Launched upon
the

the world a child of Nature and of poverty, possessing negative virtue through the absence of vice, he might have proved a most sociable being, if unfortunately he had not seen only bad examples at his outset in life: deceived by the object of his tenderest affections, borne down by rank and wealth, early trained in the pursuits of gamesters, deceived by a pretended friend, and nearly ruined by a single fit of inebriety, it was natural for his artless mind to forswear love, friendship, and wine, and to bear an antipathy to the adventitious circumstances of birth and fortune. It was scarcely possible for a man, withdrawing within himself, refraining from every enjoyment of life, and applying his whole attention to the supply of his own wants, not to have thriven as he had done: but,

with all his apathy for what are termed the finer feelings, Nature had not deserted her seat, the human heart; and he was no misanthropist, as may be gathered from his behaviour to her Grace of Fallowland, our adventurer, and Augustus. Having experienced misfortunes himself, he felt for others in distress; and his cynical disposition was only exerted against those who sought to oppress or deceive others, to whom he would give no quarter; such as Lady M'Lackland, Miss Rachel Rappee, Sir Charles Rushlight, Shadow, Glare, Burnish, Mrs. Fisher, characters whom he thought it but justice to detect, and lash: in short, he was a foe to pride, self-sufficiency, and knavery, and a friend to merit in distress.

CHAP. VI.

Character of an Epicure—Remarks on Bloomfield's Poem of the Farmer's Boy, and a Comparison between it and Thomson's Seasons—A Sonnet on a Friend's Pigsties—An Act of Humanity—A country Lad—A female Army-Agent.

AFTER breakfast, Verjuice and Brian set out for the Knight's habitation, where they were informed that Mr. Hewson had arrived on the preceding night, and finding his daughter much indisposed, had conveyed her to London that morning, accompanied

accompanied by Miss Hewson. The Knight delivered to Brian a letter, to the following effect:—

“ SIR,

“ I HAVE been informed of the important service which you have rendered to my daughter, and hope you will believe me to be as grateful for it as a parent can be. You know me too well, to suppose that I can be capable of wishing to give you the least offence, and therefore I beg you will accept the enclosed, as a trifling mark of that gratitude, and that you will believe I shall ever entertain the most sincere wish for your future welfare. I am,

“ Your obliged humble servant,

“ RD. HEWSON, SEN.

“ *To Mr. Brian Bonnycastle.*”

The

The enclosure was a check on a banking-house for five hundred pounds. Mortified as was our hero at the coldness of this epistle, and the precipitancy with which Mr. Hewson had carried off his daughter, which he construed into a wish to prevent her meeting with him, he was still more alarmed for the health of his adored Charlotte, until his fears were somewhat relieved by Augustus, who told him, he had no doubt of her indisposition being rather mental than corporeal, and such as afforded him more reason for tranquillity than solicitude; adding, that he had brought over his sister to espouse his cause.

Sir Jacob introduced his favourite topic, by expressing his hopes that his guests would relish their dinner, of which he minutely described every dish, with
the

the mode of cooking it. Brian was not only a novice, but too much engaged in other reflections, to bear a part; but Verjuice took all the trouble off his hands, and gave the Knight a full opportunity of displaying his whole stock of taste and science, until dinner was announced.

The Knight was one of those characters, the utility of whose existence might be doubted, if Providence created any thing in vain. Born of low extraction, he was apprenticed to a silk-throwster in Spitalfields; and possessing a plodding perseverance, he became a favourite with his master and mistress, the latter of whom he married after the death of the former, not from affection, for Nature had interwoven no such threads in his web, and the lady was a good thirty years
older

older than himself, but because she was rich, and would make him master of a good business. Having neither of them any passion, except for the main chance, they jogged on comfortably, till death bereaved Jacob of his half, not his better one, for she left all her property to him, which sufficiently comforted him for the loss of connubial comforts.

Jacob now became a man of consequence, launched into some mercantile speculations, and walked on 'Change, with all the erectness of conscious wealth.—Finding his commercial concerns very lucrative, he disposed of his business for a handsome premium, and removed into the heart of the city, where he progressively became common-councilman, alderman, and sheriff: happening, during the latter office, to carry up an address

to the Throne, he received the honour of knighthood. His alliance would now have been rejected by few city families; and conceiving that he had formed an attachment to the present Lady Thrum, then Miss Pearson, the only daughter of a rich Turkey merchant, matters were soon concluded.

Sir Jacob, being now pretty well glutted with money, began to shew the versatility of his talents, by acquiring a connoisseurship in aldermanic *gourmanderie*; and engaged a man, who had been cook during two mayoralties, to act in the double capacity of his cook and preceptor. His Lady, who was a woman of sound understanding, being well aware of the restlessness of a vacant mind, was glad to find her husband's veer towards a taste which could be but harmless in a
person

person of his vast wealth, and made it the study of her life to consult his appetite, and qualify herself to gratify it. Hence Count Rumford's essays, treatises on the arts of carving and cookery, and the making of preserves, pickles, confectionary, and pastry, composed nearly one-fourth of the family library, the Knight himself using no other books, except the Ready Reckoner, and now and then the Bible and Common Prayer-book: he insisted that all other books were useless, although he allowed some works of taste to his wife and daughter; but he was sure to fall asleep whenever a page of either of them was read in his presence.

Such was the Knight, and happy were his family to keep him such as he was; for he once talked of becoming a parliament-man,

liament-man, and would have persisted in exposing himself to universal ridicule, if his lady had not adroitly turned him off, by assuring him that his indispensable attendance in the House of Commons would deprive him of a comfortable dinner during more than half of each year, as the jobbing members fasted and talked for years, to be enabled to eat during the rest of their lives, of which he had no occasion. He now never sat down to a good dinner, without blessing himself for not being a parliament-man.

Brian deemed it essential to his chief object to ingratiate himself with this family, and he resolved to exert himself to that end. Notwithstanding his awkwardness at his first introduction into high life at Lady M'Lackland's, he had received

ed an excellent education under the tuition of his father, and was very well read in the *belles-lettres*; so that, with this ground-work, there needed only attrition with persons of fashion, to rub off the rust of country breeding and a London counting-house, and to give a high-wrought polish to the superstructure.—At Sir Jacob's he felt more at ease, as some of his *mauvaise honte* had been dissipated: he was conscious of possessing more than sufficient literature to converse with her Ladyship; and as for the Knight, he had only to use unqualified praise of his entertainment. He therefore charmed the Knight, his Lady, and son, and astonished Verjuice, who had attributed the depression of disappointed love to a natural reserve and consciousness of inferiority, the grand obstacles to

a man's making a figure. His penetration soon discovered his mistake, and he doubted not to make a man of the discarded youth, whose sincerity, amiable disposition and qualities, made him now regard him as his adopted son, although he carefully refrained from expressing any such sentiments.

“ Have you read Bloomfield's poem, *The Farmer's Boy* ?” said her Ladyship, addressing herself to Brian.

“ Several times, my Lady.”

“ I need scarcely ask your opinion of it then, Sir.”

“ I should imagine, my Lady, there can be but one opinion on that work. It forms a beautiful contrast with its great predecessor, *The Seasons*: the latter is Nature decked in the court-dress of science, attired by skill and art; the former

former is Nature in dishabille, robed by simplicity. You admire the one, you love the other."

"Just my opinion, Sir. Giles's artless description of himself interests every reader for him, nay, for his very hogs, as they rush through the thickets in quest of acorns."

"Talk of hogs and acorns!" cries the Knight, who had just emptied his plate—"you should have seen my friend Sir J——h M——y's hogs fed upon grains—there would indeed have been an interesting sight for you!—I never meddled with poetry but once in my life, as I always accounted it a beggarly concern, and that was on a visit to my friend's hogsties; I made it what you call *im-prompter*, as soon as I could get the lines

out of my head, and tag them together—not above a week, or ten days at farthest: I remember they were much liked. Whilst my Lady helps me to a plate of the apple-pie, I'll try if I can't recollect them."

Placing both his hands on that rotundity which was the depository of his delicacies, throwing his head on his right shoulder, and his left eye up to the ceiling, his lips began to move, and his head to nod, as he proceeded. Her Ladyship blushed, filled a plate in a trice, and held it out to him, to prevent his exposure of himself; Brian dropped his knife and fork, and Verjuice rested on his: all were in breathless expectation. At length the Knight broke out—"Yes, yes, I've got 'em—*A Sonnet* (so I think we called it) *on a Friend's Pigsties*.

‘ Sir Joseph’s grains his hogs made fat,
The hogs made Joseph fat again;
My panting heart went pit-a-pat,
To think what streaks of fat and lean.

‘ Gammons and chines they must afford,
Companions fit for turkies roast,
Fine as e’er smok’d on Lord May’s board,
Or King’s, spite of Westphalia’s boast.

‘ And yet it made me cry,
As I lean’d o’er the sty,
To think Joseph and I,
As well as hogs, must die.’

There, does that Mr. What-d’ye-call-’um,
the Farmer’s Boy, beat that?”

Brian and Verjuice were obliged to stifle their laughter, for fear of wounding her Ladyship’s feelings, who gave the plate to the Knight, saying, “ Here is a plate of my pie for your pig, and I am sure that my composition is the best of the two.”

“ Not so,” answers the Knight ; “ for pig has always the precedence of pie, as my Lord Mayor goes before the common councilmen, or the Speaker of a certain House before his *trained bands*.”

This ludicrous comparison afforded the gentlemen a fair pretence for giving a vent to their stifled laughter : her Ladyship joined in their mirth with a tolerable grace, and endeavoured to give a general turn to the conversation, as she had had enough of discussing literary subjects before her husband.

Brian was impatient to return to London, that he might send an answer to Mr. Hewson ; to which the Knight and his family reluctantly consented, on his pleading urgent business, and promising that himself and friend would renew their visit, at no very distant period.

On

On their arrival at Lower Tooting, they saw some men at work on Sir Charles Rushlight's chariot, which appeared to have been considerably damaged. On inquiry, they were informed that, as the coachman was driving furiously rather before day-break, it had come in contact with a waggon, been upset, and one of the three gentlemen who were in it, then lay at the inn over the way, so very much hurt, that he could not be taken to London with his two friends, who had pursued their journey in a post-chaise. Brian alighted, and found that the injured person was Captain Fascine; on which, the Captain's humane behaviour to him at Uxbridge rushed into his mind, and he desired to be conducted to his apartment. The Captain lay in excruciating pain; but a
G 4 gleam

gleam of pleasure brightened his pallid countenance, the instant he recognised the sympathizing looks of Brian, and heard him exclaim—"My dear Captain, I hope you are not dangerously hurt."

"The surgeon tells me that my arm is broken, and he does not know whether my ribs are all whole or not."

"You shall not trust to him; I will gallop to town, and return with Mr. Handaside. If I can find him at home, we will be with you in three hours at farthest: only keep yourself as quiet as possible. Verjuice will remain with you till my return, and see that you are properly taken care of."

The Captain stretched out his bound arm, grasped Brian's hand, and gave him a faint smile of acknowledgment and satisfaction.

Having

Having explained his intentions to Verjuice in three words, Brian remounted his horse, rode to Mr. Handaside's, found him at home, got a post-chaise to the door, whilst he was preparing whatever might be necessary for the occasion, and within three hours had the satisfaction of knowing that the Captain was in the most skilful hands.

Mr. Handaside, on examining his patient and hearing his complaints, pronounced that there was no bone broken, except that of the right arm, and he had no apprehension from the bruises: the most alarming circumstance arose from the Captain's blood being in a high ferment, from his having made too free with the bottle on the preceding night; and the fever always accompanying fractures, might, in the present case, be expected

c 5

pected to be more dangerous: upon the whole, he saw nothing to despair of a speedy cure. The broken bone was set, a quieting-draught administered, and the patient left to his rest.

Verjuice wishing to return home, Brian enclosed Mr. Hewson's check in the following letter to him:—

“ SIR,

“ I HOPE the friend of my father, and the once friend and benefactor of myself, till I forfeited his esteem by my own imprudence, will see my conduct in its proper light, in returning the enclosed. It is the duty of man to succour the weaker sex; and the act itself is a sufficient reward, even in the case of a total stranger: how high then has been my reward, in having rendered

dered a service to your daughter, I need not attempt to describe to you!—If any part of my conduct could restore me to your esteem, I should be raised from the lowest abyss of wretchedness to the most enviable pitch of human felicity: at all events, I shall ever remain, with the utmost respect,

“ Sir,

“ Your devoted servant,

“ BRIAN BONNYCASTLE.

“ *Ed. Hewson, sen. Esq.*”

This letter Verjuice undertook to deliver into Mr. Hewson's own hands; and desiring Brian to return home as soon as possible, he departed.

The Captain fell into a slumber, and continued so for some hours; awaking much refreshed, and considerably re-

lieved from his pains. Mr. Handaside continued with him till midnight, when he retired to rest, leaving Brian in the room, as he insisted on watching that night. The next morning, Mr. Handaside pronounced all symptoms favourable; and having instructed Brian how to treat the patient during his absence, he returned to London, promising to be with him again at night. Every day after dinner, Brian lay down, confiding in a nurse, of whom the people of the inn gave a good character; and every night he resumed his station at the Captain's bedside. Through the skill of the surgeon, strict attention of the attendants, and implicit obedience of the patient, the surgeon permitted him to be removed to town in a post-chaise, on the eleventh day after the accident. Brian accompanied

accompanied him, and no sooner saw him put to bed in his own lodgings, than he hastened home.

Mrs. Marsden informed him, that Mr. Verjuice had gone into Yorkshire, and would probably be absent a week or more ; at which Brian testifying some little surprise, she added, that Verjuice had an estate in that county, which generally required his presence every third or fourth year ; and this being about the time of his periodical visits, he had taken the opportunity of his friend's absence to take the journey. She then delivered to him two letters, one of which was that left for him by young Mr. Hewson, and the other came from the Duchess. The former expressed compunction for having drawn him into scenes which had terminated in such disagreeable consequences,

quences, and assured him that he had done, and would continue to do, all that lay in his power, to heal up the breach between his family and his friend; the latter was to the following laconic effect: "What can be the reason of your ungallant absence, after our understanding at Epsom? I shall expect an explanation this evening, at Lady M'Lackland's, if you deem your conduct worthy of an explanation and my forgiveness."

Brian's first step was towards Holborn, to find out Giles Thornback, who was a farmer's son in his father's parish, and had been an intimate companion of his youth. Giles received him with many awkward tokens of unbroken friendship; and after numerous inquiries concerning his health and prosperity, delivered the letter which had been entrusted to his

his care. It contained the effusions of a distressed father, on account of a son's deviation from moral rectitude, alleviated by Mr. Hewson's acknowledgment that he had been drawn aside. The good old curate expressed his hopes of his son's having seen his errors, and got into some reputable line of life; and concluded with the most ardent wishes for his welfare, both here and hereafter, in which he was joined by his other children.

Somewhat comforted by the warmth of these paternal rays, Brian inquired into Giles's situation, and promised to use his endeavours to recommend him to a better situation with some gentleman of his acquaintance; and Giles wished that the condition of his worthy young

master could have afforded him employment in his service.

Brian took leave of honest Giles for the present, with a promise to call on him again, the instant he should be able to hear of something to his advantage, and hastened to St. Mary-Axe, where, observing that the knocker of Mr. Hewson's street-door was not tied up, he consoled himself that Miss Hewson could not be seriously indisposed. As he viewed that door, which once opened freely to give him admittance, and which was now, perhaps for ever, closed against his happiness, he sighed deeply, to ease his throbbing bosom. Fearing to be perceived by any of the family, he passed quickly on, and sauntered towards St. James's Park. Just as he reached Spring-garden

garden Gate, a chariot drew up, and Mrs. Fisher descended from it. She addressed our adventurer with the greatest ease and familiarity; and putting her arm within his, said she wished to speak a word with him—"You know, my present situation in life," continued she, "puts it in my power to serve a few friends. You are a fine young fellow, and if you should like to enter into the army——"

"I have not the least inclination to do so, Mrs. Fisher."

"Well, if it will serve you, by recommending any friend of yours—you understand me?"

Brian was on his way to return to Captain Fascine, when he met Mrs. Fisher; and knowing that he was far from being rich, and consequently, as matters were generally managed, far from promotion, he

he resolved to serve him if he could, although in a way which he knew his own sense of military honour would never acquiesce in, if he should be pre-acquainted with the channel: he accordingly told Mrs. Fisher, that he had indeed a friend, who, he believed, was not overstocked with cash, but that he would not mind a brace of hundreds out of his own pocket, to raise him a step higher.

“ Say no more,” cries Mrs. Fisher—
“ you have been a good fellow to me, and, now that I have it in my power, I will shew you that I can be grateful, notwithstanding the mercenary opinion you entertain of me. Who is your friend ?”

Brian pencilled down the situation and regiment of his friend, and handed the paper to Mrs. Fisher, who gave him her card of address, and made him promise
to

to call, and learn how her application succeeded. They then separated.

Brian intended to meet the Duchess that night at Lady M'Lackland's, and having no engagement on his hands, he determined to pass away some part of the interval at the Opera-house, where he had never been. The house was well filled, and the novelty and splendour of the entertainments kept our adventurer from once regretting that he had no company, when he was accosted by Rushlight and Shadow, who placed themselves by him. Their first inquiries were for the Captain, whom they had abandoned to the care of strangers, with such indifference as had stung him to the quick. After Brian had satisfied their inquiries, and the second act was begun, he expected again to return to the enjoyment
of

of the stage-business; but the Baronet and Shadow continually interrupted him, and expressed their surprise that he could be amused at such a d——d *bore* as a stale opera: if it had been a first night indeed—Brian assured them that it was a first night with him, as he had never seen an opera before, hoping that politeness might induce them to leave him to the enjoyment of it; but he only added another stimulus to their *quizzing* him, at which sport they were reckoned *dead hands*.

“As you are a total stranger then,” said the Baronet, “it is lucky we have fallen in with you, as we can amuse you with the names, abilities, and anecdotes of the different performers. That lady who is now exhibiting in a *pas seul*, is Signora ———: she lately used to make it her boast, that my Lord B———
thought

thought her charms worth the possessing, at the enormous *douceur* of *three thousand pounds*; but she lately danced to another, and a very mortifying tune, with the P———n A———r, in whose country there is such a vast profusion of female charms, as to have greatly diminished the value of that precious commodity. Having heard much talk of Eastern magnificence, she expected a lavish display of it on her prodigious merit; and is ever since quite down in the mouth, at having been put off with a paltry compliment of *forty dollars*."

In this manner the Baronet totally destroyed Brian's attention, by a series of anecdotes, which would have been highly amusing, if our adventurer had not promised himself a greater fund of entertainment from the opera, which he was
qualified

qualified to understand, from his having made himself master of the Italian language, to manage Mr. Hewson's correspondence with that country.

At length the Baronet exclaimed—
“Do you not see the Duchess of Fallowland, with whom you had the honour of dancing at Epsom?”

Brian's attention had been hitherto wholly directed to the stage, but following the glance of the Baronet's eyes, he caught those of her Grace, in which he imagined he could read somewhat of displeasure.

After the entertainment, the Baronet and Shadow would have taken Brian, to introduce him to a club at a noted house in St. James's-street; but he pleaded a positive engagement at Lady M'Lackland's, and hurried off, to throw himself
in

in the way of the Duchess, as she retired to her equipage. She noticed him, and taking advantage of the crowd, said—“I presume I shall see you to-night,” and passed on.

Brian followed the carriage to Lady M'Lackland's door, and meeting her Grace as she ascended the staircase, he apologized for his absence, by relating the accident which had detained him at Lower Tooting, and assuring her that he had arrived in town only that morning.

“Well, well,” replied her Grace, “ever so bad an excuse will go down from a favoured person; but remember that I shall judge of its sincerity from your future attention.”

Her Grace then entered the play-rooms, and Brian followed some minutes afterwards.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

*Character of a female Gamester in high Life—
Her Intrigues—Fashionable Friendship—A
happy Rencontre, and Love at first Sight.*

THE company was very numerous, and Lady M'Lackland was so very busily engaged in her play, that she had not leisure to notice any one. Our adventurer soon perceived that something more than common was going on, and he wished Verjuice had been present, to have penetrated the mystery; as it was, he began to task his own ingenuity to find it

it out. Brian was not mistaken in his premises; and Verjuice would have helped him out with the deduction much sooner than he himself made it, although he succeeded tolerably well at last.

Lady M'Lackland conceived that all human beings were a species *feræ naturæ*, created only to administer to her pleasure; and Squire Western himself was not better provided with dogs for the destruction of game, than her Ladyship was with a similar kind of two-legged animals, for putting up and running down those males and females of her acquaintance who were *game*, that is, possessed of more money than sense. We have seen what the *Honourable* Miss Rachel Rappee was with the females; and among the males, Mr. Lurcher answered a similar purpose. This gentleman had

formerly been a *valet* in her Ladyship's family ; but having a soul above servitude, he had commenced *man of the town*, and fallen into the scheme of hiring houses about the new squares ; ordering equipages and furniture wherever they could be got on credit, disposing of them to brokers, and eclipsing himself from the too-credulous tradesmen. He had been for a long time a most active and successful partisan in this depredatory kind of warfare ; but he was at length surprised in one of his stations, by an advanced guard of police-officers, and carried to Bow-street. Botany Bay would have ultimately been his destination, but for the interference of her Ladyship, who was aware of his talents, and imagined that what might be useful to herself, could never be injurious

ous

ous to society; she therefore procured his release, on giving his *parole of honour* to the justices, and making a kind of compromise with the defrauded tradesmen, and re-engaged him in her own service, but in a very different one from his former capacity: her Ladyship stipulated to allow him a stated sum every week, and a certain per centage on all the cash which he should be the means of bringing into her exchequer. This allowance, together with a private table at her Ladyship's house, and an equipment of two of her horses and a groom, whenever his presence might be useful at Newmarket, or any of the other race-courses, enabled him to arrogate the appearance of a gentleman, and to insinuate himself into the company of young men of property, whom he drew to her

Ladyship's house, and out of whose superfluous cash the *confederates* never failed to indemnify themselves for all expences, and to share a considerable surplus. In one of his excursions, Mr. Lurcher was happy enough to light upon a Leicestershire Baronet, of considerable property, just come of age, and eager to shew that he had attained the sense and spirit of manhood, by launching into fashionable dissipation. Sir John Goose-tree was accordingly introduced to Lady M'Lackland's this night, for the first time; and the confederates were all on the alert to execute the plan of attack, which had been previously and maturely concerted between them.

The Baronet's youth, his free betting, and the attention of the confederates (some of whom Verjuice had pointed out

out to Brian), soon attracted his notice, and after some little observation, he was convinced that Sir John was the mark at which they aimed. Many other persons betted to a large amount; but Brian suspected most of the bets to be *nominal ones*, to excite the emulation of the Baronet, as in fact they were. The game was *hazard*; and as the party encircled a round table, he remarked that the confederates ranged on each side of her Ladyship; so that whenever one of them was *caster*, another was sure to put the dice into the box. He also observed, that whenever there were considerable stakes depending, it was when one of the confederates held the box, who was sure to win; so that he concluded they were provided with false dice, which they slipped from one to another, under pre-

tence of receiving or paying winnings or losings, and which they kept concealed between their fingers, and conveyed with as much dexterity as any professor of legerdemain. Verjuice had informed him that this was a practice, as well as that of topping, slabbing, and other manœuvres, in which no thorough-paced gamester ever failed to make himself an adept; so that whenever they threw out, it was done on purpose to encourage those whom they were duping, and prevent their imagining that there was something more than mere chances against them.

Imagining that he had now got a sure footing, our adventurer began betting at intervals, and nicked his times so justly, as to be about three hundred pounds in pocket at the close of the evening. The

Baronet

Baronet was touched for some thousands; but Lady M'Lackland consoled him, by declaring that he was the very life and soul of play; and she hoped his spirit would be rewarded with due success another evening. The reader will know how to appreciate her Ladyship's sincerity; but her hopes, whatever they were, met with a disappointment; as, notwithstanding the vigilance of the aforesaid two-legged animal, Mr. Lurcher, another of the same species, in a similar employ, but under a different firm, carried away the Baronet to ———'s, in St. James's-street, where he was struck for *thirty thousand pounds*, and obliged to rusticate for years, to retrieve one night of town folly.

The very next morning, Brian failed not to answer his father's letter, in a way

which he deemed would be the more comforting, by informing him, that he was at present under the protection of an elderly gentleman of property, and without relations, who had promised to take care of his fortune. He assured him, that he need entertain no further uneasiness on his account, as he hoped his errors had turned out to his advantage in every other respect, except his breach with the Hewson family, whose esteem he would try by his future conduct to regain. Brian would have been happy to relieve the pressure which his father must labour under, with so large a family and so small an income, by a pecuniary remittance; but he dared not venture it at present, for fear of renewing his father's somewhat-allayed apprehensions. Having performed this act of duty, he
called

called at the Captain's lodgings, and found him engaged with Rushlight and Shadow.

“ Eh, my dear Captain !” cried the Baronet on entering, “ we have been impatient to see you, ever since Mr. Bonnycastle informed us last night at the Opera, that you were returned to town. I am overjoyed to find that my coachman's carelessness has had no worse consequences.”

“ The consequences, Sir Charles, were bad enough as they were ; and had not Mr. Bonnycastle fortunately lighted upon me, I might not now have been in the land of the living to have told you so.”

“ 'Pon my soul, Captain, that is a clever fellow—I begin to have a prodigious liking for him : you must positively bring

him to dine with us some day. I scarcely know a prettier fellow—Do you, Shadow?”

“ He appears well enough; but we know nothing of him, and I suspect him to be a mere——”

“ What?” demanded the Captain impatiently.

“ Why, one who lives by his wits, like myself,” replied Shadow, laughing, and thinking to come off with a joke.

“ Why, let me tell you, Sir, that you do know something of him—that he is a man of spirit: I know something of him too—that he is *my* friend; and I will regard as an affront to myself, any thing spoken to his prejudice in his absence: when present, you know he can answer for himself.”

Shadow, who had rather at any time

act

act as a second than a principal in a duel, and who was well acquainted with the Captain's disposition, swore that he intended nothing less than to speak disrespectfully of Mr. Bonnycastle, whom he respected for his *genius*. The kind of genius which he meant, was perhaps no other than his own happy knack of living at other people's cost; but Brian's entrance put an end to any farther explanation. Our adventurer complimented the Captain on the improvement in his looks.

“Eh, my good fellow, and I may thank you for that: I can set down the accident only to the account of these gentlemen.”

“Nay, Captain,” cried the Baronet,
“I would not have left you for the
H 6 world;

world; but you know it was our club-night at B——'s."

"And I know too, Sir Charles, that your impatience to be with your club shall never break another arm for me, and then leave me to the enjoyment of it."

The Baronet and his appendage, finding their reception to be so cool, took their departure soon afterwards.

On leaving the door, Shadow, who dreaded the Captain, and knew that nothing could be got out of him, insinuated that he was peevish on account of his own narrow circumstances, envious of persons of commanding fortunes, and so quarrelsome, that it was worth as much as the life of a friend to keep him company. The Baronet, who had no relish
for

for fighting when he could avoid it, concurred in this opinion, and expressed a resolution to cut the Captain's acquaintance, so as not to give him offence. The Captain, however, had beforehand formed a similar resolution, which he determined to execute with little or no ceremony.

As the Captain was well enough to take a little exercise abroad, Brian adjusted his arm in a sling, and they concluded on a lounge in Bond-street. As they were strolling through it, our adventurer discerned Mr. Hewson's carriage, in which were Miss Hewson and Miss Thrum. It drew up before one of the shops, and Brian got up in time to hand the ladies out of it. Miss Thrum's face brightened with pleasure at the unexpected meeting, and Miss Hewson's languor gave way to an animated glow.

Brian introduced his friend to Miss Thrum, and meeting with something like an invitation from her, and observing no repugnance in Miss Hewson, they attended the ladies into the shop. Whilst Miss Thrum was purchasing some articles, our adventurer inquired into Charlotte's health and her father's, and was transported to observe, that her behaviour was much less distant than it had been at the Knight's. When Miss Thrum had made her purchases, she declared herself tired of the carriage, and proposed a little walk, taking St. James's Park in the way: without waiting for her companion's answer, she ordered the carriage to proceed, and wait for them at Spring-garden Gate. Brian gave her a look expressive of the utmost gratitude; and he now once more enjoyed the inexpressible

sible happiness of walking by the side of his beloved, whose conversation was easy, and free from restraint : the whole world could not have purchased the present moments.

“ I hope no serious accident has befallen you, Sir,” said Miss Thrum to the Captain, glancing her eye on the arm in the sling.

“ I think it no accident,” replied the gallant Captain, “ since it has procured me the happiness of being introduced into your company, which is not the only obligation I am under to Mr. Bonnycastle, for I owe my life perhaps to his kind attention.”

“ Indeed, Sir, I think he is quite a knight-errant at rescuing persons in distress ; for this lady and myself owe him a similar obligation.”

“ It

“It is to be hoped then that one or other of you ladies will reward him for it.”

Charlotte blushed deeply at these words, and was much confused, when a carriage passed by, in which was the Duchess of Fallowland, who put out her head, and nodded to our adventurer.

“There is a coronet on that carriage,” observed Charlotte.

“It is the Duke of Fallowland’s.”

“The lady in it nodded to you.”

“It is her Grace, whom I have had the honour of seeing two or three times in mixed companies.”

Charlotte grew all at once thoughtful and more reserved, and continued so, until getting into the Park, where the whole party could walk abreast, her friend rallied her on her taciturnity. She
then ,

then assumed a gaiety, but it was evidently a constrained one.

“ Is not my case a hard one, Miss Hewson?” said the Captain; “ I have but just recovered from a broken arm, and now I have received a shot through my heart.”

“ You speak very gaily, Sir, for one in so desperate a situation.”

“ Poh, my dear! Do not you know that the gentlemen of the army are fond of a joke?”

“ Indeed, Ma’am, my case is beyond a joke.”

“ Then seriously, Sir, I believe your wound will be soon cured.”

“ Yourself must be the doctress then.”

“ I am a very bad one.”

“ I would your heart were engaged in my cure.”

“ It

“ It will soon effect itself.”

“ I appeal to Mr. Bonnycastle.”

“ Then I believe it will never be effected but by death,” said Brian, with a deep sigh.

They now got in sight of the carriage, towards which Charlotte was hurrying, when the Captain asked Miss Thrum if they should never have the happiness of meeting again?

“ I cannot say, Sir : I shall have some more shopping in Bond-street, and if we should chance to meet there——”

“ Happy chance !” cried the Captain —“ I shall stand sentry in Bond-street, and hail your coming, as the Persian magi did that of the rising sun. Adieu till then, most lovely !”

“ Adieu, flatterer !”

Brian now tendered his hand to assist
Charlotte

Charlotte into the carriage ; hers trembled, and he ventured a gentle pressure, which she returned unconsciously, and fell back into the seat, to hide her confusion.

“ Oh, Bond street, thou hast undone me !” cried the Captain, as he handed in Miss Thrum.

“ It has undone many,” said the amiable girl, laughing—“ one is tempted to make very dear purchases there : I assure you, I have got rid of a twenty-pound note this morning.”

“ Oh, perverse one ! you will not understand me.”

“ Let me advise you never to look for bargains there, Sir.”

“ I have seen one there, that I would give the world, if I had it at command, to purchase.”

“ That would be a dear bargain then.”

The

The carriage now went off, and left Brian motionless, until he was roused by the Captain, who exclaimed —“ Why, man, you will draw the pickpockets about us presently, if you stick here staring, like a country fellow at St. Dunstan’s clock. Come, we will eat a mutton-chop together in Spring-garden coffee-house, and there we will sit down, and, as Shakespeare says, rail against our mistresses, the world, and all our misery.”

“ Not so, Captain.”

“ Why then we will carve their names on every pannel, speak well of the world, and flatter each other with future bliss.”

Whilst they were actually so employed, the following conversation took place between the ladies :—

Miss Thrum—“ Well, my dear, I think we were very well off for beaux to-day.”

Charlotte—

Charlotte—"They are indeed two agreeable men—What is your opinion of the Captain?"

Miss Thrum—"I think he is very facetious and entertaining."

Charlotte—"And you will throw yourself in his way again?"

Miss Thrum—"That is as much as to say that I have already done so, which you know not to be the case."

Charlotte—"But you will throw yourself in his way?"

Miss Thrum—"I shall certainly have some more shopping to do in Bond-street."

Charlotte (mimicking her friend)—"It is a very dear place; let me advise you never to look for bargains there."

Miss Thrum—"I shall look there notwithstanding."

Charlotte

Charlotte—"And you gave the Captain a hint of it."

Miss Thrum—"And I shall not be sorry to find it has not been thrown away upon him. And now, what is your opinion of Mr. Bonnycastle?"

Charlotte—"I think he is very facetious and entertaining."

Miss Thrum—"And you will throw yourself in his way again?"

Charlotte—"That is as much as to say that I have done so already, which you know not to be the case."

Miss Thrum—"But you will throw yourself in his way?"

Charlotte—"I have no shopping to do in Bond-street, and shall not go thither again in a hurry, unless indeed you should press me very much to accompany you."

Miss

Miss Thrum—"As I certainly shall, and that the first fair day. Ah, Charlotte, you are not so ingenuous with your friend, as your friend is with you! Come, come, confess."

Charlotte—"What should I confess?"

Miss Thrum—"Only that we are both caught in the same *cage of rushes*, as Rosalind terms it, in 'As you Like it.'"

Charlotte—"You confess it then?"

Miss Thrum—"I do."

Charlotte—"And I—Heigho!"

Miss Thrum—"For a husband."

They now drew near home, and the two friends dropped the subject, after having agreed upon a mutual confidence. Miss Hewson did not think proper wholly to conceal from her father her meeting with Brian, and she mentioned in a slight manner having met him with Captain

tain Fascine, and that they had seen her and her companion to the carriage. Her father as coolly replied, that it was very well; she owed an obligation to that gentleman, and it was only proper, whenever she should meet him *accidentally*, to treat him with becoming civility. Having thus, as she thought, fully satisfied her duty, her mind felt more at ease, as she did not imagine she had practised any concealment.

CHAP. VIII.

The modern Art of getting Preferment—A Dutch Sharper plucks the English ones, but is afterwards ruined by his English Ally—No Honour among Thieves.

EVERY ensuing fair morning, the Captain and Brian made Bond-street their parade; and they did not long lose their labour: the expected carriage made its appearance, and they saluted the ladies, who appeared in high spirits, and consequently made the gentlemen so.

After Miss Thrum had made some trif-
VOL. II. I ling

ling purchases, the Captain observed, that there was to be a grand review of the three East India volunteer regiments in Hyde Park that morning, and expressed his hope to have the pleasure of escorting the ladies thither. Miss Thrum replied, that it was some time since she had enjoyed a sight of Hyde Park, much less of a review; and declared her willingness to go, if it was agreeable to her friend. Charlotte signified her acquiescence, provided they could be back to dinner: and the gentlemen having handed them into the carriage, were about to attend it on foot, but Miss Thrum told them there was room. They seized the hint, and directed the coachman to drive through the square to Grosvenor-gate.

His Majesty and several of the royal Dukes were present; and the sight was
very

very fine, as these regiments are exceeded by few, if any, of the regular ones in discipline, and afford a proof of the height to which the volunteer system may be carried.

As they were walking round to get different points of view, our adventurer was disagreeably surprised at seeing Mrs. Fisher beckon to him from her carriage. As she had caught his eye, he was obliged to go up to her. She rallied him upon the little attention which he shewed to his friend's interest, in not having called to hear how she succeeded in her application. Brian replied, it was not through lukewarmness in the cause, but that he imagined it would be too soon.

“Not so much too soon as you may have imagined; for I find that the Captain is an excellent officer, who has seen

service; and he would have been promoted before, if he could have made interest. I expect he will be in next Saturday's Gazette, or in that of the Tuesday following at farthest."

Brian expressed his acknowledgment and happiness, but did not dare to tell her that he was then in company with the Captain, as she would have expected him to have paid his compliments to her. He apologized for hastening back to the ladies, who, he said, were lately from the country, and he could not be so uncomplaisant as to leave them long. He took his leave, by promising to call on her in a few days.

On returning to his company, Miss Thrum said to him—"Really, Mr. Bonnycastle, you are a fortunate man among the ladies: the other day, a nod from a
Duchess,

Duchess, and now a chit-chat with some other woman of fashion. Pray, if it be not impertinent, who is she?"

Our adventurer, labouring under a dread lest her real character should be known, replied, with some hesitation, that she was a lady who had interest in a certain quarter, which he was soliciting for a distant relation.

"Really, Sir, you are a happy man."

"Quite the contrary, Ma'am; such trifles as these you mention, would not even give me a better appetite to my mutton-chop: my happiness must have more solid food than the bubbles of vanity."

At the latter part of this speech, he gave a timid glance towards Charlotte, whose eyes were as intensely fixed on the military manœuvres as if she had

been the reviewing General, and had not heard a syllable of what passed. It was a mortification to her, to see the man whom she was constrained to treat with coolness, favoured by the rest of her sex; and her feelings were tinged with some little admixture of jealousy. As her brother had confessed himself the sole author of his own misfortune, and even that he had drawn his friend into the vortex of his dissipation, Brian had re-occupied his former place in her affection; and she mentally accused her father of a rigidity of principle, beyond the measure of strict justice.

Brian was still gazing on her loved features, which her feigned intense observation of the military manœuvres gave him an undisturbed opportunity of doing, when Sir Charles Rushlight, Shadow,
and

and a person who bore the appearance of a foreigner, passed near them. The Baronet advanced to salute the Captain, as did Shadow, who introduced the stranger as his friend, the Count van Hoorn, of Hamburg. Charlotte no sooner cast her eyes on the Baronet, than, putting her arm into Brian's, through an involuntary motion, as if for protection, she said, in a low tone, " Good Heaven ! there is the person whose insolence to me had nearly cost you your life—I shudder at the sight of him !"

" And happy would it have been for me," replied Brian, " if I had died in such a cause, since I should then have quitted the world with your esteem."

Charlotte made no reply, but observed to her friend, that it was time to return

to dinner, on which condition she had accompanied her to the Park.

As they returned to the carriage, Charlotte, inadvertently perhaps, still kept her arm within our hero's, who was too wise to risk losing it by seeming to notice it; and as the Baronet's party accompanied them, he enjoyed his happiness in silence.

The ladies got into the carriage at Grosvenor-gate, and Charlotte did not think it worth while to trouble her father with an account of this second encounter, as he had received the news of the first with so much coolness.

Brian and the Captain had been too much engaged with the ladies, to pay much attention to the intruders, for such they considered the Baronet and his friends,

friends, and the ceremony of introducing the Count was performed afresh. Brian was astonished to observe that the Captain, whose urbanity of manners was remarkable, should receive the advances of the foreigner with the utmost distance, and draw himself up with a somewhat-like-contemptuous sneer.

The Baronet and Shadow pressed our friends to dine with them and the Count; but the Captain withstood all their solicitations, and putting a paper into Shadow's hand, with a significant look told him, he found it on the floor of his apartment, where he must have dropped it on his last visit. Shadow put up the paper with seeming indifference, but evidently disconcerted; and he now grew so cool in his invitation, that our friends had no trouble in getting away.

The Captain presently came to an explanation with Brian, by telling him that the Count was an impostor, a *knight of the post*, brought over from the Continent by Shadow, purposely to bite the knowing ones at billiards, being a most famous player—"The letter which you saw me give to Shadow," added he, "I found as I mentioned; and not having the least idea but that it was one of my own papers, which the negligence of myself or servant had left there, I unfolded it, without looking at the superscription, and found it to be from this Van Hoorn, to give notice of his arrival, and requesting a meeting, to concert the plan of the campaign, which is to be opened at Bath, in order to try the Count's strength. I wish we could find some means of tricking these tricksters."

"If

“ If Verjuice were here,” observed Brian, “ he might hit upon a scheme to do something of the kind ; but Shadow will suspect that you have got his secret, and be upon his guard against us.”

“ But surely,” said the Captain, “ something might be made out of such a secret. What think you of a trip to Bath ? You will at least see how the scheme goes on, and be better able to regulate your own conduct. I should have no objection to accompany you, if I could get leave of absence.”

“ I think I may undertake to procure that for you,” said Brian.

The excursion was finally agreed upon ; the Captain engaged to learn the precise time of the departure of the associates, and Brian waited on Mrs. Fisher, who procured the wished-for leave of ab-

sence. On the day previous to that fixed on by the associates, they set out together in the mail-coach.

Shadow, on his arrival, prepared the Bath *sharks* for swallowing the bait, by spreading a report that he had brought with him a Dutch Count, rich as a Jew, vain of his skill at billiards, and ready to bleed freely. The whole corps of *rifle-men* were on the alert, and one of the most skilful was pitched upon to enter the lists against the Count. The knights of the *queue* met one morning, and set to, both keeping back their play; and the Count managed matters so well, as not only to sharpen the appetites of his antagonist and his backers, but also to persuade them that he could play but very indifferently. Our adventurer, knowing the Count's intention, took as many
bets

bets as he could get against him ; but they were trifling, as the by-standers had no opinion of the Count's skill.

An appointment was made to renew the game the next morning, and the room swarmed with *cognoscenti*. Both sides kept back their play as before, and the trial was, who should play the worst at indifferent periods, and who, without seeming to play well, should make the best strokes at important points. When the Count won a game, it was seemingly with the greatest difficulty, and never by more than one hazard ; so that it appeared to be rather the effect of chance than of skill. Brian, watching the turn of the Count's play, backed him when he had any thing at stake worth exertion, and found no difficulty in procuring bets to any amount, until the eyes of the Bath
knowing

knowing ones were opened, which was not before the Count had gleaned upwards of ten thousand pounds. When the scent began to grow stale, the associates decamped for London, hoping to get back thither before the Count's fame should be blown.

Brian had picked up one thousand seven hundred pounds, the half of which he offered to the Captain, who absolutely refused it, alledging that, as he could not have afforded to pay losses to that amount, he could not in honour accept the winnings, particularly as not a word of any sharing agreement had passed between them. However, as Brian appeared much mortified at the refusal of a half, when he was indebted to him for the whole, the Captain consented to accept two hundred pounds for travelling expences.

As

As they had now done all their business at Bath, and were eager to meet with the objects of their affection, they posted off for town, whence they had been absent above a week.

The Count was so industrious in London, that he sweated some of the most knowing gentry of the *queue* before he was blown, and he was then cried down as a blackleg: the best of the joke was, that even those professors, who practised the same art of concealment in their play on the Count, inveighed most bitterly against him, as little less than a cheat; so that being universally cried down, he was reduced to the necessity of sitting down contented with his gains, or of changing the weapon, at which he was superior to most men, for other schemes in the gambling system, in which he was inferior to

6 numbers:

numbers: he had, however, the satisfaction of sharing with Shadow to the tune of eighteen thousand pounds; but the cupidity of a gamester is ever insatiate. Shadow persuaded him to venture on the bones and pasteboard, being determined, since the Count's superior play at billiards could be of no further use to him, to play booty, and fleece his partner out of his share of the booty.

Shadow could not fail of observing the success of our adventurer, which he rightly attributed to the Captain's accidental discovery of his plot. Having had such a specimen of Brian's acuteness, and looking upon all mankind to be actuated by the same honourable motives as himself, he hesitated not to propose to him to become his associate against his former friend, whom he promised to deliver
up

up bound hand and foot. Brian, however, was so distrustful of Shadow's *honour*, that he declined the proposal of a partnership; but promised to keep the secret, as he saw no reason why the Count should not learn some of those tricks which he himself had taught to so many others.

Shadow promised to give Brian notice when the meeting was to take place, for the purpose of plucking the Dutch adventurer; and went to look out for some associates, whom he soon found among his list of acquaintance.

The Count was drawn to a noted house in Charles-street, St. James's-square, where, in the course of one sitting, he was made to disgorge the whole of his winnings to the *real* associates of his *pretended* partner Shadow, who cursed the
bones,

bones, and tore the cards, with as much apparent phrenzy as if he had actually been their victim. Brian being in the secret, was suffered by Shadow to come in for some of the pickings, in the hope of gaining his confidence, and finding some unguarded moment of fleecing him.

When the Count was completely drained, Shadow pretended to be at the end of his cash, to prevent borrowing: the play began to languish, and soon ceased.

Shadow having made the most of his Dutch friend cut his acquaintance; and after the poor fellow had strolled about the inferior gaming-houses, where he was unknown, endeavouring in vain to pick up a livelihood, he was reduced to the humiliating necessity of soliciting the loan of a few pounds from Shadow, to pay his passage back to Hamburg.

burgh. Shadow *generously* consented, on having the Count's note of hand, as a security for his actually quitting the kingdom, to advance twenty pounds, coolly advising him, at the same time, to return to his original situation of *marker at a billiard-table*, whence he afterwards boasted to Brian of having drawn him to take in the English flats.

The Count appeared to be satisfied with this scanty supply ; but he secretly entertained thoughts of revenge and retaliation on his false friend, of whom he now perceived himself to have been made the dupe. Notwithstanding his having fallen a victim to the artifices of an individual, he felt convinced that the bulk of the English professors were far inferior to many of his continental acquaintance in the *refinements* of gaming,
and

and he determined to seek for a colleague among them, upon whom he could place more reliance, and to return, with a view to retrieve his fortune : under this idea, he lost no time in setting sail for Hamburg.

CHAP. IX.

*Antiquated Virginity a most heavy Incumbrance—
Ineffectual Effort to get rid of one—Quarrel
between two female Gamesters; and a Dialogue,
illustrative of low Life above Stairs—A real
Object of Distress, a Tale of Woe, and an Act
worthy of Imitation.*

BRIAN had been so engaged, that he had never seen the Duchess of Fallowland since the day she nodded to him from her carriage in Bond-street; and he was now reminded of this second proof of his indifference, by a note, in which she signified her expectation of seeing him,
early

early that evening, at Lady M'Lackland's.

Since his two last interviews with Miss Hewson, he could have wished to have dropped the intimacy with her Grace; but neither gallantry nor gratitude would permit him to wound the feelings of a lady, for whose character he entertained the highest esteem. He went to the appointment, early enough to come to an *eclaircissement* with her Grace before the company began to fall in; and her Grace, actuated by the same motive, arrived whilst Lady M'Lackland was dressing, and Miss Rappee was arranging matters for the reception of company; so that they were quite *tête-à-tête*.

“ I perceive, Sir,” said her Grace, opening the ball, “ that, in spite of yourself, you have relapsed into your former indifference ;

indifference ; and as I disdain to impose chains on any but a willing heart proud to wear them, I wished to see you, merely to release you from all further constraint."

" Your Grace is mistaken, in attributing to indifference what was the effect of business : I have been at Bath for more than a week past, on an affair of some moment to my fortune, whence I returned only this morning. You may see that I have not lost a moment in flying to obey your commands."

" Not for the pleasure of seeing me, I believe, Sir. It is rather ungenerous to attempt to practise disguise on a female, who has reposed the greatest confidence in a man's honour : I see through the veil which you would throw over your conduct.

conduct. The lady whom I saw in your company, in Bond-street——”

“ I will at least endeavour to convince your Grace that I act ingenuously, and will afterwards leave my sincerity to the feelings of your own heart. You may remember that, at Richmond, I acquainted your Grace with my having engaged my affections to a most amiable young lady, to whom I should have been united, but for the unfortunate circumstances I mentioned ; that was the lady in whose company you saw me ; but distant, far distant is the hope of ever calling her mine. I appeal to your own heart, whether first impressions are ever to be erased.”

“ I guess,” said her Grace, crimsoning,
“ that your friend Verjuice has made you
acquainted

acquainted with some parts of my history."

"He has acquainted me with nothing but what makes me revere your character; and do not doubt that I take the greatest pride and pleasure in the condescension with which you have been pleased to honour me."

"Well, Sir, I admit your appeal: none of us are capable of guarding our hearts against first impressions—I confess myself their martyr. As we cannot be lovers in the strict sense of the word, let us continue to esteem each other, and mutual confidence will be the best proof of our sincerity. Far from wishing to be a bar to your happiness, I sincerely wish you in possession of that bliss of which I have been myself for ever deprived. You see, Sir, I accept your own terms."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Miss Rappee, who, with the affected smile of virgin eighteen, invited them to the tea-table, whither they accompanied her.

Soon after tea, the company began to assemble, and made a very strong muster that night. In the midst of the bustle, a note was slipped into Brian's hand, by a person who instantly disappeared: he retired to peruse it, and read as follows:

“ SIR,

“ WHEN a lady of rank condescends to make advances to one of your sex, he should be secret, and seek to know no more than she wishes to confide to his honour. At twelve precisely, ascend the staircase from the play-rooms,
enter

enter the first door on the left hand, and pursue your course into the interior room.

“ Your enamoured,

“ CELIA.”

His surprise at this eccentric *billet-doux* could be equalled only by his curiosity to discover some cue to the writer. He was well acquainted with the Duchess's hand-writing—neither that nor the style was hers: he could fix on no other person than Lady M'Lackland, who was known to have retained all the vivacity and warmth, though only the traces of the charms of youth. He felt not the least desire to embrace the happiness designed for him, but he imagined that his reputation would be quite destroyed in high life, if it should be known that he

was afraid to trust himself alone with a female ; and that consideration, as well as curiosity to see the event of an affair so strangely commenced, determined him to keep the appointment. He therefore kept himself disengaged from play, and, at the appointed hour, stole away, and bent his steps according to the directions of the billet.

On entering the interior apartment, there was only a glimmering of moonlight betwixt the interstices of the Venetian blinds, which were shut, and he heard a whisper of, “ *Hist ! hist !* ”—Directed by the sounds, he steered towards a sofa, on which he found his fair *inamorata* seated, who caught his outstretched hand in hers, and guided him to a seat beside her.

As neither of his two senses of sight
and

and hearing could give him any intelligence of the fair one's person, he applied to that of feeling; and on pressing the hand which grasped his, he found it not so plump as her Ladyship's, nor indeed as any healthy youthful person's, but rather a parcel of bones, with very little other covering, except a coarse loose skin. This discovery was by no means calculated to inspire the warmth of a lover; and he was at a loss what to say, or how to extricate himself from his dilemma.

A long pause ensued; and at length, to the inexpressible joy of our adventurer, a sudden crash was heard to issue from an adjoining closet. Both started up in affright; and the fair one losing her precaution, exclaimed, loud enough to assure Brian that the sounds issued

From the top of the bar Miss Rachel
Hansen, "Oh, Hansen, we are disappointed—
—" Her virgin reputation will be lost."

There was no pleasure with the fishermen
aboard, and no delight with the little
crew, that he had the greatest difficulty
to obtain that a flock of herring.

Another game ensued, after which the
bar was whispered, with more caution
than before, "We have been alarmed
without cause. It is only the cat that has
Hansen does something in the dinner."

"I may be so, my dear Hansen, but
if I should be otherwise, what will be-
come of your virgin reputation?"

"Oh, Sir, you are a man of honour,"
replied she, "and let the worst come to
the worst, reputation will find the largest
of wounds in a lady's reputation."

Thus could stand on more—"Hail!"

Here

"There certainly is some one in that closet!" cried he, forcing his hand from her grasp, and rushing towards the door of it, determined to get out of the scrape at all events.

He entered the closet, and searching about to find some other door for escape, caught hold of the clothes of a female, who was also in the act of slipping away — "Hush!" whispered she; and taking him by the hand, conducted him in the dark out of the closet, and down a pair of back stairs. On entering a little parlour, the damsel proved to be her Ladyship's abigail, who quitting Edith's hand, and clapping both her ears on her sides, burst into a fit of laughter — "So," cried she, "I find that antiquated virginity is a work that lies heavy on our sex's hands."

Poor old soul ! I am very sorry that I should have spoiled her market."

" You know who the lady is then ?"

" Oh, to be sure I do ! But you will pretend that you do not, perhaps."

" Indeed I do not ; but if it be the one I guess, I am extremely indebted to you for releasing me ; and as a proof of it, here is a guinea for you."

" Well, but you need not bribe me to secrecy ; for I have an interest in it, and so has her Ladyship too."

" How so ?"

" Can you keep a secret, Sir ?"

" I promise you."

" Well then, you must know that the closet in which you found me, is a very convenient stand for my Lady, who is in the habit of making there some discoveries

ries of family secrets, which prove highly advantageous to her, as they put the characters of the parties concerned wholly in her power. When my Lady is otherwise engaged, I take her place, and make a report to her: I was *upon duty* when I accidentally alarmed you and that piece of pure antique virginity, Miss Rachel Rappee."

"I thought it was her: but as she appears to be every thing with her Ladyship, is she not in the secret of the closet?"

"Oh, no; my Lady employs her to look after other matters, and she employs me to look after her; for she is as mercenary as she is poor, and my Lady knows her too well to trust her far out of her sight."

"Well, my dear girl, it was a fortu-

nate escape for me, and shall be so for you too. Here is another guinea for you, and your secret is perfectly safe with me."

Brian now returned to the play-rooms, but could never get another glimpse of his enamoured Celia for that night; indeed he had left her in a very ticklish situation. Several moments after his escape, she waited impatiently at the closet-door, hoping that, so soon as he had searched the closet, and satisfied himself that no one was in it, he would come forth: at length she ventured a *hist*, but received no answer; she then searched the closet, and finding no one in it, and the opposite door open, she concluded what had really happened. Apostrophizing his timidity (for she could not imagine it to be possible that
a man

a man should run away from the charms of the Honourable Miss Rachel Rappee), she consoled herself with the hopes of a more lucky meeting; and to allay her present disappointment, she applied herself so heartily to the old maid's never-failing comfort, the strong-water bottle, that she retired to her couch very much *disordered*, as she left word for her Ladyship, and as was the case.

Brian was so tickled by this ludicrous adventure, that he could not sit down to play with that attention which was requisite; and he strolled round the room, to make his observations, and become occasionally a standing better. His notice was soon attracted by a shrill altercation between the Duchess of Gorgon and Lady Medusa Packwell, the latter of whom charged the former (O stain upon
K 6 nobility!)

nobility!) with having slipped a card. Her Grace denied the accusation with indignation, although the card was found beneath her chair, and retorted upon the accuser, that it was more probable she herself had thrown it there, to find a hole to creep out of a desperate game. *Horribile dictu!* Monstrous to say, the lie was given on both sides; and a pitched battle would have ensued on the spot, if the goddess of peace, under the resemblance of Lady M'Lackland, had not interfered, and begged them to have more respect for the *honour* of her house. Being restrained by this remonstrance (which was not slighted, as we have seen some political remonstrances of the present day) from actual warfare, the antagonists resorted to the usual female battle of tongues; and the following dialogue,

high

high or low bred, as the reader may deem it, ensued:—

Her Ladyship—“ I have known some people remarked for a number of years, to have very often a card too many or too little.”

Her Grace—“ Indeed some people’s memory may extend to above half a century past, as they have been known to play youthful parts on the wrong side of forty.”

Her Ladyship—“ And I have known some people affect to play the parts of women of character, long after their reputation was fly-blown.”

Her Grace—“ Some people are more indebted to their cunning for their reputation, than to their rigorous treatment of their gallants.”

Her Ladyship—“ It is better, however,
to

to keep up appearances with the world, than wholly to disregard them."

Her Grace—"If people cannot afford to lose their money without losing their temper with it, they should never play."

Her Ladyship—"People should play fair, or not at all."

Her Grace—"The accusation is as false as the teeth and hair of the accuser."

Her Ladyship—"It is as true as some other stains on the character of the accused."

Her Grace—"The accusation and the accuser are alike contemptible."

Here Lady M'Lackland again interfered, the battle became a drawn one, and the combatants were arranged at separate tables.

This specimen of good-breeding was wholly new to our astonished adventurer,
which

which was a proof of his deficiency in *haut ton*, where similar interludes have often been performed between the acts of the play : they are however most carefully concealed from the ears of the profane vulgar, unless the altercation should be so boisterous as to attract the attention of the servants, who are not bound, any more than certain ministers of state, to keep the secrets of their master or mistress any longer than they can retain their places. The unfashionable reader, however, should know, that female oratory in the squares, on the west side of Temple-bar, on some very particular occasions, is by no means inferior to that of another famous female forum on the east side of it, denominated Billingsgate. Even our adventurer had made so little progress in high life, as not yet to be
aware

aware to what extent the habit of gaming effects a dereliction of all those delicacies of sentiment, which form a noble defence around the female character. The disgusting influence of this sordid vice is so pernicious to female minds, that they lose their fairest distinctions and privileges, together with the blushing honours of modesty and delicacy : a female mind deprived of these jewels, is one of the most desolate scenes in the world ; and the ruinous consequences of gaming have already materially affected the character and deportment of the gentler sex : already the finest qualities of womanhood are perishing under its blast ; and having nearly completed its ravages on the foliage and blossoms, it must soon extend to the very root of society itself, of which the late numerous
trials

trials for *crim. con.* in high life are at once proofs, and, in most instances, undeniable consequences. To behold a fine eye, formed to disclose the secret of conscious love, and to render happy an animated being, gloating on Pam or Spadille; to contemplate a hand and arm, cast in Nature's happiest mould to clasp the fond object of conjugal affection, engaged in beggaring husband and children, with the vulgar air of throwing dice out of a box; to see and hear those lips, calculated to lisp the soft accents of conjugal endearment and maternal affection, bit through rage and despair, and half articulating execrations and oaths, is the most heart-rending ruin of Nature's noblest work. However shocking the assertion may sound to the ears of the *female gamester*, no axiom is better founded,

founded, than that the character of a miserable woman of the town is far superior to hers; the latter having first sacrificed her virtue to her passions and the arts of seduction, and then trafficking on it, to sustain a wretched existence; the former sordidly sacrificing husband, children, and virtue, at the shrine of avarice.

Her Grace of Fallowland, disgusted with this disgraceful scene, and perhaps shocked at the snare which she herself had so narrowly escaped, nodded to Brian to follow her, and left the room unnoticed during the confusion. As they descended the staircase, her Grace presented him with a ticket of admittance to a private masked ball on the ensuing evening, giving him at the same time a white cockade to put in his hat, by which token she might recognize him.

Brian

Brian promised her Grace to do himself the honour of accepting her invitation ; and as he was handing her into her carriage, a female figure advanced, and in a most impassioned tone exclaimed—
“ O, ye sons and daughters of fortune, who can expend such vast sums on your own pleasures, for God’s sake bestow a trifle on the necessities of one who would rather die than beg, were it only for her own support ; but who is reduced to the humiliating necessity, for the support of a numerous, infantine, and fatherless offspring !”

The force of this appeal, the unusual style of the address, the earnestness of the delivery, and the apparent agony of the petitioner, drew immediate attention ; and by the light of the torches which the Duchess’s footmen carried, they discovered

vered a fine figure, the remains of youthful beauty, and the appearance of having seen better days, disguised under the shabby external of a dirty bed-gown and straw bonnet. Her Grace desired Brian to present the petitioner with ten pounds on her account, which she would repay at the first meeting; and the poor object of her charity no sooner heard the welcome sounds of so generous and unexpected a donation, than, dropping on her knees, she exclaimed—"O may Heaven pour down its blessings on a heart which would ennoble even nobility itself!"

Brian raised her up; and her Grace having desired him to inquire into her situation, and promised to befriend her, if the inquiry should turn out to her advantage, ascended the carriage, which drove off.

Brian

Brian escorted the distressed female to her humble lodgings in Exeter-street, Strand, where he heard her piteous narrative. Mrs. Adamson was the widow of a man who had once been an eminent furrier, and had amassed wealth, which fatally extended his ambition beyond the sober pursuits of regular trade, to the slippery regions of speculation. A designing acquaintance, a stock-jobber, but too well seconded these views; and by pointing out the immense fortunes rapidly made by some few at the Stock Exchange, and promising to assist him with his advice, soon won him over to his views. Her husband gave up his other business; and, by degrees, his absence from home became frequent, and of such long duration, as to occasion her anxiety, he having been a very domestic man before

fore he engaged in his new pursuit. His temper also, from being remarkably sweet, became sour and sullen; whence she began to entertain the most gloomy presage of approaching misfortune. In proportion as his temper grew worse, she became more compliant and attentive, in the hope of alluring him back to his former happy course of life; but in vain: his disposition altered for the worse every day.

After some months of unhappiness, Mr. Adamson came home one night in a paroxysm of rage, which he vented in an excess of unusual harshness to his family, and then sank into sullen despair, at times apostrophizing the roguery of his pretended friend Mr. Scrip, and at others execrating his own credulity, folly, and villainy, which had utterly ruined his poor family. Shocking as this intelli-

gence was to the ears of Mrs. Adamson, her husband's former conduct had somewhat prepared her for them, and she displayed all the firmness of a Roman matron. Far from casting any reflections, or even shewing the least discontent or despondency, she endeavoured to soothe his agony, by assuring him that she regarded him as the best of husbands and of fathers; and desiring him to call to mind that, if his efforts to serve his family had turned out contrary to his wishes, the want of success could be attributed to no vicious pursuits. She insinuated that, if matters were even so bad as his fears might give him to conceive, yet, at the worst, he might return to his former lucrative trade, the profits of which he had always found certain, and they might again be as happy as formerly.

merly. By degrees, she calmed him so far as to get out of him the cause of his agony. On the first run of ill luck, Scrip had deluded him by saying, that experience must be bought in stock-jobbing as well as every other line of business, and that there was no instance of a stock-jobber who had not encountered similar discouragement at the outset for want of it; but, after having obtained it, the return of the tide brought in a certain influx of riches. Lulled by these representations, he persisted in placing confidence in the viper which he had introduced into his bosom.

One day, Scrip bought stock of Mr. Adamson for time, pretending it was not on his own account, but for a person for whom he was agent; and on the day of settlement, the stock having experienced
a rapid

a rapid rise, Mr. Adamson had to pay the difference, amounting to one thousand two hundred pounds. Mr. Adamson was afterwards persuaded by his *friend* Scrip, to purchase stock of him for time; also pretending that the sale was not made on his own account, and that it would prove so valuable a speculation, as to bring back all Mr. Adamson's former losses. That particular denomination of stock actually rose so much higher, that Mr. Adamson had to receive above two thousand pounds; but on that very day, which was the settling day, friend Scrip had become a lame duck, and waddled out of the Alley, according to the stock-jobbing jargon.

Mrs. Adamson advised her husband to look coolly into the state of his affairs, which he did, and it was found that he

had enough left to pay all demands against him ; but the surplus was inconsiderable. She then represented that his credit was unblemished, and that a serious return to, and perseverance in his trade, joined to rigid economy, would not only conceal his late losses, but would, in all human probability, soon re-establish their fortune and felicity. He followed the advice so strenuously, and she seconded his efforts, and encouraged him in them with so much cheerfulness, that the fiend of poverty was again driven from their door, when another fatal stroke produced the catastrophe.

A certain person of *high rank* determined to make some alterations in the uniforms of the ——— regiment of light dragoons, which he commanded: one part of the change consisted in having a particular

ticular description of furs to cover the helmets and face the coats of the soldiers. Mr. Adamson was applied to, by a letter from the *great person* himself, to furnish these articles, on the terms of being paid one hundred pounds so soon as he should have delivered to the amount of two hundred pounds; so that Mr. Adamson was to be always one hundred pounds, *and no more*, in advance. Notwithstanding this agreement, articles to the amount of one thousand pounds were delivered, without Mr. Adamson's being able to get any money; but still he went on manufacturing the articles, in firm reliance on the great man's punctually fulfilling his contract—nothing less. Goods to the amount of one thousand pounds more were executed; but, instead of the *great person's* paying any

of the installments, he demanded goods to the full amount of the contract, and threatened a prosecution if they should be detained. Mr. Adamson, however, whose whole fortune was staked on this business, persisted in detaining them; and arrested the paymaster, by the advice of his attorney, who was of opinion that the *great man* was not responsible, although he himself had entered into the contract. The paymaster went to a spunging-house, was afterwards cashiered for embezzling the public money, her husband lost the debt of one thousand pounds, and the other one thousand pounds' worth lay on his hands, a useless stock. His creditors, however, must be paid; and feeling too deeply the loss of his credit to submit to the usual method of wiping off scores by a bankruptcy,

ruptcy,

ruptcy, he died literally broken-hearted, leaving his relict and four children to the mercy of the world.

This distressing narrative, and the broken accents in which the engaging female delivered it, called forth all the sympathy of our adventurer, whose heart had not imbibed the least callosity from his pursuits: he presented Mrs. Adamson with ten pounds for her Grace of Fallowland, and five pounds more on his own account; assuring her, that he would endeavour to devise, and exert all his influence to carry into effect, some plan to shield herself and her fatherless children from the chilling gripe of poverty.

The grateful widow would have dropped on her knees to signify her gratitude, for utterance was impossible, if he had not restrained her, desiring her to re-

serve that posture for the Power to whom alone it was due.

Having seen this daughter of misfortune somewhat more composed, he took his leave, with the heartfelt satisfaction of experiencing the truth of that Christian *stimulus* to acts of benevolence—
“*He who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.*”

CHAP. X.

Anecdote of a noted Turf Character—A fashionable private Masquerade—Characters in high Life, and public Characters—How great Folks employ themselves, and how they might be better employed—Ode to Charity.

ON Brian's appearance at breakfast the next morning, he was no less surprised than rejoiced at the unexpected sight of his friend Verjuice: so great was his impatience to learn what had passed between him and Mr. Hewson, at his interview to give back the five hundred pound check, that it was the very first question

he put to him, after mutual inquiries into the state of each other's health.

“I would have you keep quiet on that head for the present,” replied Verjuice, “as the least impatience may injure your cause in that quarter: I can give you no room for sanguine expectation, although I think you have no reason to despair. At present, let us attend to the state of your affairs, which you will see I have not lost sight of during my journey. I have already mentioned to you the necessity of keeping up appearances: the late famous Colonel O’Kelly, emerged from obscurity to the highest celebrity on the sporting list, was, on that account only, repeatedly refused admittance into the clubs, instituted and supported by those of the higher order, at Newmarket and other places. He was so hurt by
these

these indignities, as never after to lose a sense of them, and an appetite for revenge. Having got some insight into the *family* secrets, one of which was to hold under their thumbs, by bribes, most of the jockies, grooms, trainers, and other subordinate persons employed in the offices of the turf, by which means a newly initiated adventurer was sure to be pilaged by them, he determined to retain exclusively one jockey to ride for him, and for no other person, unless he had no horse entered for the same match. The jockey of whom he made choice named his own terms, which O'Kelly offered to double, provided he would enter into a bond not to ride for any of the *black-legged* fraternity. The jockey desiring him to define whom he meant by the *black-legged* fraternity, he replied—

‘ O, by J—s, my dear, and I’ll soon make you understand that ! There’s the Duke of G. the Duke of D. Lord A. Lord D. Lord G. Lord C. Lord F. the Right Honourable A. B. C. D. and C. J. F. and all the set of the *thaves* that belong to their humbug societies and *hub-a-boo* clubs, where they can meet and rob without detection.’ By thus finding all his own resources within himself, he not only left a splendid fortune to his successor, but such a stud as produced a princely income. It was my happiness, in the beginning of my turf-career, to be of some service to him, for which he generously took me under his wing, and I made the greatest part of my money on his matches. When I lost his generous support, I retired from the turf.—From this anecdote you will see that, although the Colonel succeeded
against

against all opposition, by dint of superior genius and indefatigable perseverance, yet it is advisable to assume the appearance of somewhat more than a needy adventurer. I have therefore concluded a contract in your name for a Yorkshire estate, contiguous to some land of my own, which will give you some manorial rights, and, of course, some little consequence. The purchase-money will be seven thousand pounds, of which I will advance for you what you may be deficient; and you may pay me interest, until you can make up the whole sum."

Brian was surprised at this act of kindness, which was quite unexpected, from Verjuice's carefully concealing the extent of his favourable intentions towards him; he would have expressed his gratitude,

tude, but Verjuice cut him short, by saying—" You know I hate words, on any other score than business. Come, let us hear where you have walked during my absence."

" On the sunny side of Fortune's hedge," replied Brian ; and he acquainted him with his lucky *hits* and *gammons*, which drew forth many congratulations from the old gentleman. On investigation, it was found that our adventurer was possessed of somewhat more than four thousand guineas ; and his heart now felt the first pleasing prospect of cheering independance.

Verjuice went to rest very early in the evening, to recover from the fatigue of travelling ; and Brian having procured a domino, and taken care to place the white cockade conspicuously in his hat,

set out to meet her Grace of Fallowland, at Mrs. Apemode's, in Hanover-square.

On alighting, and presenting himself at the door, he was thunderstruck at another trait of high life, which put the finishing stroke to his growing contempt of it. A couple of police-officers stood sentry at the door, to prevent the intrusion of *improper* company: they received the tickets of admission, and eyed the visitants, as the turnkey of Newgate fixes his hawk's eye on a felon consigned to his tender keeping. After our adventurer's person and ticket had undergone scrupulous examination, he was desired to pass on; and as no one appeared to introduce him, or took any further notice of him, he was at a loss whither to go, or how to act. Afraid of discovering his ignorance by asking any questions,

and

and observing the staircase splendidly illuminated, and embellished with greenhouse plants in pots, and festoons of artificial flowers, he mounted at once, and found that he had arrived at the scene of action. The whole suit of rooms had been thrown together, illuminated and embellished as the staircase, and nearly filled with grotesque caricatures and dominos.

Conscious now of being unknown, and of possessing the power of remaining so, by every person but her Grace of Fallowland, he sauntered about the rooms, enjoying the novel scene perfectly at his ease. The brilliancy of the giddy rout had almost effaced his notions of the insipidity of high life, when Miss Charlotte Hewson came across his mind, and he felt that if he should ever be happy
enough

enough to make her his own; his cup of bliss would become gall, if she should launch into the vortex of fashionable dissipation. The phantom of delusion instantly fled, and his reason reminded him of the fate of the glow-worm—a meteor by night, a dull insect by day.

The former part of the night was exceedingly dull, masquerade scenes being only fitted for their soil of Italy, and by no means calculated for northern climes, particularly the cold and repulsive manners of England's air. At length it was buzzed about, that a certain illustrious personage had entered the room; and even the dullest affected all the gaiety and sprightliness of which their sluggish foggy natures were capable: wit, or rather witticisms, flew about from all quarters, and the presence of the P—
seemed

seemed to have the same effect as that of the angel upon Balaam's ass. Curiosity drew our adventurer round with the throng, which followed every motion and turn of the P——, until they arrived at a spot where another throng was assembled, in the midst of whom was a character who kept them in a continued roar of laughter : it was a female figure, habited to represent an ancient *sibyl*, as might be gathered from the following inscription on the girdle which encircled her waist :—

‘Credite me, vobis folium recitare sibyllæ.’

Juv. viii. 126.

In her hand she held a book, which she consulted whenever a question was put to her ; and she gave her answers, sometimes in prose, at other times in verse,
with

with such quaintness and force of irony, as convinced every one of her not only being thoroughly conversant with high life, but also with the characters and *secrets* of most of the people of consequence in the rooms. The P—— advancing with his usual elegance of manners and affability, demanded what the sibylline leaves said of him? The modern *Deïphobe* turning over the sacred records, repeated the following part of the speech which Shakespeare makes Henry IV. address to his son :—

“ The skipping *Prince*, he ambled up and down,
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burnt; 'scarded his state,
Mingled his royalty with carping fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance against his name,
To laugh with gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless, vain comparative;

Grew

Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity ;
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness ; whereof a little
More than a little, is by much too much :
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze ;
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes ;
But rather drows'd, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full :
And in that very line stand'st thou ;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation."

The *sibyl* now shut up the book ; and
the P—— assuming the chastened air
which Henry's son should wear on this
occasion,

occasion, bowed, and replied with his usual fluency of wit, in the words of that prince :—

“ I shall hereafter, my thrice sage old woman,
Be more myself.”

What says the oracle to my friend here ?” pushing forwards the M—— of H——, who stood by his side.

The sibyl reads from Shakespeare’s comedy of *As you Like it* :—

“ It is said, many a man knows no end of his goods : right ; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife ; ’tis none of his own getting. Horns ! even so—Poor men alone ! no, no ; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed ?—No ; as a walled town is worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor ; and by how much defence is better than no skill, so much is a horn more precious than to want.”

The P—— and his party were now
about

about to turn away, when Mr. S———
advanced, and addressed the sibyl thus:—

“ You secret, black, and midnight hag,
I conjure you by that which you profess
(Howe’er you come to know it), answer me :
What fame *posthumous* will be mine ?”

The sibyl turned to her book, and said,
“ Posterity will say thus :—

‘ Here lies a perfect *Proteus* throughout life,
Whose words and actions ever were at strife ;
More dire to Philistines was Samson ne’er,
With firebrand foxes when he did them scare,
Than was this flaming patriot, when he’d sail
’Gainst ministers, tied to a *Fox’s* tail ;
Like him too, of his magic power shorn,
Of those he terrified become the scorn,
They look’d upon him as a standing jest,
To give their dull debates a pleasant zest ;
For he more wit enjoy’d than half the House,
Till curst French brandy drown’d true British *nous*.
Take his own word—save honour, all was trash ;
Yet whoso took his word, mourn’d his lost cash :

E’en

E'en Nature's debt, when seiz'd by bailiff Death,
Like all the others, he discharg'd with—*breath* !
Pity the public hopes should be so crost,
And *Patriot Dick* in *Dicky Gossip* lost !”

Mr. S—— readily replied, in the words of *Jaques*—“ You have a nimble wit ; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels.”

The P—— and his party now turned away laughing ; and so applicable and ironical were the answers of the sibyl to every querist, that few more chose to parry a thrust with her.

A thread-paper man, with a small woman's voice, and affected, and a magpie hop (whom Brian afterwards learned was *the Honourable Mr. Skippington*, dramatist), danced up, exclaiming—“ Ha, my old witch of Endor ! how dost do ? What brings thee to earth again ?”

“ To answer fools.”

“ Laconic,

“Laconic, by Gad!—But your style savours too much of the vulgarity of old days for us *beau monde* of the present day—all ease and elegance now.”

“You are a bad specimen of it.”

“Eh! that shews your want of taste. Were not you the same old lady as appeared to the old Roman? what was his name? *Numa Pompilius*, or *Tarquin*, was not it? I almost forget.”

“Yes, your reading is but slight, I believe. Well, suppose me the same.”

“What a confounded high price you wanted for your musty old books! We have no such trash now-a-days.”

“I believe you.”

“Well, I always was of Pythagoras’s opinion: I myself remember to have undergone a thousand transmigrations since that time.”

“But

“But you were still the same character under every form.”

“Hey! how is that?”

“Grub, moth, butterfly, goose, peacock, parrot, monkey, ape, and now fop.”

“Don’t be so scurrilous, my precious antique, or you’ll be deemed quite a *bore*: you smell confoundedly of your old abode, Pandemonium. Well, what news from the lower regions? Has Proserpine played Pluto any fashionable tricks? any scandal stirring, eh?”

“We leave that to the class of mortals to which you belong.”

“Well, well, if you are forbidden to unfold the secrets of your prison-house, we’ll drop that subject. An’t I a high fellow now? Come, let us hear your opinion of me—What says the oracle?”

The

The sibyl, deliberately turning over the leaves of her book, read as follows :—

“ This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons pease,
And utters it again, when Jove doth please :
He is wit’s pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs :
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve ;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve :
He can carve too, and lisp : why, this is he
That kiss’d away his hand in courtesy ;
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice,
That when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms ; nay, he can sing
A mean most mainly ; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can. The ladies call him Sweet ;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To shew his teeth as white as whale his bone.”

LOVE’S LABOURS LOST.

“ Ha, ha, ha ! Your wit is a rough diamond—polish, polish !—Come and see
my

my next new farce—I'll give you an order."

"I'd rather spend an hour in *Tartarus*, witnessing the pains of the damned."

"That proves your want of taste.—Well, by'e, old Acid."

"Farewell, sweet Sir."

The sibyl was quite deserted, when our adventurer, imagining himself secure in his obscurity and disguise, ventured to ask her what were his faults?

"The worst fault you have," answered the sibyl, "is to be in love."

"Then 'tis a fault," replied he, "that I will not change for your best virtue. Who is my Rosalind?"

"Nay, Sir, that I know not; but I am she, whom

'Young Lorenzo swore he lov'd so well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one."

The sibyl had before assumed a feigned voice, but now speaking in her natural one, Brian instantly discovered her Grace of Fallowland. He laughed heartily at her disguise, and the satirical wit with which she had supported her character.

“ I am already as weary of it,” said the Duchess, “ as the company seem to be weary of me : these scenes of frivolity, I may say of fatuity, are not at all suited to my humour. Now, tell me what you learned of the unfortunate female who encountered us last night.”

Brian repeated her distressing narrative.

“ A thought strikes me,” said her Grace, after a short pause—“ I will endeavour to convert the fleeting moments of this thoughtless tribe into a permanent blessing for the destitute widow and fatherless ; I will try whether charity may
not

not be extracted out of the same soil as generates idle profusion. You stare."

"It is indeed, your Grace, a droll place to search for such a rare exotic in."

"I see you know little of the world, Sir, or you would have learned that vanity is the greatest impulse to the donations, I will not say charity, of the gay, thoughtless, and unfeeling: you shall see now, that many who, in private, would have refused half-a-crown to the necessities of the poor Mrs. Adamson, will, out of ostentation and emulation, put down their names for pounds. Wait a while—I will only change dress, and be with you again presently."

Brian, who had expected no more than a frivolous amusement for a few hours, was delighted at the prospect of their being turned to so delicious a purpose as

that of relieving merit in distress; and he admired no less the head than the heart of that woman, who, descending from the usual state and pursuits of her rank, could plan and execute schemes for the benefit of the indigent.

In less than half an hour, he was re-joined by the Duchess, habited as a Beguine, or charitable nun, in black, with a black veil: in her hand she held a paper, shortly stating the distress of the family for which she interested herself. She first sought out the P——, to whom, as well as to most of the rest of the company, she was well known, having her veil pinned up so as to discover her face; and was no better known than respected. The P——, whose affability and humanity have never been in the least impaired by his foibles, condescendingly
perused

perused the paper, and with that liberality which has always distinguished the goodness of his heart, desired her Grace to put him down for *one hundred pounds*; adding, that if more should be wanting, she knew how to renew her application. This noble example operated, as the Duchess expected, on the imitation of the other persons to whom she applied; and, at the close of the evening, the subscription amounted to nearly four hundred and fifty pounds.

“ Well,” said her Grace to Brian, “ are you not delighted with our success?”

“ *Our success!*” repeated he.

“ Yes, Sir, *our* success; for the feeling description which you have given of these children of distress, shows how much they have affected you; and you yourself animated me to the exertions,
which,

which, I am convinced, confer no less happiness on us both, than on those for whom we have interested ourselves. It shall be my task to collect the subscriptions, and to you shall be allotted the more delightful one of drying up the tear of sorrow, by communicating the pleasing intelligence. When the Adamsons shall have been settled into some comfortable line of life, I will accompany you to see them, and partake of their and your happiness."

TO CHARITY.

Hail! soft ey'd Maid! Thy look benign
Pourtrays at once thy race divine:

Sweet soother of our grief!

Thy tender, sympathetic soul,
At ragged merit ne'er did scowl,
Nor e'er deny relief:

'Tis thine, mild Maid ! the bruised reed to prop,
To plant benev'lence in the human soul,
To weed out malice and revenge, fell crop !
And all the baneful passions to controul.

Whilst gloom'd Ambition, drench'd with blood,
Glories to see the crimson'd flood
Of human gore flow round,
Thou striv'st the lab'ring mind to ease
From each corroding fell disease,
And gently heal the wound :
I see thine eye, with pity's tear begem'd,
As thou patrol'st th' ensanguin'd plain, lament
That Phrenzy, mad'ning to be diadem'd,
Should build its throne with bones, with blood cement.

I see thee, with averted eye,
Where light disdain and pity vie,
Quit Pride with eager haste ;
Her idle pomp and tinsel glare,
Although they may make ideots stare,
But ill accord thy taste.
Mine eye pursues, and sees thee bland accost
A wretch, whom Pride had spurn'd with looks that aw'd,
Wipe off the starting tear for hap'ness lost,
And banish hunger, which his entrails gnaw'd.

From

From Av'rice, 'grim'd with sordid pelf,
And worn to bone with care of *self*;
With horror dost thou turn;
Surpris'd to see the mind of *man*
So far digress from Nature's plan,
As for *itself* to burn.

Well may'st thou look behind thee, to behold
That friend to none, not e'en his wretched self:
See how he hugs to's breast the viper—*gold*,
His life a mis'ry, and no less his wealth!

Come, gentle Maid! grant the bequest,
And with thyself fill ev'ry breast;
Nor leave an empty space:
From *meanness* cleanse the human mind,
Leave none but gen'rous thoughts behind,
And love for the whole race.

As when the tempest hush'd, and zephyr blows
A gentle breeze, the rose breathes odours fine;
So fann'd by thee, benev'lence, like the rose,
Shall scatter its good deeds, almost divine.

END OF VOL. II.

Lane, Darling, and Co. Leadenhall-Street.

THE METROPOLIS.

Lane, Darling, and Co. Leadenhall-Street.

THE
METROPOLIS;

OR,
A CURE FOR GAMING.

Interspersed with
ANECDOTES OF LIVING CHARACTERS IN HIGH LIFE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY
CERVANTES HOGG, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF
THE RISING SUN, THE SETTING SUN, &c. &c.

How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of we three?
Now, Mercury, endue thee with pleasing, for thou speak'st well of fools.
Clown, *Twelfth Night*.

VOL. III.

LONDON :
PRINTED AT THE
Minerva-Press,
FOR A. K. NEWMAN AND CO.
(Successors to Lane, Newman, and Co.)
LEADENHALL-STREET.
1811.

THE METROPOLIS.

CHAP. I.

The Pleasure arising from a good Act—A Fox-hunting Baronet, and Bit of Blood—Great Folks how to be estimated—How to make their Insolence retort upon themselves—A Dialogue between the Fox-hunting Lady and her Fox-hunting Son concerning Marriage—Some of the extraordinary Qualifications of the Fox-hunting Baronet, and his Fox-hunting Tutor.

SO impatient was Brian to alleviate the distress of Mrs. Adamson, that he hastened away, before Verjuice had quitted his pil-

low, to convey the gratifying intelligence to her. He took care not to break at once all the happiness which awaited her, but told her that her Grace of —— was raising a subscription for her, which she hoped would put her in a way of maintaining herself and her family respectably; and asked if she had ever thought of any plan, and what sum she might think necessary to carry it into execution? Mrs. Adamson said, that being a very good needle-woman, she had thought of the ready-made linen line, in which her daughters would come to assist her as they grew up; the accommodation of lodgers would pay the rent of a house, and a little business would supply their necessities; but that as often as the idea had started, the want of a small capital had as often extinguished it. Brian asked
her

her what sum she might imagine would be sufficient for a beginning?

“ Oh, Sir,” replied she, “ it is quite out of the question. Not less than two hundred pounds, I suppose.”

“ Well then, Madam, I have the pleasure to inform you that you may depend upon that sum, and even more. Look out for a situation so soon as you please; the money shall be ready for you.”

Mrs. Adamson looked earnestly in his face, as if doubtful of the information of her ears; but, having heard it repeated, she grasped his hand, as the tear swelled her eye, and was about to drop on her knee, when Brian prevented her. By degrees he informed her of the whole extent of her good fortune, and when he had seen her tolerably calm, after so sudden a transition from despair to hope,

he left her with a promise of calling again within a few days.

On his return home he was surprised to find Augustus Thrum at the breakfast-table, with Mrs. Marsden and Verjuice. After the usual civilities, Augustus informed Brian, that he was come, by the desire of his father, mother, and sister, to remind him and Mr. Verjuice of their promise to renew their visit, and to prevail on them to accompany him back to Ewel.

“How did you find us out?” said Brian.

“Miss Hewson,” answered he, looking archly, “is at our house, and she furnished me with your address.”

“Oh! I remember now to have given it to her when at your house, some letters having been left at her father’s for me.”

Verjuice

Verjuice pleaded some urgent business, which required his immediate attention, and would prevent his accompanying Augustus, which he insisted on Brian's doing, and promised to come and fetch him if he should think his stay too long. Then, giving Brian a significant look, he told him to take his pleasure, and leave business to him for a while.

Brian and Augustus set off, and on the road, soon after leaving the house, the latter said that his sister had desired him to hint that the company of Captain Fascine might not be disagreeable to Brian on his excursion. Brian laughed so heartily, that Augustus wished to know whether (as he had some slight suspicion) there was not something between his sister and the Captain?

“ I had the pleasure of introducing

him to your sister," answered Brian, "as I shall presently have that of introducing you to each other; but you saw him at Epsom, and I need not say any thing to you about his personal qualifications. As to the rest, he is a gentleman of strict honour, a sincere friend, and I could wish no better to your sister and himself, than to see their happiness indissolubly united and derived from each other."

"If that be the case," said Augustus, "the Captain has no time to lose, for the enemy is already in his camp. The dashing Lady Spanker, and her booby son, Sir John, have been three days at our house, and their visit is on a matter of business—an avowed treaty of marriage. My father appears elated with the idea of a title and a splendid establishment for his daughter, as Sir John's estate

tate is large and unincumbered; but, for the Captain's comfort, my mother is disgusted at the coarse manners of both the mother and son, and the air of superiority which they affect—Sir John being a baronet, and my father only a knight. My sister, had she not been already prepossessed in favour of your friend the Captain, had the very same motives of disgust; and the confidence which her Ladyship and her son appear to entertain of their proposals being joyfully accepted, you must allow to be enough to disgust a girl of less sensibility and understanding. Excuse my partiality, but you know her."

"And respect her too much not to have deprecated such a sacrifice, even had not my esteem for Captain Fascine made me also partial. But all's well yet;

and, from what you say, the odds are in the Captain's favour. To a gallant soldier, obstacles are only so many *stimuli* to an exertion and resolution to overcome them."

They found the Captain just stirring, who received Augustus's invitation with so much pleasure, that, without swallowing his breakfast, he huddled a few necessaries into a portmanteau; and in less than an hour the *triad* left town in a post-chaise.

On their entering the gates of the knight's mansion, the rattling of the wheels drew the family and guests to the parlour windows, and the *view hollow* was given in style by Sir John, accompanied by his friend the Rev. Mr. Scentwell. This *stentorian* reception was, however, scarcely perceptible to the nerves of

Brian

Brian and the Captain, who forgot all other objects at the sight of Miss Hewson and Miss Thrum; the former of whom nodded with a bashful reserve, whilst the latter, with her natural sprightliness and ease, waved her handkerchief with unfeigned tokens of satisfaction. The usual ceremonies having taken place, which to all well-bred folks are tedious, and we shall pass them over as such, out of complaisance to our well-bred readers, pleasure and ease seemed to be the order of the day with every one but Lady Spanker, who kept up a stately distance, which was passed over with suitable neglect. Indeed these airs were quite lost upon the Captain and Brian, the former of whom had passed great part of his life among the *haut ton*; and the latter, al-

though he had enjoyed but a very short acquaintance with *great folks*, and dreaded his first *entrée* among them, as *Daniel* was terrified at his introduction into the *lions' den*, had now experienced that they were a very harmless, inoffensive set of creatures to men of sense. He found, it is true, as he expected, a Miss Fanny Howe, Young Hector, Miss Jenny, Miss Charlotte, Miss Betsey, Traveller, Harry, and others of the wild beasts in the Tower, who, if they did not actually prey upon beasts of inferior strength, would destroy their happiness, and gorge themselves upon scandal; but they were easily resisted. The mean arts of awing people into a consciousness of inferiority, or the more insolent one of quizzing or staring them out of countenance, the

Captain

Captain and Brian alike despised, and valued rank only when supported by talents.

At dinner-time, the fish and game upon the table furnished such a variety of topics for the Baronet and the Knight, and they were so remarkably communicative of their knowledge upon those subjects, the former in destroying and the latter in dishing them up, that the rest of the company could scarcely get in a word; indeed, the young ladies, the Captain, and our adventurer, seemed to have no great appetite either for food or conversation.

After dinner, Lady Thrum, having in vain attempted to draw on a general conversation, proposed to the ladies to take a turn in the garden; accompanied by such of the gentlemen as should pre-

fer their company to the bottle. Brian, the Captain, and Augustus, immediately declared themselves of the party; the Baronet decided on sticking to the bottle with the Knight, and his mother, giving him a look of mingled anger and contempt, followed the rest into the garden.

For reasons, which the reader will be at no loss to guess, Lady Spanker attached herself to Miss Thrum during the whole of the walk; and Lady Thrum accompanying Charlotte and Brian, the lovers had no opportunity of breathing out their melting eloquence; so that nothing transpired worthy of the reader's notice. It was in vain that Augustus tried to engage the attention of Lady Spanker, to afford the Captain the so-much-wished-for occasion.

Whether

Whether her Ladyship had gathered any thing from the language of the eyes during dinner-time or not, she certainly began to entertain some suspicion that her son would find a rival in the Captain. As she imagined this interference to be a high insult to the Baronet's merit and pretensions, she despised the Captain heartily, and Miss Thrum not much less, for encouraging, what she deemed, his insolence. Her every look and word betrayed her resentment; but the objects of it saw through her motives, and gave an additional sting by the most lively sallies and easy pleasantry. Charlotte and Brian, more timid, conversed only by occasional glances, and the latter had no reason to be dissatisfied with this mute conversation. Her Ladyship's ill-nature

nature and reserve increased during the remainder of the day, as she evinced by a disdainful taciturnity, and peevish answers, when she was particularly addressed, and could not avoid giving a reply. On her son she bestowed only looks of anger and contempt; who, however, as well as the Knight, were half-seas over, and too much engaged in their own boisterous nonsense to pay much attention to any one besides.

At length her Ladyship observing the Captain and Miss Thrum wholly taken up with each other, and having been ever superior to the constraint of politeness, could contain no longer, and vociferated—"I think, Jack, we must get you a commission, since a red coat alone is able to engage all the attention of the
young

young ladies; you often throw away more upon a maggot race than would dub you a Captain."

This rude and pointed remark drew the attention of all the company, and of the Captain in particular, who noticed it only by throwing looks of the utmost contempt, first on the speaker, and next on her son, sufficiently expressive, however, of his sentiments of both. The rest of the company were confused and silent.

"Why you know, my Lady," replied Sir John, "that the Lord Lieutenant pressed me to accept a lieutenancy, and promised that I should have the first vacant captaincy; but I thought it would be doing the regiment too much honour."

"I think so indeed, Jack. I really pity many of the poor fellows, who are
obliged

obliged to keep up the appearance of gentlemen merely on their pay."

"I thought, my Lady," observed Lady Thrum, with much apparent coolness, "that, by an act of Parliament, militia officers were obliged to have a certain qualification of income according to their rank; a lieutenant, for instance, one hundred pounds a-year."

"Oh dear, my Lady, the qualifications of officers in the militia, and those of members of Parliament, are pretty much alike; they can borrow them long enough to swear by. You know that, Jack?"

"Yes; I lent a qualification the other day."

"And could lend a dozen more, Jack, and hunt a pack of hounds after all."

"Aye, by G—, with any man in the kingdom, for five thousand, and here's my

my *done* first; I believe no one doubts my qualification in that respect. Hoicks! —hoicks!—stole away!” And here he went through the whole manœuvre of a pack, from the view-hollow to the death-shout.

Lady Spanker was so enraged at the Baronet's having so run on the *wrong scent* of the invidious revenge, which she wished him to have followed up breast-high, that she only muttered out the epithet *booby*, and sunk into her former stately sullenness. The Knight, who was wholly ignorant of her Ladyship's drift, renewed his conversation with the Baronet; and Lady Thrum, her daughter, Miss Hewson, and Augustus, fixed their eyes on the Captain, with the most expressive looks of contempt for Lady Spanker's indelicacy, which had only re-
coiled

coiled upon herself. To heighten her Ladyship's mortification, the ladies not only resumed their former gaiety and sprightly conversation, which she had interrupted, but, to make atonement to the Captain, they paid the most marked attention to him.

Brian at first scowled contempt and indignation on Lady Spanker and her son; his resentment, however, soon vanished before his better sense, and he determined to make his talent for irony subservient to his revenge, by leading the Baronet to hold up his own character in its proper ridiculous light. With this view, having been bred up in a sporting country, and in his youth very much attached to the sports of the field, he began to chime in with the Baronet—boast of his own feats, in having drank off pint bumpers.

bumpers of port, in which foxes' feet had been immersed—and concluded by declaring that he would rather kiss the lips of a favourite hound, than those of any woman whatever. The booby fell plump into the snare—fell from the chair on his knees—clenched a similar protestation with a solemn adjuration and a bumper, to the high entertainment of the rest of the company; who, not even excepting Lady Spanker, perceived Brian's aim. He had no sooner attained his end, than he burst into a shout of laughter, in which the company joined him; and Lady Spanker, unable to bear this mortification any longer, rang for her waiting-woman and withdrew, charging all her son's folly on the strength of the Knight's wine. The company, however, very justly attributed

attributed it to the weakness of the Baronet's intellects.

Lady Spanker had not left the room many minutes before her son received a summons to attend her; and the company being now left to a rational entertainment, which we will not pay the reader so ill a compliment as to imagine it to be an unusual treat at his own table, we shall follow the Baronet to a *conversatione* of another kind, which the fastidious reader may avoid, by skipping it over, if he or she so pleases; as if there should be any thing coarse or indelicate in it, the fault lies with the education and ebriety of the Baronet, and not with the author, who only sticks to nature in her coarser, that is, a more fashionable garb.

The

The Baronet found his mother so big with indignation, as to be unable for some moments to bring forth any connected sentences. She bellowed only the epithets of booby!—dolt!—ideot!—sot!—swine!

“Why what *vermin* has *crossed the track now?*” cries the Baronet. “Where have we been *at fault?* *Try back, try back,* there! I’ll warrant we’ll soon *lay ’em on* again.”

“You stupid hound!—you babbler!” quoth her Ladyship, “*you are at fault,* and were I *whipper-in,* I would *lay the lash on* till you learnt better manners.”

“Why, my Lady, I am at fault indeed; for rot me if I can tell what you are driving at. A’n’t I running the *fox* as fast as I can gallop? All *holes stopped*—no running to earth—and if she stays above ground,

ground, she can't tip us the *go-by*, with all her *shifts*."

"Sot!—can't you see that there is one crossing the chace, who will carry her away from you?"

"The devil carry me away if he do! Keep her in view all the way. With all her *doubles* and *feints*, can neither skulk, dodge, nor throw us out, I tell ye."

"You're a fool, I tell ye."

"Can't help that. You and dad should have thought about putting a little more *sense* into my composition; but I don't feel any want of it."

"I dare say not; self-conceit is ever the curse of stupidity. I tell you that that red-coat beggar is riding across the country, to intercept the chace."

"So let him if he will; the more sportsmen the better the sport, and the

greater the honour of beating them all. D'ye doubt my dashing? Ye ought to know best what stuff I'm made of."

"I know very well what stuff giddy girls are made of, and that a *bit* of scarlet is the surest bait to snare them with. They love attention—to be always waited upon."

"Why, zounds! a'n't I now sticking close enough?"

"What! by getting drunk with her father, and leaving another to run down the game?"

"Pshaw! I'm only *lying by* a little, to let him run her *out of wind*, and then I shall swoop upon her. Ha!—dead!—dead! Carry her off in triumph, you shall see"

"She'll be too many for you."

"Yes,

“ Yes, just as much as you were too many for my father.”

“ There was a vast difference between me and this girl; between my education and hers. I could distinguish merit.”

“ And so can she, you’ll find. A’n’t I a chip of the old block—*blood to the bone*? If she had got but half an eye, she must see what’s what. She may coquet with the Captain a little, but I’m the boy at last; if I miss, it will be time enough for you then to say, that you and dad could get nothing better than a fool betwixt you. Have a little better opinion of yourself. As stupid a hound as you call me, you shall see that I’ll soon send that red-coat spaniel to town with a flea in his ear.”

“ Well, Jack, I see you are determined
to

to have your own way ; *beat the bush* as you will, I'm resolved to break cover to-morrow morning."

"Very well ; *put the game up*, and I'll bet the long odds I *stick to her* till she's *run down*. Heigh over !"

The Baronet now returned to the company in the parlour, so vain of his oratorical prowess and conquest over his mother, that he stunned them with his vociferation, and sent them to rest much sooner than they would have felt an inclination to have separated. The Baronet, after drinking confusion to all *milkshops*, determined to keep it up, and therefore went in search of Scentwell.

The reader may, perhaps, wonder that this gentleman has never been once mentioned ; the fact is, that neither his talents, education, nor inclination, being

VOL. III. c congenial

congenial with refined conversation, whenever the Baronet was among other company than that of fox-hunters, the reverend gentleman, under pretence of indulging himself with smoaking a pipe, would retire to the servants' hall, and drink ale with the grooms. Here he maintained that superiority which he would have lost in the parlour, by recounting his hair-breadth 'scapes in fox-chaces—relating sporting anecdotes—singing Bacchanalian and hunting songs—and drinking *canonically*—that is, like a fish. He had got through several stories, and sung the songs of Old Towler, Töm Moody, Sportsman's Hall, &c. when the Baronet reeled into the hall, and his bawling out for the lantern was the well-known signal for his and Scentwell's giving the *Vicar and Moses*, as an acting duet.

duet. They went through the performance amidst the unbounded applause of the audience, consisting of the Knight's and Baronet's domestics.

CHAP. II.

*A Midnight Ramble of the Baronet and his Tutor—
—A Rencontre with an Owl and with Gypsies—
Their ludicrous Situation in the Morning—
Apprehended as Thieves, and carried before a
Justice—The Adventure concluded.*

ABOUT the hour of midnight an unusual noise and fluttering was heard among the fowls in an out-house adjoining to the poultry-yard. The cackling of the fowls at such an hour raised suspicions that all was not right, and one of the servants gave it as his opinion that some thieves were

were plundering the roost. Authors have defined courage to be the result of nerves and spirits; such may be the origin of the genuine sort, but there is another of the bastard species, well known to the vulgar by the term of *pot-valiant*. The Baronet and Scentwell felt somewhat of the latter impulse; and the Baronet, having procured a loaded fowling-piece, sallied forth with Scentwell, who was armed with Moses's lantern, and some of the male domestics, to seize or frighten away the depredators. On examining the fowl-house, the birds were found flying about in great consternation; and, on a nearer inspection, the ground was discovered to be strewed with blood and feathers, and a small wooden shutter to have been forced open, through which the thieves had

gained an entrance, and made their escape with their booty.

'The Baronet, who had heard that none but the brave deserved the fair, imagined that a shew of valour would be of weight to the affair which his mother was about to take in hand on the morrow, and he expressed his determination to set out in pursuit of the robbers. As the night was pitchy dark, Scentwell could not avoid offering to assist with his lantern, without suffering his courage to be called in question. The domestics, who felt no such motives either of fame or fear to signalize themselves, were more inclined to go to bed; and, after vainly representing the fruitlessness of a pursuit, and the impossibility of tracing the thieves in so dark a night, skulked back to the house. Our heroes, having pledged themselves

selves to the undertaking, resolved to put the best face upon matters, and marched on, like *Diomede* and *Ulysses*, on their famous expedition, which ended in stealing *Rhesus's* chariot and horses.

Now o'er the fields they skulk away,
Like bailiffs hunting for their prey.

HOMER TRAVESTIE.

Scentwell marched two or three paces before with the lantern, and the Baronet followed with his gun cocked; they had not proceeded far before the light was suddenly extinguished, and ere the Baronet could stop to inquire the reason, he plunged into a pond, and was instantly laid hold of by Scentwell, who had preceded him. The lantern and gun were both sacrificed to their mutual safety, and it was not without much difficulty and floun-

dering about that they regained the bank. There, drenched with muddy water, and enveloped with impenetrable darkness, they still kept hold on, although unable to see, each other. After a short consultation, they agreed that they had performed enough to satisfy their honour, and that it would be most prudent to endeavour to retrace their way back to the house; they slowly measured their uncertain steps, fearing another insidious pond, until a rustling in an adjoining bush brought them to a sudden stop, and made them cling closer to each other. They expected every instant to feel themselves seized by the thieves, of whom they had come out in pursuit, and whom they were now incapable to resist, when, to their inexpressible joy, their ears were ravished with the most delicious music
that

that could have been heard in their situation: it was a plaintive air, and the sounds were simply — *Tee-wit! Tee-ho, ho, ho!* In short, it was

A bird, so large and fierce, it made
This pair of bully Greeks afraid:
Tho' 'twas so dark they could not spy
What bird it was by th' naked eye,
Yet quickly by the voice they heard
'Twas a Scotch nightingale that scar'd
Their valiant hearts——.

HOMER TRAVESTIE.

In plain English, they had scared, and been *scared by an owl*. The Baronet's ears had no sooner ascertained the joyful certainty, than, affecting courage, although his voice was still tremulous from his recent fright, he exclaimed—"Push on, my boy! D—n it, who's afraid?"

"Not I," says Scentwell, sneeringly,

c 5

"any

“any more than yourself, of your *Tee-wit, tee-ho*, if that be all; but, to confess the truth, we were both terribly alarmed at first.”

“True enough,” quoth the Baronet; “we may confess the truth here, as there is nobody to overhear us; but we won’t tell this part of our adventure at the Knight’s, or they will say—that the owl and we three loggerheads be.”

“Hush!” cries Scentwell, “we don’t know but the thieves may be near us at this moment.”

They now wandered about, being somewhat soberer for their cold-bath, and scrambled over hedge and ditch for a considerable time, when their eyes were saluted by a glare of light at a distance. They made towards it, in hopes of finding shelter, or at least of procuring
a guide

a guide to conduct them back to the Knight's; but, to their no little dismay, as they drew nearer, they observed that the light proceeded from a fire in the open air. It instantly occurred to them that it was surrounded by some gypsies, and probably of the very same party as had plundered the Knight's roost. Being unarmed, and ignorant whether they might encounter friends or foes, they halted, and held another consultation; at length they concluded on disguising their errand, and endeavouring to get assistance to conduct them to the village of Ewel. They approached in silence, for fear of alarming the midnight wanderers, and making them take to flight.

They now came near enough to discern two gypsies, (for such they really were) and, on hailing them, they jumped

up, as if doubtful whether to stand or fly.

“Don’t be afraid,” cries Scentwell; “we are only a couple of travellers, who have missed our path, and wish to be put in the right track. We will reward you handsomely if you can assist us.”

“To what place do you want to go?”

“To Ewel. We have been wandering in the dark, and are quite drenched from slipping into a pond; permit us to dry ourselves at your fire-side.”

After a short pause, one of the gypsies demanded if there were no more than two of them, and, on being answered in the negative, told them to come on.

The wet and dirty condition of the Baronet’s and Scentwell’s clothes sufficiently bespoke their distress; and the gypsies, far from having any intention
of

of conducting them to Ewel, had formed a design of detaining them till after they should have decamped, as they meant to do at day-break, having committed too many depredations round about to tarry any longer. One of them, under pretence of getting some more fuel to keep up the fire, went away, and returned in a short time with two more of their fraternity, to the no little terror of our Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, who wished night adventures to the devil. After the same questions and answers had been repeated, one of the new-comers informed them that they were at least four miles from Ewel, which lay across the country, without any direct road leading to it, and that it would be impossible for them to find the way, or for any one to direct them to it in the dark. He added —“ It

—“It will not be above three hours to day-break, and you may pass the time safely in our company, in a warm barn not far distant, if you choose. I suppose you know what we are?”

“You belong to the fraternity of gypsies, I presume,” replied Scentwell.

“You are right. Our supper is in the pot over the fire, and you may find worse fare than pot-luck with us.”

Although our heroes would have preferred wandering in the dark, yet, as they were wholly in the power of the gypsies, they did not think proper to betray any fear of them, and they accepted the invitation with a tolerable good grace. The two last comers conducted them to the barn, where they found three more men, about eight women and lasses, and a dozen children. Two ends of candle, stuck in
pieces

pieces of wood, scooped out for their reception, just dispelled the gloom around the circle, and throwing their gleam on the copper-faced gentry, afforded no small resemblance of an Indian party, which would have been complete, if the men and several of the matrons had been smoaking calumets instead of short bits of pipes. In point of dress, there could not be much superiority on either side, as the gypsies had laid aside every superfluous article to favour the agility of their motions in the merry dance.

One of their conductors, who appeared to be the chief of this vagrant tribe, welcomed them, in the name of the rest, and handed to each of them a tin cup, which held a full quartern of gin, observing, that a wet inside was the best antidote to a wet outside. The chief then gave the
well-

well-known signal, by clapping his hands thrice, and the whole party jumped on their legs for a *frisk*, except one, who officiated as fiddler, who, after rosining his bow, began to rasp away the *Black Joke*. Nature all at once seemed to be in one of her merriest moods, and sported away in grimaces, antics, and gambols, whilst the tatters flew about in graceful, spiral evolutions, in unison with each motion. After the first dance was ended, the guests were invited to follow the example, and offered their choice of partners; they acquiesced—as also in a proposal which was made to them to exchange their clothes for such as they could be accommodated with, whilst their own were taken to the fire to be dried against the morning. Hosts and guests being now all of a garb, the dance recommenced;

menced; the guests gave way to the gaiety of their entertainers, and footed it about till the word was given that supper was coming in. All instantly formed a circle on the ground, which was covered with roasted potatoes and boiled fowls, part of which had not three hours before been alive and at roost in the Knight's out-house, as the Baronet and his friend rightly conjectured. Among other blessings attending on poverty and fortuitous livelihood, mirth and a good appetite were not wanting; and, besides the bladder of gin already on tap, another full one was sung in with—

“What life with a beggar's can compare?” &c.

The urchins behind gnawed the bones as they were handed to them half-picked by their seniors, and more vacant countenances

tenances never graced a cabinet-dinner, or a lord-mayor's feast; *Care* never dared to show her cankered visage within such a circle. After two or three bumper toasts, and a few songs, in which the Baronet and his friend could not do less than pay for their entertainment by bearing a part, the dance was resumed with increased glee.

Joyful they dance, and sing, and roar,
Till they can sing and dance no more;
Then smoke their pipes, and drink, and funk,
Till ev'ry soul got precious drunk:

Then all,

Rolling, like pigs, upon the floor,
Began, like aldermen, to snore.

HOMER TRAVESTIE.

We must now draw the curtains round
them, that is, blow out the lights and
leave

leave them to the screen of darkness. Whether the gypsies slept, or only feigned to sleep, (the latter is most probable) our adventurers, through fatigue and intoxication, fell to it so soundly, that day was some hours advanced before Scentwell awoke, and jogged his friend. Silence reigned—even the rats and mice had retired to their holes; but the copper-faced gentry had decamped to avoid the consequences of their depredations, and, in their haste, had forgot to awake their guests, and restore them their own clothes, as they too soon discovered to their infinite confusion.

“ We cut mighty pretty figures here,” observed Scentwell.

“ Pretty indeed!” quoth the Baronet.
“ How the devil shall we get back?”

“ In the same manner as we came,”
answered

answered Scentwell ; “ under the shades of darkness. We must be content, like our old friend *Tee-wit*, *Tee-ho*, to remain all the day in our barn, or all the little birds will be hunting after and pecking at us.”

Fate however had decided quite otherwise, for the words were scarcely out of his lips before they heard the voices of some persons on the outside of the barn, and immediately hid themselves under their late straw beds. They had but just time to make themselves snug, as they imagined, before they heard a gruff voice exclaiming—“ What the devil has been the matter here ! Some cursed pigs, or thieves of gypsies, have littered here. Bring thy fork, Dan, and throw up this loose stuff in a heap.”

This exclamation set our heroes quaking.

ing. Dan began his work, and at every step approached nearer to them; the next sweep would have, perhaps, stuck the prongs into the Baronet, if he had not jumped up, crying—"Hollow! hold your hand, and be d—d to you!"

As a terrier dog, with haggard ferocious eye leers at a cat, which, unable to fly, bristles up its back, and stands on the defensive, so stood Dan and the Baronet. The former, with his pitchfork, advanced in the attitude of a soldier charging with bayonet; and the latter, with his eyes fixed, in readiness to escape by a sudden spring from the threatened attack.

"Thieves, master—rogues!" cried Dan.
"Take thou a fork!"

"Where, Dan, where? Stick 'un first! there be a gang of 'em—and then run thy fork into the straw!"

"For

“For God’s sake, don’t!” exclaimed Scentwell, springing up.

A parley now ensued. Scentwell assured the farmer that there were only himself and his friend; that they were gentlemen, who had lost their way on the preceding night, and having taken shelter in the barn, had been robbed of their clothes whilst they slept by some gypsies, who had left the rags with which they had been obliged to cover themselves. The farmer, who had taken heart the instant he heard that there were only two to encounter with, replied sneeringly—“You are a brace of pretty *gentlemen*, I see, and a very pretty story you’ve trumped up of your having been plundered by gypsies; you belong to the gang, and have robbed all the hen-roosts in the neighbourhood.”

“Upon

“Upon my word,” said Scentwell, “we are gentlemen, and of some distinction too. Lend us some decent clothes, and conduct us to Sir Jacob Thrum’s, with whom we are acquainted, and you will not only find it so, but shall be handsomely rewarded for your civility.”

“Mighty civil gentlemen indeed! Yes, yes, we’ll conduct you to Sir Jacob’s, and I shouldn’t wonder at all if he be acquainted with you, for he is a justice of peace, and well known to such vagrants. You’ve done a pretty good stroke of business in this neighbourhood, and see here are all the bones of the fowls which you’ve stolen scattered about the floor.”

“You’re right enough, old boy,” cries the Baronet; “you see that we did not want for a supper last night, although
the

the devil a breakfast we've had this morning."

"A breakfast and clothes indeed! Did you think to come all that over me? If you be acquainted with Sir Jacob, he may give ye a breakfast, if he will, for ye shall go before him—so no more words: march along. Dan, do you look sharp; we'll give 'em the *rogues' march*, I warrant."

"Never mind," said the Baronet to Scentwell, "'twill be a devilish good joke; we'll begin the laugh first."

The procession now marched forward towards the Knight's mansion, whither we must hasten before them.

Lady Spanker was so full of her design, that she rose much earlier than usual, and found the Knight lamenting
over

over his lost poultry. Her Ladyship would not lose so favourable an opportunity of taking him alone, and she immediately requested a private conversation for a few minutes; they withdrew into the pleasure-ground.

“ There is not much occasion for ceremony, Sir Jacob,” said her Ladyship, “ when the parties treat upon equal terms, and the proposal which I am going to make to you I am willing to put upon that footing. My son is in possession of a clear income of seven thousand pounds a-year: he is, as most young men of rank, fortune, and fashion are, rather giddy, and superior to the restraints of *commoners*, as you know people of *our* condition ought to be, Sir Jacob; but there is a remedy for the giddiness of youth—can’t you guess it?”

“Why, my Lady, I should suppose that age and experience will prove a certain remedy to that disease; I have found it so.”

“I doubt not, Sir Jacob, that you have been a little wild in your juvenile days, and I wonder that you have not hit upon a *speedier* remedy—*marriage* I mean.”

“Really, my Lady, they say that *marriage* is a *tamer*.”

“Well, Sir Jacob, that brings us to our point. Whoever sees your daughter, must acknowledge, as I do, her excellent qualities; an union between my son and her appears suitable in age, and every other respect; I should think we may as well conclude upon it.”

“Your Ladyship does us great honour. For my part, I should be very happy to see the two families united,
and,

and, so far as my consent goes, you have it, I assure you: but has the matter ever been mentioned to my wife or daughter?"

"Never, Sir Jacob."

"Why then you know, my Lady, it is proper they should be consulted."

"Of course, Sir Jacob; I only wished to ascertain previously whether the proposal would meet with your concurrence."

"My concurrence!—my hearty approbation! Daughters are pleasing troubles, that can't be too soon got off our hands, if they can be well settled."

"You are wise, Sir Jacob—girls' eyes are apt to be caught by false glare; the assiduity of fortune-hunters, the temptation of *red-coats*, are snares which a prudent father cannot remove too soon out of their way. It is a shame that govern-

ment does not interfere to put a stop to so many excursions to *Gretna-Green*, for no man is safe that his daughter may not be knocked down by a *blacksmith's* hammer. My son will offer fair terms—.”

“No doubt, my Lady; but excuse my interruption:—I am somewhat uneasy about him. Some thieves broke into my poultry-yard last night; your son and Mr. Scentwell set out in pursuit of them, in spite of all remonstrances, and are not yet returned.”

“Poh, poh! Sir Jacob, they are capable of taking care of themselves. I suppose that they slept at one or other of the adjoining villages; they will be back at breakfast. Is your Lady stirring yet?”

“I believe she may be down stairs by this time; if so, I will send her to your Ladyship, if it be agreeable.”

“I shall

“I shall be extremely obliged to you, Sir Jacob; I will take a turn here till she comes.”

Lady Thrum soon joined Lady Spanker, who renewed her overtures.

“Your proposal is highly flattering and advantageous,” said Lady Thrum, “and I am fully sensible of the honour you mean to do us. In point of rank and fortune, we have more than reason to be satisfied. There is only one point remaining, but that is the most essential one. An union of hands, without an union of hearts, in my opinion, can never be productive of happiness. It rests with the parties to be united to form a judgment in that respect for themselves, and if my daughter approves of your son’s addresses, I shall most cheerfully acquiesce in their union.”

“I admire your Ladyship’s candour. My son then has your consent, as well as Sir Jacob’s, to offer his hand to Miss Thram?”

“Most assuredly.”

The company were assembled round the breakfast-table, when their attention was drawn towards the windows by repeated shouts, and a number of people were seen coming up the avenue to the house.

“Some justice business, I suppose,” quoth the Knight. “I must ring for my clerk; and, my Lady, do be so kind as to bring me my *Burn* out of the bookcase. Aye, I see what ’tis; they have got two gypsies—some of the very thieves, perhaps, that stole my fowls last night. I sha’n’t be long dispatching them.”

The procession had gathered like a rolling

ling snow-ball, as Farmer Smut had called upon several people on the road, on whom the gypsies had committed depredations, and they joined the rout, with several idle fellows and boys, who were attracted through curiosity. Their joy at having caught two of the supposed depredators was the cause of their triumphant shouts, which they renewed at intervals, till they drew near the house. The Knight then threw up the sash, and Farmer Smut advanced before the rest, to acquaint his worship with their business.

“Aye, I dare say,” quoth the Knight, “that they belong to the very same gang that robbed my hen-roost last night. Eight of my best fowls gone—rot their dainty stomachs! I plainly perceive they have hanging faces—thieves by their very looks.”

The words had scarcely escaped from the Knight's mouth, before, to the no small astonishment of himself, the company whom curiosity had drawn to the windows, and the escort on the outside, the Baronet gave the view-hollow, in which he was echoed by Scentwell.

"Aye, aye, who the devil have we got here!" cries the Knight.

Lady Spanker, having reconnoitred the faces of the two supposed vagrants, was bursting with shame and indignation; and the rest of the company, looking at each other in amazement, could not refrain from bursting into a shout of laughter.

"Please your Honour," quoth Smut, "I don't know what sort of folks we've got here—devils mayhap; I'm sure they're devilish queer ones. However, your Wor-
ship

ship may know, perhaps, as they do say they are *gentlemen*, and acquainted with your Worship."

"Bring them into the house," says the Knight, "and order all the rabble to go away immediately, except such as have any business."

Then, turning to Lady Spanker, he desired her not to be out of temper, as it was only a youthful frolic, and he should soon be able to clear up the mistake.

Her Ladyship, upon this hint, conceived the idea of turning it all off as a laughable matter, and with an affected smile replied—"Really, Sir Jacob, I wonder how people can think of sending their sons to *universities*, where they pick up little else than the wildest vagaries, upon which they pique themselves, instead of imagining they are disgraced by

them. There is that *double-japanned* gentleman, as he styles himself, Mr. Scentwell, who, instead of restraining my son by his example and admonition, I will be bound has been the ringleader in this notable exploit. You will see that they will be the first to laugh, and make a merit of it."

"Well, well, my Lady, we shall soon set matters to rights, and true philosophy, you know, consists in laughing at misfortunes."

The Knight now went into the justice-room, and having demanded of the complainants if they were willing to deliver the prisoners into his care, and received their ready assent, he told them to retire and lay aside their disguise, and matters should stand over till their return. When the Baronet and Scentwell had resumed themselves and returned, the Knight,

with all the little gravity he could maintain, desired the complainants to make their charge, and Farmer Smut and Dan told in what situation they had discovered the prisoners, and the neighbours gave a piteous narrative of lost geese, turkies, ducks, and fowls. The Knight then demanded of the prisoners what they had to say for themselves, and they both burst into a fit of laughter; Scentwell, however, undertook the defence, and related the whole of their midnight adventure, except their encounter with *Tee-wit, tee-ho*, to the no small diversion of the audience, who were now sufficiently satisfied of their mistake. Their mirth was kept up by the Baronet's giving five guineas to be distributed among them, as a recompence for their losses and trouble; and after they had partaken of

D 6

a luncheon,

a luncheon, which the Knight ordered to be set before them in the hall, they returned thanks, and went off in the highest glee imaginable.

The gun and lantern wese fished out of the pond, and the Baronet and Scentwell, not having the sense to keep their own secrets, blabbed out the story of *Tee-wit, tee-ho*, and were ever afterwards nicknamed, among the servants, the *Owl-hunters*.

CHAP. III.

The Clown turned Jockey, or the Knowing-one taken in—How to get rid of an Estate, or Money burns a Fool's Hands.

LADY Spanker affected to join heartily in the laugh which the story of the midnight adventurers occasioned, but she did not fail, in private, to read a severe lecture to the Baronet, on the interruption which his indiscretion had given to her negotiation. The Baronet, however, was of a quite different opinion; he imagined that his late exploit was a feather
ther

ther in his cap, not having the sense to discern betwixt a laugh raised at his folly, or his cleverness. He had planned a scheme, which he imagined would raise his fame still higher; and, as it luckily coincided with her Ladyship's ideas, it answered the purpose of pacifying her.

The Baronet had some famous horses to run at the approaching October meeting at Newmarket, and he conceived that he should at least divide the applause of their prowess with his animals; his scheme was to prevail on the Knight's family to accompany them to Newmarket, where they would not only witness the superiority of his stud, but would moreover be dazzled by a new equipage and new liveries, which he had bespoke for the occasion.

Notwithstanding

Notwithstanding the happiness which Brian enjoyed in the presence of his Charlotte, with whom he had frequent opportunities of discoursing in private, although she ever discouraged the topic of love, he was not unmindful of the situation and anxiety of Mrs. Adamson, and he was impatient to fulfil his promise. Having expressed the necessity of his returning to town on urgent business, Lady Thrum and her family, with whom he was now become a great favourite, earnestly pressed for a longer stay; Brian informed them, that although the business required his presence, yet that it would not take up much time, and he promised to return within a few days. To make sure of it, her Ladyship said she would detain the Captain, who was willing enough to be left as a hostage.

Brian

Brian accordingly set off on the following morning, and having signified his return to her Grace of ———, through a channel which she had pointed out to him, she met him in the evening, and delivered to him the subscriptions which she had collected, and which Brian conveyed to Mrs. Adamson, who testified her joy and gratitude in the liveliest terms. She had already engaged a house in ——— Street, ———, and waited only to see her benefactor, to remove her family into it.

Verjuice was busily employed in preparing for the Newmarket races, and he advised his friend to omit no opportunity of ingratiating himself with the family at Ewel, and with the object of his affection, as he would not fail to give him notice when his presence would be necessary.

cessary. Previously to our adventurer's leaving town, he called on Mrs. Fisher, and was much rejoiced to find that she had procured a *majority* for Fascine; she had received the Gazette only on the evening before, which she presented to Brian, but would accept no other remuneration but some trifling present, as a token of their former intimacy. Brian accompanied her to her jeweller's, where, having presented her with a diamond ring, he took his leave, with a promise of renewing his visit on his return to town.

He now flew on the wings of love and friendship to Ewel, and put the Gazette into the hands of Fascine, pretending that his promotion had struck his eye through mere chance, and carefully avoiding the least hint of his having been
accessary

accessary to it, no less on motives of delicacy on his own side, than from a knowledge of Fascine's delicacy and high spirit on the other side. Fascine, however, was so overjoyed at his success, which flattered his hopes in another affair, that he never once bestowed a thought on the manner in which he had obtained it. The Knight congratulated the Major through mere form, as was the case with Lady Spanker and the Baronet, who now began to treat him with rather more outward respect, and to hate him more cordially than ever in secret. Lady Thrum, (who entertained more than respect for the Major's amiable and gentleman-like qualities, and who entertained some ideas of the understanding which existed between him and her daughter, and which she by no means disapproved) her daughter,

ter,

ter, Augustus, and Miss Hewson, were more fervent, and truly sincere in their congratulations. As Lady Spanker and the Baronet expected that their parade at Newmarket (whither Sir Jacob and his family had consented to accompany them) would make the strongest impression, they had agreed to postpone all farther proceedings in their marriage treaty till after that season, and their real jealousy was veiled by an affected politeness.

The Baronet was getting into high favour with the Knight; as the *second day of September* was past, the shooting season commenced, and the partridges levelled by the Baronet's death-dealing tube smoked daily on the table. His insolence on this success was so overbearing,

bearing, that nothing short of Miss Thrum's strict injunction could have restrained the Major from awing him into insignificance; and his self-command astonished Brian, who well knew his keen disposition to resent the most trifling appearance of affront, and his only fault—vice if the reader pleases—of a propensity to duelling. Presumptuous on fortuitous wealth, the Baronet would think to evince his superiority by daily and almost hourly offering bets on the most trifling occasions—the performances of himself, his horses, and his dogs—and his triumph was insupportable when he could find no one to cope with him.

“ Since we are not permitted to take this fool by the nose,” said the Major
one

one day to Brian, “ why don’t you take him down in his own way? If Verjuice were here he would soon do it.”

The spark fell upon tinder. Brian made another trip to town, stated the circumstances, and requested his advice and presence, if it would not interfere with business of more consequence. With Verjuice the matter did not require long hesitation; he wanted only a clever, trusty, country-looking fellow, to carry a scheme which he had conceived into execution. Giles Thornback instantly came into Brian’s head, and he set off in search of him. Honest Giles still retained his situation in the stables of the George and Blue Boar Inn, and was overjoyed at the proposal of being taken into the service of his young master, as he termed him;

him ; he soon settled matters at the inn, and followed Brian to his lodgings.

“ You understand horses, I am told,” said Verjuice ; “ that is the setting them off: but we want you to disguise a good horse, so as to pass for a bad one.”

“ Leave I alone for that too, measter. Only let me have your horse, and I’ll warrant, after he has been under my hands a few hours, you shan’t know ’un again.”

“ That is exactly what we would have.”

Verjuice then gave Giles his cue, a bank-note for fifty pounds, and directions to be at Ewel on a certain day. Having settled this point, Verjuice went among his old turf acquaintance, and readily procured a well-known mare, in high condition, being then in training for Newmarket. Having put the mare
into

into Giles's hands, the friends set off for Ewel, and let the Major into the secret of their intended revenge.

On the evening which had been appointed for the meeting with Giles, Verjuice, Brian, and the Major, went into the village, and found him waiting for them.

“ Well, here us be, measter, and now you'll presently zee whether you should know your own horse again.”

On leading the animal out of the stable, they absolutely disclaimed any idea of having seen her before; her sleek coat had been rubbed against the grain, and powdered, whilst warm, with dust. Giles had moreover procured some clippings from a London dray-horse, which, by means of gum, he had fastened to her heels, so that her *tout ensemble* was rather
that

that of a cart than of a blood-mare. When they had perfectly satisfied themselves of Giles's adroitness at transfiguration, or *transmogrification*, as he termed it, they returned to Ewel, where Brian introduced the subject of a hack, which he had some thoughts of purchasing; and, addressing the Baronet, said—"As there is not a better judge in the kingdom than yourself, Sir John, I should be proud of your opinion to-morrow morning, as fifty guineas is a long price, and I should be loth to be bit."

The Baronet was too conceited of the deference to his own superior judgment, and too ready to display his science in horse-flesh, not to give his acquiescence.

After breakfast they set out for the inn where Giles had put up, and Verjuice addressed him with—"Well, farmer,

mer,

mer, let's now see whether we can deal for this mare of your's or not."

"I'll bring her out to ye prezently, Zur; but you mustn't despise her, 'cause she be rugged like myself."

Giles brought out the mare into the yard, and whilst his tongue was lavish in her praise, it required his utmost skill to make her actions run counter to it. The Baronet was so offended at being called on to give his opinion of such an animal, that, casting a contemptuous glance at her, he declared his huntsman had slaughtered many better ones for his hounds.

"Bet a guinea, five guineas, o'that," says Giles; "mare nor I ben't such poor devils as us look."

The Baronet replied only by another contemptuous look at the presumptuous challenger.

“ Look ye here,” continues Giles; “ han’t a better beast to your name—no offence I hope, Zur. Shall run a mile or two miles against any thing you’ll bring vor ten pounds, and here’s my cash,” pulling out bank-notes.

“ Poh poh, fellow; put thy money in thy pocket, and thy mare into the plough.”

“ Wull ye take me up or no, Zur? I hopes I ben’t rude, but I don’t like to hear my mare run down.”

“ It would serve thee right for thy obstinacy.”

“ Well then do ye take me up, Zur, if you ben’t afraid. Epsom race-course ben’t var off; let’s ha’ one round.”

Verjuice now thought it time to spur up the Baronet, and he said to him—“ The fellow, Sir John, seems to be very confident

dent of his mare's performance, and he ought to know her; I do not pretend to set my judgment in competition with your's, but I really think that if the mare were trimmed up, you would discover some very good points about her."

"Psha, Sir! Since the fellow provokes me, you shall see whether I am to be deceived or not; I'll soon take the bumpkin's conceit out of him."

The Baronet then dismissed a messenger, with orders to his groom to saddle *Bajazet*, and bring him to the inn. Giles, in the meantime, threw his sack over his mare, clapped on a large old hunting saddle, with rusty stirrups over it, and declared himself ready for a start.

"Where did you pick up with that *bit of blood*?" demanded the Baronet, in a quizzing way.

“Why, Zur, I’se be put a poor country lad, and veather has a matter o’ nine o’ us; zo he gi’d I the mare and fifty pounds to get rid o’ I, and sent I into the world to seek my vortune.”

“And a pretty fortune you are likely to make of it, if you lay your money on your mare’s performances.”

“Well, Zur, when all be gone, I can but zeek a zarvice at last.”

The groom now arrived with Bajazet, and the party went off for the race-ground. The Baronet told Giles that he would not bet any thing, as it would be only robbing a poor fellow; but that he would just show him what one of his common hacks would do. The Baronet then mounted—the horses started, and Giles rode *all abroad*, in the clod-hopping style; but those who were in the
secret

secret could plainly perceive that he was obliged to exert all his skill, and even strength, to keep the mare from showing herself. The Baronet, however, notwithstanding Giles's manœuvring, found it necessary to put Bajazet to his mettle, and it was not without the greatest difficulty that Giles could manage, so as to keep the mare about three lengths behind at the end of the race.

“ By J—s, farmer,” cried the Baronet, on pulling up, “ the mare, as you say, is better than she looks; I could not have thought she had so much spunk in her.”

“ Ah, measter, never take man, woman, nor beast, by their looks. The mare has had but very zo zo keep, and I ha' rode her a longish bit of way ; but, with three days rest, I'll ride her o'er the same ground, against the same horse, or any

other you ha' got, vor fifty pounds. Dang it, let's lose the horse or win the saddle."

The Baronet again declined the bet, alledging that it would be no better than picking his pocket; but Verjuice urged him on, by saying—"Come, come, Sir John, I was once a turf amateur, and I still like to see a bit of good sport; I'll make up the hundred."

The Baronet now began to consider, that, as the race-ground was so very little distant from the Knight's dwelling, the ladies would be happy to enjoy such a sight, and he should have a fine opportunity of displaying himself, and laughing at his competitor, as he had no doubt of doing; he therefore determined on accepting the challenge, but, to get a higher bet, he alledged that it would not be worth while to send for one of his stud to decide

cide so trifling a wager, and Bajazet he could perceive was quite out of order, from being too severely hunted the whole of the last season.

“ Well then, rather than lose the sport,” said Brian, “ I will venture another fifty, from the specimen which I have seen of the mare’s performance.”

“ And I another fifty,” said the Major.

“ Done, done !” cries the Baronet. “ Come, hang it, as we seem to be entering into the spirit of it, here’s done for five hundred pounds, and make it up amongst ye.”

“ We’ll take you up,” said Verjuice.

“ But now, gentlemen,” quoth Giles, “ to prevent mistakes, mayhap ye mayn’t know the *auld* mare again, when I have trimmed and *tivated* her up a crum ; but the landlord and ostler here will know

the mare, and I suppose you'll take their words vor it."

"Aye, aye," replied the Baronet, "we sha'n't dispute your own word. Put the best face you can on the *auld mare*, or she wont be able to look at my horse's heels."

"I wull, Zur; and if you shou'dn't know us again at virst, I'se be bound in the end ye don't vorget I and the *auld mare* in a hurry."

The Baronet's groom was dispatched for his horse *Pantaloön*, and to the very great happiness of the other residents at the Knight's mansion, they were relieved from his boisterous nonsense, by his spending almost the whole of the interval in the stables. At length the important day of trial arrived; Sir Jacob, Lady Thrum, and the two young ladies, set

set out in the coach—Lady Spanker, the Baronet, and Scentwell, on horseback—and, as the distance was so trifling, Verjuice, Brian, and the Major, walked by the side of Giles, as he led the *auld* mare, which, however, by this time cut so very different a figure, and exhibited such symptoms of its real self, as raised the Baronet's suspicions of a trick, and depressed his former certainty of success.

When they reached the ground, the Baronet stripped, and displayed a complete jockey-dress—crimson jacket and cap. Giles exhibited, to the eye of *connoisseurship*, an awkward mixture of the jockey and rustic style, not much unlike the unique modern additions of the House of Lords, stuck up against the venerable pile of St. Stephen's Chapel. He was equipped with laced half-boots,

spurs, blue worsted stockings, clean leathers, and on stripping off his coat and waistcoat, discovered a flannel under-jacket with sleeves; to complete the whole, instead of a jockey-cap, he surmounted his *capital* with a red woollen night-cap. He mounted, however, in good style, and rode *snug* and *close*, quite differently from what he had done on the former trial. At starting the Baronet took the whip-hand; Giles stuck close to his heels, watching for his opportunity, and never attempted to shew himself till within the distance length, when letting out the mare, she made two or three springs, and got up neck and neck. They continued so till within about fifty yards, when Giles pushed on, secured the lead, and came in first by a couple of lengths.

Disappointment

Disappointment and vexation evidently tinged the Baronet's face, when, on pulling up, Giles asked—"Well, Zur, what d'ye think of I and the *auld* mare now?"

"Both bites, by G—d!" replied the Baronet.

"Don't ye think, Zur, that she be too good a bit for the hounds yet awhile?"

"I'll buy her of you. What will ye take for her?"

"Nay, Zur, thof I be but a poor raw country lad, my word be as good as my bond; I have given the other gentleman a price, and I won't run from my word."

"I take your mare, farmer," said Verjuice.

"Very well, Zur—she's your's—and now you can't zay as how you have bought a pig in a poke; but I be main loth to part wi' the *auld* mare. Ye may as

well take I too, to take care of her, and I'se be bound I'se do her justice ; that's more than most of your jockies will."

" Well, well," said Verjuice, " take her back to the stable ; we will follow, and talk over the matter there."

The Baronet gave *Pantaloön* to his groom, remounted his hackney, and having lost all cause of exultation, he left Sir Jacob and the ladies to return by themselves, and accompanied Verjuice and his party to the inn at Ewel. On the Baronet's proposition dinner was bespoke there, and he was anxious to retrieve his loss, which he attributed to chance, and vainly confided in his skill at play. After dinner he repeatedly offered bets to the company, and at length challenged any one of them to toss up, throw a main, or play a game at cards, for any sum they
durst

durst venture. Verjuice gave a wink to Brian, who, after several denials, accepted a challenge to play for a guinea, at the well-known game of *Put*, which in the course of very few hours beggars and enriches thousands. Brian, in addition to the certainty of playing off the Baronet's own money against himself, was much too cool and too scientific for his antagonist. The Baronet increased his bets in proportion to his run of ill-luck, and at ten o'clock at night he had added five hundred pounds to his morning's loss. Brian then proposed and really desired to put an end to the contest, but the Baronet insisted on having his revenge: supper was accordingly ordered, and, after having partaken of it, the Major and Verjuice returned to Sir Jacob's, leaving the antagonists to themselves. At day-break

break (for they never went to rest) the Baronet found himself three thousand pounds *minus*, and Brian entreated him to desist, offering to accept a third of the sum in discharge of the whole. The Baronet haughtily refused this accommodation, and Brian as haughtily insisted upon a settlement before he would proceed any farther; the Baronet then cooled a little, and stipulated for only one other fair chance to retrieve his losses; Brian readily acquiesced, and gave him the advantage of naming the stake.

“Double or quits!” exclaimed the Baronet.

Brian won, and as they returned to the Knight’s mansion, the Baronet requested that his loss might be kept a secret from his mother, which Brian promised.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

A Trip to Newmarket—How to take in your Friends, a true Extract from the Secrets of the Turf—A Street Robbery, and the Tradesman's Vade Mecum, or how to make a genteel Smash.

BRIAN communicated his success to Verjuice and the Major, adding, that he intended only to chastise the insolence of the Baronet, and to accept a trifling part of his debt in discharge of the whole sum.

“Not with my approbation, I can assure you,” said Verjuice. “You are a young man, emerging into life, without
any

any expectation, and when independence is within your reach, you sacrifice it to foolish notions. You will ruin no family—you will only teach wisdom to the foolish. The sum which you have won of the Baronet is not equal to one year's income; he cannot miss it, and it will make you easy and respectable through life. Hold it fast. I dare answer for it that the Major will be of my opinion."

"Why really," said the Major, "I can see no reason for any delicacy in the present instance. You have won the money fairly, and if the Baronet had turned the tables upon you, his disposition is such, you must be aware that he would have triumphed over your ruin. The loss is trivial to him—the gain is of the utmost importance to you—and the money had better contribute to the happiness

piness of a man of merit, than be confined to the hands of a fool, or dispersed among a pack of knaves."

"Undoubtedly," said Verjuice ; "and, besides, this sum, with what you are already in possession of, will just be sufficient to commence operations in a scheme which I have planned for you. If any further stimulus be wanting, recollect that it will enable you, without the imputation of vanity, or mercenary views, to aspire to the hand which alone will be wanting to complete your happiness."

This last argument decided the question. Brian, by the advice of his friends, required a security from the Baronet, when the business might be at rest, upon payment of the legal interest, till it should suit him to discharge the principal ;

to

to this proposal the Baronet readily agreed.

Matters being thus settled, Brian, by the advice of Verjuice, purchased the *auld* mare, which had been so instrumental to his success, and which Verjuice had taken on condition of paying a stipulated price, or of returning without injury, with a compensation for the loan of her. He likewise bought another horse of the Baronet, and Giles was put into a handsome livery.

The Baronet lost somewhat of his former arrogance; his ardour for betting was abated, and he even studied to ingratiate himself with our adventurer, whose skill at play was with him the highest proof of his merit. He pressed Brian to accompany him to Newmarket,
and

and to run his mare, offering to back her himself for a thousand, or to go halves in any bets he might make. These solicitations were very pleasing to Brian, because, although he had fixed upon attending the races, he wished to conceal from Miss Hewson that he was deeply involved in such hazardous pursuits; she, however, was aware that he could have no other means of subsistence, but love blinds its votaries to all failings and imperfections.

In this season of prosperity and youthful expectation, Brian cast his thoughts on the confined circumstances of his family; and, as it was now in his power, he resolved to make his aged parent some amends for the anxiety which his former imprudence had occasioned. He immediately dispatched a letter to his father, inclosing

inclosing a bank post-bill for five hundred pounds, and requesting him to look out for some more advantageous living, for which he would immediately remit the stipulated price.

As the month of October was now near at hand, every one was engaged in preparations for the trip to Newmarket. Giles was sent forwards with the mare, in company with the Baronet's grooms and horses, and Verjuice followed him, to pick up what information he could get. Emboldened by independence, Brian watched for an opportunity of meeting Miss Hewson alone. He lamented most pathetically his still lying under her father's displeasure; declared that the world was but a barren waste, and every prospect gloomy, without being permitted to entertain the hope of calling her his own.

own. He added, that he should never have dared to open his lips to her again on such a subject, if fortune had been unkind to him ; but that, as he had now secured an independence, he hoped she would not be offended at his presuming to offer to lay both that and himself at her feet.

A slight crimson tinged the face of Miss Hewson at this direct declaration ; but, as she was candour itself, she hesitated not a moment for a reply.

“ It would be needless, in my opinion contemptible, Mr. Bonnycastle, to affect a concealment of what you were well assured of. I congratulate you most sincerely on the favours of Fortune, who, I candidly confess it to be my sentiment, seldom bestows them on a more deserving

ing object. I do not blush to confess that I have ever lamented, and still do lament, the unhappy cause of my father's coolness; and, as I believe you have seen your errors, and wish to retrieve them, I could wish that they were buried in oblivion. Having gone so far, I have only to add, that I trust you know me well enough to be assured that I shall never bestow my hand without the consent of a most beloved and indulgent parent."

"Ah! Miss Hewson, would you but intercede for me with that indulgent parent, still there might be hopes."

"I shall do you no disservice, you may rely upon it, Sir; time, patience, and *prudence*, may effect your wishes."

"Amiable, adorable candour!" exclaimed Brian, venturing to take her
hand

hand and imprint a kiss on it. "Blessed with those hopes, it shall be the business of my life to realize them."

Miss Hewson wrote to her father, to obtain his permission to accompany Sir Jacob and his family to Newmarket, and he granted it, on condition that he might enjoy their company in town for two or three days previously to their excursion. When the period arrived the company separated; Sir Jacob and his family and Miss Hewson proceeding to Mr. Hewson's, Lady Spanker and the Baronet direct to Newmarket, and Brian and the Major took the same direction in a post-chaise.

Whilst Verjuice was renewing his old turf acquaintance, Brian and the Major, who had never before visited this seat of dissipation, amused themselves with
lounging

lounging about, and making remarks on the objects whom, like themselves, idleness, curiosity, profusion, or avarice, had drawn together in such a throng. The different views of the grooms exercising the horses round the various courses—the groupes of blacklegs and greenhorns—and the bustle and importance of some, contrasted with the vacancy and listlessness of others, afforded them at once subjects for criticism and amusement.

On the day before the commencement of the races, Sir Jacob and his party arrived. The Baronet had found a match for Brian's mare, provided it met with his assent, for two hundred guineas, and they agreed to halve the stake. The weather proved very fine; the company was numerous, comprising many persons
of

of the higher classes, and the sport was excellent. It was now that our adventurer was to discover some of the innumerable snares which the blacklegs lay to catch the unwary.

After the first day's sport was ended, the Baronet came to him almost breathless, and exclaimed, " 'Tis done!—all agreed upon!—a hollow thing! Take all the bets you can get, you and your friends!—lay odds!—a dead certainty!"

Brian desired an explanation.

"Why I have matched your mare against a famous horse belonging to Sir Charles Rushlight; we have just held a private meeting, and have agreed that his horse shall be beaten: the stake is merely nominal—a *draw* for the *flats*. Shadow, and some other friends of Sir Charles, are this instant gone to take all

bets against him; we must do the same. There is not the least risk, you see; Sir Charles and I are upon *honour*. His groom has received his instructions; your's will only have to push on as hard as he can, to save appearances, and *cloak the bite*. Lose no time; I am going to work this instant, and Scentwell is already on the scent."

Brian strongly suspected that Sir Charles was playing a deep game, and intended to *sell* his brother Baronet in the end; he hastened to consult his oracle, Verjuice, who was equally dubious of Sir Charles's honour. They went off in quest of Sir Charles, who confirmed Sir John's account, and offered to exchange mutual bonds, in a heavy penalty, for the performance of their secret agreement; Verjuice took him at his word, and the parties

ties separated to hunt out their prey. Verjuice pointed out the proper objects to Brian, who accepted bets to the amount of two thousand pounds, and then stopped. In the evening Verjuice and Brian made the circuit of all the inns, and private houses of the nobility and gentry, which were open for the purposes of gaming: here Brian was astonished to see to what an extent the most vicious of pursuits could sanction an association betwixt the highest and the lowest classes; but he imagined that he had entered the infernal regions, and heard the howls of the damned, when he entered a cockpit.

“Ten pounds on the *pile*!—Done! Guineas to pounds on the *ginger*!—*black red*!—*brass wing*!—*grey*!” and similar

exclamations, incessantly kept up, with the crowings of the cocks in the pen, and the shouts of one party, and groans of the other, of the human animal, as either of the feathered animals gained or lost the ascendancy, raised such a horrid din, as Brian imagined could be paralleled only in the infernal regions. Disgusted with this vilest of all sports, they made a speedy retreat.

It was now night, and as they retreated towards their inn, a man, muffled up in a great-coat, advanced, holding a pistol in either hand, and demanding their money.

“Turn away the muzzles of your pistols, my friend,” said Verjuice, coolly, “and we will readily contribute to relieve your necessities; we ought to do
so,

so, in fact, as Fortune has favoured us to-day, and perhaps she has frowned on you."

"She has indeed!" replied the poor wretch. "You are considerate gentlemen, and d—— me if I would not rather blow my own brains out, than do you a wilful mischief."

Verjuice and Brian gave him a handful of gold and silver, and wished him better luck on the morrow.

"If I should fail of it," said the robber, "these pistols shall make my *quietus*. Success attend ye, gentlemen."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Brian, "to what dreadful shifts do the avarice of one part of the world and the folly of the other reduce humanity! That poor wretch has, perhaps, brought ruin on his family, and before this time to-morrow,

will, perhaps, have closed his vicious career by suicide."

As the match was to be decided on the next day, they went to give Giles his final instructions, which were to catch every advantage, and trust nothing to chance. As the inn was overflowing, Giles had put up at a little alehouse in the outskirts of the town, nearest to the race-ground. They had not been many minutes in conversation, before they heard two persons enter into an adjoining room, and the partition was so thin, that they distinctly heard the following dialogue:—

"Well, what luck to-day?" asks one.

"D——d bad!" replies the other, whose voice was instantly recognized by Verjuice and Brian to be that of the person who had just before robbed them. "Half of my whole stock I lost on the
race-

race-ground, and the other half at an EO table, kept by a b—— of quality. How have you fared?"

"Faith, very little better; I have only one more throw left."

"And I should have been without even that solitary resource, but for my little friends, the *pops* here; and if Fortune don't favour one or other of us to-morrow, they shall rid the world of one, and me of my cares."

"Why you won't be such a flat—such a chicken-hearted driveller surely? Have not I as well as yourself pawned great part of my stock, and signed a bond and judgment on all the rest, to *raise the wind*, and make a push here? If they run a *nick* upon us, will not my situation be as desperate as your's? But I am not such a fool as to despair. Whilst there is life there

are hopes. If we can't do the thing genteelly here, I intend to push off for town, get *white-washed* by a *whereas*, and begin again. You have the same resource, so hang snivelling, and let's drown care, and drink better luck to-morrow, over a bowl of punch."

Verjuice and Brian now withdrew, after having enjoined Giles not to take the least notice of the conversation which they had overheard.



CHAP. V.

The Dutch Sharpers, or the Biters bit—The Art of Manœuvring, illustrated by Examples on the Cards and Dice, for the Benefit of the Ignorant.

BRIAN, after a night of restless anxiety, rose with the sun, roused Verjuice, and hurried him away to see that all was right with Giles and the mare; they accompanied him to the race-ground. The word was at length given to mount, and Giles appeared equipped in the true jockey style. On the signal for starting, Giles set off at score—pushed for the

F 5

whip-

whip-hand—took the lead—and never once lost it. Sir Charles's groom managed matters to a nicety, and came in only half a length behind. All the spectators acknowledged it to be as fine a race as ever was seen. Verjuice, Brian, and Sir John, congratulated each other, and Sir Charles affected to look rather blank, for *decency's* sake; but he, as well as the other Baronet, had eased the *knowing-ones* and the *flats*, both of whom were alike dupes on this occasion, of some thousands. Brian was very happy to have contributed in some measure towards Sir John's success, as he could now feel very little remorse for his having plucked a few of his loose feathers.

Brian now found himself possessed of twelve thousand pounds, exclusive of his debt to Verjuice, which he discharged;
and

and after having cleared his Yorkshire estate, he invested the remainder, by Verjuice's advice, in the funds.

On the evening previous to the departure of the Knight's family and Miss Hewson from Newmarket, Brian sought and was again indulged with an opportunity of breathing out his soft vows into the ears of the latter, who listened to them with more than complacency; and even declared, that if fate should prevent their union, she would never bestow her hand on any other of his sex: she moreover deigned to accept a valuable ring, of which he solicited her acceptance.

After the ladies had retired for the night, which was rather early, on account of their journey, Sir Charles Rushlight and Shadow fell in, and boasted highly of the morning's success. He wished to

be remarkably sociable, because he respected the skill of our adventurer and Verjuice; and he had changed his intention of cutting Fascine's acquaintance, from the instant he saw his promotion in the Gazette, which was quite unexpected, as he knew that he had very little to trust to but his merit. His motives were, however, easily penetrated, and he was encountered with distant politeness.

"I wonder," said he to Brian, "that you have never once mentioned your acquaintance, Lady M'Lackland. You have seen her, I suppose?"

"I just had a glimpse of her on the race-ground, but I was too much engaged to speak to her, and I don't know where she is to be found."

"Oh, she has set up a faro bank and EO tables here, in conjunction with the
Earl

Earl of E——. Suppose we just take a look in and see what they are doing; I should like to make a run upon the bank.”

Our adventurer was satisfied with what he had already done, and he had formed a resolution of trusting very little to Fortune in future: but as Verjuice seemed inclined to reconnoitre, he accepted the invitation. The rooms were pretty well crowded, and as Mr. Lurcher kept the bank, little doubt could be entertained that some deep game was playing. Her Ladyship affected to chide Brian for absenting himself so long from her parties, and hinted that her Grace of ——— had been the cause of it, which he absolutely denied.

“Are the people in *spirits* to-night?” asked Brian.

“Not very high,” replied her Ladyship,

ship, with a smile. "Money is very scarce; all are become *rooks* now—very few *feathers* flying. I hope I may congratulate you on your success?"

"Trifles, trifles, my Lady!—the same complaints of the times in all quarters."

"Did you ever hear any thing like it? I declare I almost come to a resolution at times to renounce *pam* for a *psalm-book*."

"Your Ladyship is too young for that yet, by a round dozen."

"Don't be making love to me, you creature you, or I shall make her Grace jealous. Come, do now go and put the folks in life; if they were once set a going, something might be extracted from them. Excuse me for the present—I must attend to the company—but we shall have a select party at supper to-night,

night, and we shall expect you and your friend Verjuice to be of the party."

As Brian was sauntering about, he was saluted by Miss Rappee, who had decked herself out in all the gaiety of five-and-twenty. She expressed herself quite weary of the universal round of company, and of the late hours which she had been obliged to keep of late, and invited him to partake of the refreshment of tea with her. He, however, adroitly avoided a *tête-à-tête*, which would not have proved agreeable to either party, by pleading that he was obliged to attend to her Ladyship's commands till supper-time; and Miss Rappee turned off with evident marks of disappointment, and of contempt for the dullness of his apprehension. He, however, was but too well aware of her intention; but his heart was too full of
Charlotte,

Charlotte, to permit him to think of gallantry with a much more blooming object.

Two young West Indians, as their countenances bespoke, which were somewhat about a *sixteen* dip, now entered the room; and as the idea of rum, sugar, indigo, cotton, begets that of wealth, the new comers instantly attracted the side-glances of the knowing ones. After sauntering round all the tables, they fixed themselves at the one where they were playing at hazard; Verjuice and Brian had their eyes upon them. They presently won some hundreds, which caused the confederates to assemble their phalanx, and muster their whole strength against them. Every manœuvre was played off, and yet the strangers maintained their superiority. The other tables

bles were insensibly deserted, and all the company assembled round to witness the event of this contest. It continued till nearly two of the clock in the morning, when the confederates tacitly acknowledged they were beaten, by shutting up for the night; the strangers observing, that, if that was the case, they were very well satisfied to give them their revenge another time, and pocketing their winnings, to the amount of about two thousand pounds, coolly walked off.

At the supper-table this unexpected run of ill luck was the whole theme of discourse; not a soul recollected to have ever seen the faces of the West Indians before; and yet Brian was well assured that he had seen one of them before, but when or where he could not bring to remembrance. Many conjectures flew about,

about, and none more probable than that, as they spoke the French language fluently to each other, they were sharping adventurers from some of the islands belonging to that nation. As Brian's mind was now at ease, he derived much pleasure from the mortification of the confederates, who were quite chop-fallen at this tumble. After supper, Verjuice and Brian returned to their inn, and on the next morning set off, with the Major, in a post-chaise for town.

They slept that night at St. Albans, and the next morning, as they were traversing Finchley Common, they observed a crowd of people assembled before the door of the Green Man public-house. On inquiring into the occasion of it, they were informed that two highwaymen had stopped some gentlemen re-
turning

turning from Newmarket, on the preceding night, and that one of the robbers had been shot, and then lay dead in the stable, till a coroner's inquest should have been held on the body. It instantly struck Verjuice and Brian that the poor wretch might have been the person who stopped them in the street at Newmarket, and curiosity prompted the latter to jump out of the chaise, to see if he could recognize him by his dress. On examining his features, he was struck with horror at beholding those of *Burnish*; and upon his acquainting Verjuice with his idea, the latter accompanied and concurred with him in his opinion. They were now at no loss to guess that the accomplice, who had escaped, was his intimate acquaintance *Glare*. The impression which this catastrophe made on
the

the mind of Brian was indelible, and he shuddered at the consequences of a life of dissipation, from which he himself, perhaps, had but narrowly escaped.

“So views some shipwreck’d sailor from the strand,
Th’ abyss which all his comrades had engulph’d.”

After their return to town, and some days of repose, Verjuice opened to Brian the plan which he had devised for his future pursuit.

“You have now accumulated,” says he, “twelve thousand pounds, a sum sufficient for every comfort and convenience of life; but you are naturally to look forwards to a family. Some reputable employment will not only add to your comfort, but establish your credit, and will be the readiest means to restore you to the favour of Mr. Hewson. I
have

have been thinking of your entering into the banking-line; I am aware of the difficulties, but I have prepared myself to obviate them all. You have a small capital, and some connexion with young men of fortune and expectation, whose future-favours you may ensure, by having it in your power to advance them money on proper securities. An addition may be made to your capital, by joining others with you in the same undertaking. There is your young friend Adolphus, for instance; he has been bred up to business—his father is possessed of a large fortune, and of good connexions, and might be ready to establish him in such a line. One other person would be sufficient, and him I will undertake to look out for you.”

Brian was at first astonished at the idea

of his becoming a banker; but when Verjuice had mentioned the auxiliaries, and offered reasons so flattering to his pride and love, he hailed the scheme as the harbinger of his future prosperity; it was therefore concluded that he should take the first opportunity of sounding the inclination of Adolphus, and be endeavouring to make some few more lucky hits, whilst Verjuice was looking round for a third person in the intended firm.

One evening, Brian went to pay a visit to Mrs. Adamson, at her new house in —— street; she was enraptured to see him, and entreated the favour of his taking tea with her. On entering into the parlour, he was surprised to behold, sitting at the tea-table, one of those very West Indians whom he had seen at Newmarket, and whom Mrs. Adamson introduced to him

him as one of her lodgers; it was the very one too whose face he thought he remembered. The stranger having now nothing to divert his attention, looked at our adventurer, as if he had seen him before, and with Brian the point seemed now almost reduced to a certainty; all attempts, however, at recollection proved vain. At last, to put the matter out of doubt, Brian asked the gentleman if he had not had the pleasure of seeing him some where before?

“I believe not, Sir,” answered he, rather confused, “as I have not the honour of having made any acquaintance in this country.”

“You have been here then but a short time, Sir; however, I am assured that I saw you one evening at Newmarket.”

“Oh

“ Oh yes, probably, Sir ; I was there in the race-time ; but one sees so many persons in such places, that, without a previous acquaintance, it is ten to one, you know, Sir, against one’s recollecting a particular face.”

“ Certainly, Sir ; but it struck me then that I had seen you somewhere before.”

“ I was in England only once before, Sir, and then I made but a very short stay.”

“ What parts of England might you have been in, Sir ?”

“ In London, and a very short time in Bath.”

Brian now began to think, and a ray of light broke over his mind.

“ You resemble very strongly, Sir, a Count Van Hoorn, whom I remember to
have

have seen there; but then he was an European, and you, I presume, are a West Indian."

"Yes, Sir, I am from the West Indies," replied the gentleman, rather more confused. "Many people, you know, Sir, resemble one another, but my name is St. Pierre."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," rejoined Brian, "for my freedom; I own I was very much struck at Newmarket, and still am with the resemblance."

Monsieur St. Pierre now endeavoured to give a turn to the conversation, and good manners would not permit Brian to press the subject any farther; he, however, could not avoid casting many a side glance at Monsieur St. Pierre, every one of which more and more assured

him of his identity with the Count Van Hoorn.

About an hour after tea, Brian rose to go away, pleading, as an apology for his leaving the company so soon, that he had previously intended to treat himself with the performance of one of the theatres on that evening.

“ I have never seen the inside of an English theatre,” said Mons. St. Pierre; “ and, if you are not better engaged, Sir, I shall be proud of the honour of being permitted to accompany you.”

“ By all means, Sir. Were it not that, as a foreigner, you have a right to the attention of a native, I should feel myself very happy to contribute to the amusement of an acquaintance of my worthy friend Mrs. Adamson.”

The

The lady replied by a curtsey and a grateful smile, and the gentleman by a low bow.

As they were on their way to Covent-garden—"Well, Sir," said Monsieur St. Pierre, "do you still hold your opinion that you have seen me at Newmarket races?"

"I should not be able to persuade myself to the contrary, Sir, if you did not assure me so."

"But do you take me to be that Count Van Hoorn?"

"I should, were it not for the difference of your complexions, and for your telling me that your name is St. Pierre."

"Well then, Sir, an open confession may be for our mutual advantage. My name is both Van Hoorn and Pierre; but neither the *Count* nor the *Saint* belong

to it. You know how I was drawn hither by Mr. Shadow, and how, after having received his share of my winnings, he confederated against me, and tricked me out of mine. I pretended to bid adieu to England, but I only left it for a while, with a view to enter into a new alliance, and to return to take the field in England, particularly against the forces of Mr. Shadow. As I was then Count Van Hoorn, I am now Saint Pierre, disguised, I hope, from all the world, except yourself and my auxiliary; but my real name is Pierre Van Hoorn, at your service. As you seemed to have some suspicion of me, I have thought it safer to trust you, particularly as your keeping my secret may turn to our mutual advantage, if you please."

"You have been certainly very ill used
by

by Shadow," replied Brian, "and cannot be blamed for seeking to retaliate upon him. You may depend on my keeping your secret; nay, I should even rejoice in your success, as Shadow, to my knowledge, is in the habits of the strictest intimacy with men, against whom, as was your case, he is daily entering into combinations. Such a man deserves no mercy, nor pity."

"Aye, you yourself," said St. Pierre, (we shall continue to keep up the *Saint*) "were pointed out to me as one of the victims whom Shadow was to draw in, and at whose sacrifice I was to officiate as high priest."

"Shadow's character," said Brian, "leaves me not the slightest doubt of it; but you must be aware that our being seen together will excite a suspicion that

may tend to frustrate your scheme, and a theatre is one of the most public places——”

“I was aware of that, and I only feigned a wish to accompany you thither, that I might have an opportunity of sounding you. And now, Sir, I will take my leave of you, as you know where to find me ; or, if your mind be not bent on the theatre, I will introduce you, if it be agreeable, to my friend *Monsieur Pipeur*, who lodges at Sabloniere’s hotel, in Leicester-square, and who will soon convince you that if I am more than a match for the best of your English players at billiards, he is no less their superior at cards and dice.”

Brian readily accepted the offer, and was introduced by Monsieur St. Pierre, as his most *particular* acquaintance, to Monsieur Pipeur. After mutual civilities,

St.

St. Pierre proposed to withdraw, and Pipeur conducted them to his private apartment. St. Pierre, in as few words as possible, acquainted his friend with the situation of affairs, and with his reasons for reposing so great a confidence in the gentleman whom he had the honour of introducing to his friend.

Pipeur shook Brian by the hand, exclaiming—“ *Eh bien donc, we are de equilateral triangle ! Each angle must be (qu'est ce que vous appelez ?)—tranchant.*”

“ Keen, cutting,” replied St. Pierre, translating as he went on.

“ *Eh bien*—and each side must be like *une lime.*”

“ A file.”

“ So dat it may *emporter la pièce.*”

“ Draw blood.”

“ *A poil et a contrepoil.*”

“ At every stroke.”

It should be observed, that St. Pierre, from his having been from a boy bred up in an English hotel at Hamburgh, and his residence in England, spoke the English language very fluently; and that although Brian understood the French language equally well, (it being an indispensable requisite in a mercantile counting-house, although not reckoned so at our universities) yet he chose to conceal his knowledge of it, under an idea, that if his two new acquaintances should form a scheme against him, they would not hesitate to converse about it, even in his presence, relying on his not understanding a syllable of what they said.

“When do you intend to take the field against Shadow?” said Brian to St. Pierre.

“Oh, Sir, we are quite ready now;
Newmarket

Newmarket furnished us with the sinew of war. We did not come over to England overburthened with cash; Buona- parte is our continental banker; and were it not for the guineas and dollars which your country has so *wisely* sent over to us, as subsidies, we should have almost forgotten the precious metals. So, Sir, to enable us to make a beginning, I visit two or three watering and other places of fashionable resort, and there I win some few pounds. Finding that no one recollected me, although I had even played against several who had cried me down on my first visit, I at last ventured to Bath, where I also did pretty well—not much—as I was unwilling to show play until I could venture a grand stake; I was, moreover, afraid of exciting suspicion, and consequently inquiry, which

might have led to a discovery. We had not mustered above three hundred pounds between us, when we luckily determined on a trip to Newmarket, where we made such a stroke, as will now enable Monsieur Pipeur to open the campaign with *eclat*, and I have no doubt with success; but, *apropos*, I have promised this gentleman, Pipeur, that you shall give him some proofs of your dexterity."

"*Oh! que je sais melier j'entend, avec plaisir.* You sal know, Saar, dat I vas complete professor of de art of legerde-main, before me venture to tak up de profession of gentilhomme. I do vat I please vid de dice and de cards; for, on de continent, ve begin by *etudier* de profession—you Englise gentlemens, I understand, begin by following de profession, and do not get de *sharp*, till after
dat

dat you have been de *flat*. Now, Saar, I could shuffle and cut de cards so as to make dem come as I please; I could at any time hav one card too much, and put away anoder; and once, ven I vas so *situé*, and had many eye upon me, I swallowed a card *de plus*, vid some sweetmeat, which I call for. Our French card be de ting, not so large and more souple dan your Englise ones; dey be too clumsy for de *savant*. But, Saar, you sal say, perhaps, dis be all *fanfarronade*; but me show—*tenez*.”

Monsieur Pipeur now went to his trunk, pulled off his slippers, and put on a pair of shoes; then came back to the table, on which he displayed a pack of cards, a box and dice.

“Now, Saar, me be ready for play.”

He then exhibited such command over

the cards, as far exceeded every thing that our adventurer had any idea of, although he had witnessed the performances of Jonas, Breslaw, and other celebrated professors, as well as those of his instructor Verjuice. Among other contrivances, he had a large snuff-box, filled with several of the leading cards of whatever game he engaged in; and, under pretence of taking a pinch of snuff, he would help himself to such of those leading cards as best suited his purpose, and conveyed away his most useless ones, in such a manner that Brian could not have detected the substitution. Every part of his dress, even to his pocket-handkerchief, was made subservient to his interest, by concealing cards, which he used at his pleasure. On the dice, his performances were still more surprising; he
threw

threw against Brian, and beat him at every throw ; they commenced the game with one triplet of dice, and he introduced three triplets when they had done.

“ Now, Saar,” said he, “ you sal suppose dat I have de false dice about me—you sal challenge me wid it—I sal affect dat surprise which is natural to a man of honour, on such an accusation ; *par example*,” drawing back his chair, fixing his eyes full in Brian’s face, putting his right leg over his left knee, and resting his right hand on the cap of his right knee, and his left on the ankle of the same leg, “ I sal say to you, Saar, if your accusation be true, I deserve to be kicked out of gentlemen’s company ; if it be false, you sal mak me proper apology, or sal deserve de like treatment—Agreed—I submit to be searched by de company—noting

noting found. Now get up, Saar, and search me yourself."

Brian made the strictest scrutiny of every part of his clothes, but could find nothing, although he had seen three triplets of dice in his hand but a minute before.

"Are you satisfied dere is noting?"

"Perfectly."

"*Eh bien*, Saar, now you see dat I am not like dose clumsy professors, who, on such occasions, are reduced to de necessity of slipping de extra dice to some confederate, who slips them to anoder, or else slips himself out of de room. Now Monsieur St. Pierre is at a distance, and I have de dice about me:—see."

He then pulled off his shoe, the heel of which was composed of copper, covered with leather, hollowed so as to
receive

receive the false dice, and the aperture was closed up so artificially with a slide, that Brian could not open it, after he had been let into the secret.

Brian now needed no more to convince him that Monsieur Pipeur was infinitely superior to every English *conveyancer*. He partook of a *petit souper*, and drank success to the allies in French wines. An evening was appointed for Pipeur's *debut*, and, by the advice of Brian, St. Pierre was to keep out of the way, as Shadow might as easily penetrate through his disguise as he had done. Brian promised to drop in, as if by chance, and took leave of the allies, after a renewal of his promise of secrecy.

CHAP. VI.

*The Dutch Gamester's Revenge—The Suicide,
and a Poem on the occasion.*

BRIAN did not fail to acquaint Verjuice with this unexpected rencontre, and the latter advised him by all means to make the most of this chance, which blind Fortune seemed to have thrown in his way, as it were, to enable him to throw off all dependence upon her in future; but, at the same time, he recommended caution, and a proper distrust of foreign auxiliaries.

On

On the evening previous to that fixed on for Pipeur's scientific display, Brian called upon St. Pierre, and they went together to concert with Pipeur on some certain signals when Brian was to bet or to refrain. Pipeur drew up a scheme, by which, from certain manœuvres with the box in his right or left hand, with his fingers in such or such positions, they might converse together on opposite sides of the table.

Their plan being thus arranged, both parties kept their appointment on the ensuing evening. Pipeur, for some time, took the chance of the dice, as had been concerted, and luck was against him; at length the box again came into his hands, and, having given a signal to Brian, he asked, "Who will set me?—a hundred—two hundred—five hundred?"

He

He was set to the amount of three hundred pounds, and won. He threw in three hands, and then made the signal to refrain. He had substituted false dice, but he now replaced them with the fair ones, and resolved to take his chance. He threw in twice more before he gave up the box. After some few trifling bets, he gave up his seat, not wishing to make any great *eclat* at the outset, intending to reserve himself for Sir Charles Rushlight and Shadow, who were not present that night.

Brian, as had been agreed on, followed him to his hotel, whither St. Pierre had also come, to learn their success. They had cleared about seven hundred pounds, which was equally divided among the triumvirate, it having been settled that they were to bear all losses equally between them,

them, in like manner, whenever Pipeur or St. Pierre was at play.

From this instant Pipeur and St. Pierre were never seen together in public, on the suggestion of Brian, that if St. Pierre should have the misfortune to be recognized, Pipeur might nevertheless continue to play his game unsuspected. Brian constantly attended at the gaming-houses, or billiard-tables, as either of them happened to be engaged, and their winnings daily accumulated. Pipeur occasionally made the tour of all the celebrated sporting resorts, except those which were supported by subscription, in the hopes of encountering with Shadow, but for a month in vain. He had managed to lose so often in trifling concerns, and to win but seldom, and then upon grand occasions, that he had pocketed

eted his gains almost imperceptibly, and without exciting the least suspicion.

At last they met together at a certain noted house in St. James's-square, and Brian pointed him out to Pipeur by signal. The box came to Pipeur's hand, and he gave the token to refrain.

"I will set you a hundred!" cried Brian.

Pipeur threw out, and paid his losses; his turn came round again, and he made the sign to bet.

"*In* for a hundred!" exclaimed Brian. He betted it thrice over, and Pipeur threw against six hundred pounds; he threw in, and repeated the signal. Brian took two hundred, and Pipeur threw against four hundred pounds—in again! He reversed the signal; Brian desisted, and Pipeur threw out. The box once more came to
Pipeur,

Pipeur, and he exclaimed—"Come, gentlemen, I shall stay but this round, so speak in time!" He made the signal to lay on.

"*In* for two hundred pounds," cried Brian.

"I'll set you five hundred!" exclaimed Shadow.

Pipeur threw in. He repeated the signal, threw in, and likewise the third time. He now thought it time to give over, and reversed the signal accordingly; he threw out, passed the box, and quitted his seat. Shadow had been touched for three thousand pounds, and he went round to Pipeur, and observed, with somewhat of suspicion in his looks, that he had been very lucky.

"*Oui, ma foi!*—ver lucky, and yet me
be

be ver poor. How you make dat accord, eh? You see me win to-night—to-morrow you see dat you have your revenge.”

“ Well, will you meet us to-morrow, at ——’s, in St. James-street, close by?”

“ *Oh qu’ oui*, I sal do myself the honour to accept your *defi*, and you sal see, perhaps, dat I do not carry Fortune in my pocket.”

The allies met as usual, and it was found that they had four thousand pounds to divide from that night’s booty. St. Pierre received the news of Shadow’s loss with that excess of pleasure which gratifies revenge, and, in his opinion, it doubled his share of the winnings. It was now concluded that Pipeur should, on the next evening, exert himself to the utmost; and, if unluckily any discovery should

should take place, he swore to take all the consequences of his conduct upon himself.

The parties met according to agreement, and Pipeur won considerably, notwithstanding the precautions of repeatedly changing the dice, and of examining them before each throw. Pipeur was so great a master of his profession, that he manufactured his own *doctors*, in a way to deceive the minutest scrutiny ; he procured common dice, drilled the holes, filled them with lead, and covered them over with the varnish used on such occasions, so that they would defy even the stroke of a hammer. Shadow, however, began to buz among the losers suspicions that all could not be fair. Pipeur still continued his manœuvres with the utmost coolness and dexterity ; in
proportion

proportion as he won, murmurs increased, and it at length broke out into distinct sounds of—"It can't all be fair."

Pipeur heard the rising storm, and he prepared for it. Having secured his false dice, he seized the first rumour, and exclaimed—"Who is he dat insinuate not fair? I challenge him to de proof."

No one in particular stepped forwards, but all the losers at once burst out into exclamations of—"Something must be wrong."

"If you mean on my part, gentlemens, as it appears by your being all against me, I deny it. You see I am alone—no confederate—I play vid such dice as you please—you examine dem ; vat you vant more? You tink me have de false dice."

"Aye, aye !" exclaimed all.

"Begar, den me know de consequence,
but

but me do deny it. If any gentleman vil bet me one tousand guineas, I sal submit to de search:—who dare say done? Eh, none? Well den, for my own reputation I sal show you. Come and see vat you find.”

The undaunted air which Pipeur assumed was deemed an artifice to cover his imposture, and a strict search was made over every article of his dress, but nothing appeared against him.

“Well, gentlemens, you satisfied now?” All were mute. “Nó reponse. Well den, I should have given you satisfaction to de last farthing in de world, but since you treat me so, I sal play no more where my honneur is doubted, widout proper apology.”

The losers looked at each other in much confusion; they entered into consulta-

tion, but it was suddenly broken up by the report of a pistol, followed by an uproar in another part of the house. All rushed out to see what was the matter, and Brian took that opportunity of advising Pipeur to make his retreat. He was no sooner gone, than curiosity attracted Brian towards the scene of confusion, where he beheld a man weltering in his gore. The miserable suicide had been at play in another part of the house; his losses had thrown him into paroxysms of rage, and at length having lost his last stake, he went into a back yard, and put an end to his wretched existence. Wishing to avoid appearing on so disagreeable an occasion, all the company made a precipitate retreat, and Brian amongst the foremost. He hastened to meet the allies, and on comparing notes, they
found

found their gains to exceed eleven thousand pounds. After the money was divided, Brian, whose previous intention of quitting the vicious and disgraceful pursuits of a gamester had been reduced to a firm determination by the shocking catastrophe which he had just witnessed, advised Pipeur and St. Pierre to withdraw with their property, if not from England, at least to a distance from London, as Pipeur would certainly be cried down, and St. Pierre, in all probability, could not long remain undiscovered.

Pipeur at first resisted, declaring that it was not worth his while to take such a journey for such a trifle, and setting all detection at defiance; but St. Pierre, who was more moderate in his sentiments, and also afraid of experiencing another such reverse of fortune as on his former expedition,

pedition, thought that he had made sufficient to enable him to set up a gaming-house in his native place, on his own footing, and he joined with Brian in pressing Pipeur to retreat whilst all was well. Being thus left to stand by himself, Pipeur at length gave way; and, before he finally took leave of them, he had the satisfaction of hearing them determine on setting out for Yarmouth the next day, to find a passage to some Danish port, being obliged to take a circuitous route, from the war subsisting between England and most of the continental powers.

Notwithstanding all these fortunate strokes, the poor wretch, weltering in blood, haunted Brian during the whole of the night; the corpse of Burnish was also present to his mind; and had he not
fortunately

fortunately have met with Verjuice to direct his pursuits, such, he thought, might ere now have been his own fate. The religious admonitions and instructions of his father—the anxiety of that fond parent, which had never been wholly effaced from his mind, now rushed upon it with their full force. All temptation was at an end, by his having affluence in his power, and vice was disarmed of all its weapons. He now resolved to bend all his thoughts towards the plan which Verjuice had meditated, and to endeavour to make some atonement for the manner in which he had obtained his fortune, by applying a portion of it towards acts of benevolence. This idea soothed his feelings, and, in some measure, reconciled him to himself.

To avoid every chance of again meet-

ing with Pipeur and St. Pierre, he tarried within doors the two following days; and, as his mind was continually haunted by the suicide, he drew the following sketch, as an antidote to any remaining inclination for play:—

THE SUICIDE,

OR,

THE GAMESTER'S PROGRESS.

FORTUNE to a fool a great misfortune proves—
More wealth he has, in higher circles moves,
The more his folly is expos'd to view;
Laught at by all, and envied but by few.
He reaps the fruits of dire intemperance,
Vice, which destroys or taints his little sense;
Disease, which preys upon his vital flame,
And makes his offspring almost curse his name;
Want, *poverty*, and *mis'ry*, close the train,
To squander easy, difficult to gain.

'Tis

'Tis well if here the catalogue should end,
And conscience, like a most remorseless fiend,
Should not, with horrid crimes, appal his mind,
Trembling at ev'ry midnight blast of wind ;
Make of his downy bed a couch of thorn,
Where writhes the tortur'd wretch, nor sleeps till morn :
E'en then dire visions mock his guilty breast,
Though he may doze, yet never can he rest.

Wealth to enjoy, man must enlarge his mind,
And keep his wants in narrow sphere confin'd ;
Desires are vague, unlimited, and vain,
Quickly succeeding in continued train,
Without an end ; another one begets—
Like *Tantalus*, the suff'rer longs and frets.
Through sin the sensualist hurries on,
Nor stops till all his pow'r of sinning done ;
Then seeks too late t'avert his threaten'd doom,
His soul precedes him to the awful gloom.

JULIAN, when come to age, (a hopeful boy !)
Two thousand pounds a-year was to enjoy,
The gift of some relation, who had made
His fortune in the tedious way of trade.

A merchant was his father, who'd in view
That Julian should his business pursue ;
But bad advisers marr'd his well built schemes,
And fill'd young Julian's head with airy dreams.
" Two thousand pounds a-year, and follow trade !
For life the drudge of counting-house be made !"
Cried one. " Your father surely is in jest,
But your own inclination you know best :
When sons on fathers for support depend,
To their dictates 'tis prudent to attend ;
But when they're independent, (such your case)
To old mens' whims their will should not give place."
" Mine shall not, I assure you," Julian cries ;
Thenceforth 'twas vain for father to advise.
The counting-house was dropt, the tutor glad,
Took his farewell of the unruly lad,
Who ('twas the fashion) terms resolv'd to keep,
That is, within a college walls to sleep.
Improvement had no share in his designs,
Learning he deem'd the bore of vulgar minds ;
'Twas *life* he wish'd to see—in other words,
To be the humble tool of sons of lords.
His father, though by no means well content,
Yielded with deep reluctance his consent.

Off to our aunt's of Oxford, Julian drove,
Enter'd, matriculated—soon he strove
To scrape acquaintance with the noble few,
Thinking beneath him the untitled crew.
His handsome stipend soon was blaz'd about;
He hunted with the great, was at each rout;
Paid his full share, or more, grew highly vain,
And pride and pleasure turn'd his empty brain :
From glaring folly on to vice he ran,
The latter finish'd what the first began.
Morality became his standing joke,
And of *Religion* slightly he spoke;
At *Virtue*, if 'twas ever nam'd, he smil'd,
Or, if he spoke, a hackney'd trick 'twas styl'd,
Contriv'd by daring minds the weak to sway,
An useful *ignis fatuus* of the day:
Whene'er at *Decency* he aim'd his strokes,
His comrades laugh'd at all his vulgar jokes;
So well his maxims did their genius hit,
They dubb'd him, and he thought himself—a wit.
Honour he rev'renc'd, but that glitt'ring name,
Which too oft dignifies the villain's shame;
To crown the whole, he'd *atheism* own,
And place blind chance on the Immortal's throne.

Such was his progress, such the rapid stride,
Morality and Virtue to deride
In one short term ; and, as these guards recede,
To tyrant Vice the citadel's betray'd.
He felt no dread at being thus subdu'd,
But own'd his conqueror, and sham'd his blood.

The college life too narrow sphere he found
For libertine profess'd, so drove to town ;
Where, whilst at th' eastern end the father toil'd,
The graceless son in bagnios was embroil'd ;
Or, reeling through the western streets, would prowl
At midnight, like the day-detesting owl :
When prematurely all his money spent,
Return'd to college, feign'd accounts he sent
Of money, said to be for college dues,
But meant to pay the bills of London stews.
The draft receiv'd, another lie obtains
A leave of absence—town he soon regains ;
Here through disgraceful scenes does shameless wade,
Which man beneath the rank of brute degrade.

Such his *debut* :—the rip'ning hand of time
Brought forth to view much deeper shades of crime.

It happen'd as he once the hounds pursu'd,
Thrown out, he wander'd through a pathless wood;
To ask his way, he found a cot,
Where mild content was all the owner's lot;
Too soon, alas! the blasting fiend arriv'd,
And tainted joys from innocence deriv'd.

There liv'd old Zamor, and Amanda fair,
His beauteous daughter of enchanting air;
The pride was she of all the neighb'ring plains,
Solicited by all the rustic swains;
As Venus beautiful, Diana chaste,
None yet her ruby lips had dar'd to taste,
Although they rais'd up, with bewitching charm,
Desires which scarce her coldness could disarm.
The coldest stoic, viewing, must approve,
Nor, whilst approving, could withhold his love;
Taught by benevolence, not pride, to please,
Her mind itself was innocence and ease;
Emblems of both, her rustic robes display
All that is gaily neat, and simply gay;
And whilst her garb the pearly neck reveals,
Pride show'd not more than modesty conceals.
From fashion's sickly rules she ne'er by stealth,
Borrow'd the crimson which declar'd her health;

With conscious dignity, she own'd the grace,
By nature painted on her beauteous face.
No sylvan goddess could with her have vied,
A virgin flow'r, in youth, and beauty's pride.

These honest folks afforded Julian proofs,
That hospitality reigns under roofs
Humble and low as theirs ; nor more he thought
Upon the errand which had thither brought
His wand'ring body : his now steadfast eyes
Fix on Amanda, as a glorious prize.
By turns, her shape, or air, or face pleas'd most,
Till his whole soul in ecstasy was lost.
He heeded not the cheer before him laid,
His glowing fancy feasted on the maid ;
His rapt'rous glance she could not but perceive,
Her eyes his darting looks dar'd not receive ;
But wand'ring o'er the ground, or sideway cast,
Ne'er look'd towards him but with timid haste.
Julian prolong'd his visit to the most,
And then reluctant left his kindly host,
And hostess fair, though he resolv'd to pay
Another visit at no distant day.

He did so. Luckless, Zamor was from home :
His eyes, uninterrupted, wildly roam
O'er fair Amanda; his perfidious tongue
With well-turn'd praises of her beauties rung.
"What pity 'tis," he cried, "you were not born
To share a palace, and a throne adorn;
That niggard Fortune doom'd to mud-wall'd cot,
One form'd by nature for more glorious lot :
Might I presume t'avert the base design,
Here, at your feet, behold myself and mine."
This flatt'ry, oft repeated, deep instill'd
Its baneful poison, and her mind was fill'd
With vanity (the sex's curse) and pride,
Which to their ruin nearly is allied.
To private interviews the maid gave way,
And Julian made new progress ev'ry day.
At length, all honour, sense of duty lost,
Her fragile bark submitting to be tost
On life's dread ocean, up to town she flew,
And a kept mistress flutter'd gay to view.

The hapless Zamor, when the setting sun
Ended his toil, found all his treasure gone ;
Nor long unknown, what worse than death to hear,
A neighbour, who had seen the whole affair,

Told

Told him, Amanda, more than a long hour,
Had left the neighb'rhood in post-chaise and four
With an Oxonian. Zamor quickly guest
The villain who had robb'd him thus of rest ;
He flew to Oxford, to the Chanc'lor told
His tale, which would have mov'd a heart more cold ;
Julian was sought, but nowhere to be found,
And justly was expell'd from classic ground.

The sentence and the crime were quickly brought
To Julian's father ; ev'ry where he sought
His wretched son, to get him to restore
His hapless victim, and to sin no more.
In vain the search, till all his money spent,
Julian for more a trusty servant sent ;
Th' indignant father all supplies refus'd,
Unless he sent her back whom he'd abus'd,
And hasten'd home. When Julian heard the news,
He flew among the money-lending Jews ;
Few months he wanted to become of age,
So found but little trouble to engage
One of these spendthrift's *friends* to lend him gold,
With which in shameless luxury he roll'd.
'Midst dissipation the distracted mind's
Diverted from itself, and never finds

Time

Time for reflection; bustle is the screen
Which Vice displays to keep from being seen;
Retirement, Virtue's friend, would rend the veil,
And all her hideous form at once reveal;
No wretch so harden'd, who does not then see
The frightful hag in full deformity.
Thus far'd Amanda; dissipation eas'd,
Or rather dull'd her mind, too deep diseas'd:
One instant left alone, reflection came,
And gave her up a prey to guilty shame.

In sensual pleasures months roll'd on apace,
Julian, of age, must see his father's face;
T'inspect th'accounts of rents drawn from his lands,
And take the latter into his own hands.
Th'occasion pleasing, yet, with shame and dread,
(Such as Vice feels when forc'd to show its head)
He kept th'appointment:—let us leave him there.
Amanda staid at home, fix'd to a chair;
Unwelcome conscience, an intrusive guest,
Her bosom throng'd, and would not let her rest;
A stranger was announc'd—his bus'ness press'd:
Glad to divert her mind, with thought distress'd,
Amanda flew to meet him, and beheld
The aged Zamor, whom his staff upheld.

Distracting

Distracting sight !—she instantly withdrew,
And from the spectre to her chamber flew.
Soon the domestic came :—“ The man,” she cried,
“ Begs one short moment’s audience,”—’tis denied.
“ Hasten him off, and tell me when he’s gone ;
Again the servant came, and said—“ ’Tis done.”
“ How did he go? How look? What say?”
“ Tell her,” said he, “ that for her I shall pray
With my last breath ; if e’er she want a friend,
She must come soon—my cares draw to an end :”
Then, with uplifted hands, and eyes which stream’d—
“ Enough !” Amanda cries. A wretch, who dream’d
Of happiness, thus wakes, and finds he’s mock’d
By idle visions, which his fancy rock’d.

Sunk in despair, her face hid in her hands,
Before her the astonish’d Julian stands ;
He hastily demands what caus’d her grief,
To tell it gave her lab’ring breast relief.
“ Is that all ?” Julian cried—“ then dry your tears,
Fathers indeed are terrible bug-bears ;
But children at a certain age are free ;
Just so the case is with yourself and me :
You see me not in grief, though I have borne
Reproaches for your sake—the world I scorn.

Let’s

Let's to the Park, the threat'ning storm is past,
Grief mocks itself when it too long does last."

They hurried off, and join'd the thoughtless throng,
Which help each other to drag life along,
Whilst Julian's passion no abatement knew
Amanda more contented daily grew.
But short is guilty passion. Julian hir'd
A separate house; no more her charms inspir'd
His wonted ardour; with possession cloy'd,
He suffer'd her embraces, not enjoy'd;
His visits now at intervals were paid,
These longer grew, those shorter, (hapless maid!)
Julian had promis'd, when to age he came,
That legal rites should sanctify their flame;
Whene'er she importun'd him so to do,
Some urgent bus'ness feign'd, away he flew.
Reflection came—Amanda, left to think,
Saw the contempt to which she fast must sink;
Virtue appear'd in dignity array'd,
And Vice, unveil'd, her hideous face display'd.
Days now roll'd on, and e'en a week, and more,
Nor Julian's thund'ring knock assail'd the door;
Absorb'd, 'mongst keen-set blacklegs, all his time,
He lost his money, wasted his life's prime;

Scarcely

Scarce on Amanda thought, and when he did,
’Twas only to devise how to get rid
Of her, now tiresome grown. Amanda’s pride
Soon took th’alarm; she saw his tongue belied
His heart; the latter was not her’s—’twas lost;
And she, ’twixt hopes and fears unceasing tost,
Resolv’d at once from his own lips to hear
What left for her to hope for, or to fear.
One day she press’d him earnestly to keep
His word, and set her restless doubts to sleep;
Equivocating answers she receiv’d,
Told him no longer she would be deceiv’d;
Gave him a week to think on’t—he withdrew,
Rejoic’d her pride thus seconded his view.

The week elaps’d, nor Julian once appear’d;
Destroy’d the charm which formerly endear’d
Amanda to his heart, he eager sought
Those pleasures which with novelty were fraught.
All the last day, in anxious deep suspense,
Amanda sat, almost bereft of sense;
She heard the knocker roar, hope fill’d her breast,
“He comes,” she cried, “to set my fears to rest!”
The door flew open, ’twas not Julian’s face,
A stranger ’twas, one sent to fill his place:

He told her Julian's mind was much distress,
That with each other they could ne'er be blest;
His fortune was with losses much derang'd,
And, worse!—his father's heart was quite estrang'd;
One only way remain'd for him to mend
His shatter'd fortune; marriage was his end,
And with some rich——Amanda heard no more,
But fell, bereav'd of senses, on the floor.

The stranger call'd the servants to her aid;
From death they sav'd her, more of life afraid;
Convey'd her to her chamber, where she pass'd
A night, she car'd not if to be her last.
“How does this dreary gloom of night,” she cried,
“With silent awe our guilty joys deride!
Yet when the morn's once pleasing scenes return,
No happier I, who day or night must mourn.
Have I not lost the peace of spotless fame,
And ting'd a father's glowing cheek with shame?
Can I return? *If e'er she want a friend*
Were his last words—they prophecy'd my end.
What then? The prudent old, the spotless young,
Will have my shame for ever on their tongue:
Let it be so—cast on paternal shore,
My bleeding virtue will relapse no more.”

Pleas'd

Pleas'd at th' idea, which allay'd her woes,
And calm'd her mind, she sunk into repose,
Woke with the rising sun, and took the road
Which led to her once peaceful blest abode :
Alas ! no more for her a resting-place,
Strange it appear'd, and new was ev'ry face.
Her beating heart guess'd, ere she ask'd, the news,
Nor scorn a tear of p'ity could refuse :
" Zamor liv'd here," she said. " He's dead," one cries,
She stagger'd, fell, for ever clos'd her eyes.

A rose thus, once the pride of garden ground,
Gave nectar to the bees, spread fragrance round ;
Perfum'd with odours sweet each breeze of air,
Though always giving, still was no less fair ;
Gather'd untimely from its peaceful rest,
To deck and grace some hard unfeeling breast,
That instant all its beauteous colours fled,
And with its charms the lovely rose was dead.

When Julian heard Amanda was a corse,
His callous heart felt nothing like remorse ;
With vice enamour'd, e'en of folly vain,
He still pursu'd the soul-destroying train.

A living

A living fell—the gift was in his hands,
A snug advowson, and some rich glebe lands;
Adolphus claim'd the promise—'twas allow'd,
On him the living freely was bestow'd:
Although by debts of honour sadly press'd,
Julian to raise the money was distress'd,
The claims of gamesters (devastating band!)
With heavy mortgages had charg'd his land;
And though by much his income was reduc'd,
Yet to reform was Julian not induc'd.

Adolphus now, his eager hopes to crown,
And thank his patron, hastens up to town,
And with him brings his wife, a handsome dame,
Who might in any breast have rais'd a flame:
Julian's was touchwood, and it soon caught fire—
She rais'd, he strove to gratify desire.
Each plot seductive he contriv'd, nor vain,
Altho' no easy conquest 'twas to gain;
ELIZA fell beneath his wily art,
Her husband *now* no longer had her heart.

Some days their guilty pleasures they pursu'd
With utmost caution, nor *Adolphus* view'd

With

With jealous eyes the great attention shewn
By Julian to his wife, though pointed grown :
Blindly secure, th' enraptur'd pair indulg'd
In freedoms which their secret guilt divulg'd.
Adolphus rag'd to find his treach'rous friend
Had thus of all his comforts made an end ;
He lov'd Eliza, and all offers spurn'd
Of compromise—his heart for vengeance burn'd ;
Renounc'd the living he disdain'd to hold,
He would not bear dishonour 'sake of gold ;
To the law's remedy he first applied,
An action for *crim. con.* is brought and tried ;
A verdict of five thousand pounds obtain'd,
To lowest dregs the estate of Julian drain'd.

Nor yet Adolphus felt his wrath abate—
The price of shame could not allay his hate ;
He went to law, not to increase his store,
But, as himself, to make his rival poor :
That end was answer'd—Julian was undone,
The law and dice had his last guinea won.
Eliza, dearly bought, was now condemn'd,
To want, and shame, and misery condemn'd ;
Turn'd out of doors, no place to hide her head,
All night she stroll'd the streets for daily bread.

'Tis thus a flow'r, which sight and smell allur'd,
Once pluck'd, decays, is little while endur'd;
Together with its beauty flies each sweet,
Grown nauseous soon, and trodden under feet.

Pond'ring on ways and means lost Julian sat,
Now started up—one moment snatch'd his hat,
Resolv'd to see his father—but the next
Found him 'twixt shame and guilt, as erst perplex.
Th'idea vanish'd, he resum'd his chair,
Abandon'd to distraction and despair.
A messenger arriv'd, a letter brought,
A challenge 'twas, and by Adolphus wrote:
Julian accepted it, flew to a friend,
And begg'd a brace of pistols he would lend.
"Aye," answers he, "you are a lad of merit,
And the road's good for those who have the spirit;
At night you'll meet us? Cash is stirring, man—"
"I will," cries Julian: to Hyde-park he ran.
Adolphus was already in the Ring;
They aim'd—at once each touch'd the fatal spring;
Adolphus' breast receiv'd the murd'rous lead,
And, murd'rer like, the wretched Julian fled.

To shun the law's pursuit, his lodging chang'd, &
Fearful of day, at midnight Julian rang'd;
Till, urg'd by want, he to his father wrote
A most repentant, most submissive note.
The aged parent, through his fond concern,
Had been too anxious of his son to learn;
The news had made him sick, and then in bed
(Which he was ne'er to quit!) for him he bled.
E'en in that state he was rejoic'd to hear
His son's repentance; wiping off the tear,
"Let him," said he, "come hither ere I die;
Heav'n to repentance yields, much more ought I."

Like light'ning Julian flew; no pious thought
Quick'en'd his steps—the fortune 'twas he sought)
Enter'd the chamber, and the bed approach'd,
His crimes the dying parent ne'er reproach'd.
"I leave you all," says he. "My Julian, quit
Those tempters who, like fiends, about you flit;
Who court you only to destructive ends,
To ruin under the disguise of friends.
All my concerns now fall into your hands,
A handsome surplus after all demands;
Tread in my steps—you may regain what's lost,
An honest merchant's England's proudest boast;

Quit

Quit vain pursuits, despise false honour's rules,
The treach'rous web in which rank knaves catch fools;
Be virtuous, prudent, Heaven will bestow—"'
He could no more, breath'd short, his pulse beat slow;
Clos'd were his eyes awhile, then open, clos'd,
The good old man died as he had only doz'd.

Like as the sun behind the western hills,
Though seen no more, the neighb'ring vallies fills
With its departing rays; so does the fame
Of a good man long while preserve his name.

Who thinks on Julian's mind this scene would make
A due impression, make a wide mistake;
Some little grief he feign'd, though none did feel,
'Twas only art, rejoicing to conceal.
Scarce within bounds of decency he kept,
Till in the grave his father's ashes slept;
Then sold off all, to former courses flew,
It seem'd the dice-box to his fingers grew;
Scarce ever separate, but when he'd pass
Some looser hours with women o'er the glass.

On such an errand he one night repair'd,
Whither, for similar purpose, he oft steer'd;

No female there, he bade the waiter haste
To fetch him one could please his sickly taste :
Not long he tarried ere the lady came,
Dim were her eyes, emaciate her frame.
“ My taste you better knew, I should have thought—
You waiter ! Who’s this haggard thing you’ve brought ? ”
“ I pleas’d you once,” cried she, in feeble tone,
“ And ne’er had now lamented beauty flown,
If your seductive arts had not betray’d,
And of this mis’ry the foundation laid :
Behold ELIZA ! once the happy wife
Of that ADOLPHUS you depriv’d of life ! ”

Julian that instant started from the room,
And left the wretched wand’rer to her doom ;
Flew to the gaming-house, with wine inflam’d,
And, by the spectre haunted, deeply gam’d ;
Nor happily : each throw his loss increas’d,
And rais’d his ardour as his means decreas’d.
To his last stake ill-fortune ne’er gave o’er,
He lost, he bit the dice, rav’d, stamp’d, and swore ;
Then left the room with looks of wild despair.
“ He’s gone,” cried they, “ on th’ road to take the air ! ”

Such thoughts indeed had Julian—home he flew,
And from the case the loaded pistols drew ;

Again

Again the ghastly spectre sore annoy'd.
“By those,” he cried, “Adolphus was destroy'd!
By those, perhaps, another falls this night,
Or else myself:—Ah! need that thought affright?
The courses which through life I have pursued,
In blood already have my hands imbrued:
Zamor, Amanda, Adolph, start to view,
Shaking their gory locks, each cries—'*Twas you!*
See, see! my father too reluctant rise,
And join th'accusing throng with tear-blurr'd eyes.
Can Heav'n these multifarious crimes forgive?
That's for *hereafter*. How shall I *now* live?
Say that I rob—why justice, soon or late,
With ignominious death will seal my fate:
Why not die now? The means this tube supplies,
Touch but the spring, and all my anguish dies:
Then be it so.” 'Tis cock'd—his palsied hand
Presents it to his head—he makes a stand—
Tries to ejaculate a feeble pray'r,
But no good genius, guardian angel, near,
Whispers him comfort. “Ah, 'tis vain!” he cries,
Then through his head the murd'rous lead swift flies;
His soul, with guilt deep-laden, and remorse,
Disgusted, leaves the shatter'd mangled corse.

CHAP. VII.

A Foxhunter's Declaration of Love hit off in Style—He is thrown out, and rides Home in the Dumps.

DURING this time the treaty of alliance between the families of Spanker and Thrum had been commenced, and abruptly broken off. Miss Thrum had been prepared by her mother for the Baronet's intentions, which, it may be well supposed, she felt no inclination to favour. The Baronet, whose heart was not in the slightest degree interested in the affair,
opened

opened the preliminaries in as unconcerned a manner as if it had been a common turf transaction.

“ I presume, Miss Thrum,” said he, “ that your mother has acquainted you that Lady Spanker has been proposing a match between you and myself, and I have no doubt that we shall make as pretty a pair as ever started over the course of matrimony. For my part, I never baulk sport—give or take, all the same to me—never flinch—play or pay is my maxim—sound wind and limb—blood to the bone—neither shy, bolt, nor founder—hold out to the last—so, if you say *done*, it’s a bargain.”

“ I am truly sensible, Sir John, of the honour and advantages attending your proposal, but I must beg to decline them, as our dispositions are not adapted

to congeniality, and without that marriage can be but a burden."

"Pish! there is not a fellow in the world can be more *congenial* than myself; suit all tempers—do just as you like—choose your own equipage, liveries—the country or watering-places in the summer—London or Bath in the winter—go smoothly over the ground, you'll see."

"Our ideas of happiness, Sir John, are widely different; I prefer domestic happiness to all the giddy scenes of fashionable pursuits."

"Well, have every thing your own way—go abroad, or stay at home—town or country—no constraint—break cover whenever you please. Is not that congenial? Is not that enough?"

"Much more than any reasonable woman
man

man would desire, Sir John; but still there is a *somewhat* which I must leave to your sense to penetrate, as I cannot explain it."

"Why not? Give it tongue—sha'n't stand out for trifles—pin-money—settlement upon brats—let the old ones settle those matters."

"These are but secondary objects, Sir John, where the essentials are wanting. There is an obstacle—"

"Eh, what!—I smoke it. Engaged to another, I suppose—all is not gold that glitters. There is as good manhood to be found under a hunting frock as a scarlet coat, though all the good of the one be on the inside, and of the other on the outside."

"I see, Sir John, that we shall never be brought to consider the subject in the

same light, and therefore I must desire that you will drop it entirely."

"What, then you cry off? That's poz, is it?"

"I certainly must persist in declining your proposals, Sir John."

"Pull up's the word; never follow a blind chace—soon start fresh game, I'll warrant ye, with not half the tricks and doubles—all fair running. So you mean *no* for an answer?"

"I do, Sir."

"Well then, stakes drawn—no match—off we are."

Sir John now sought Lady Spanker, who was waiting to hear the issue of his declaration, and was so indignant at so peremptory a refusal, that she termed Miss Thrum a fool, and the Baronet a booby. She told him to give orders
for

for their instant departure, whilst she herself made a last effort with the Knight and his Lady. She accordingly solicited and obtained an interview with them, in which she pointed out all the advantages (not forgetting to throw into the scale some hints of the honour) attending her proposal; and acquainting them with their daughter's *blindness to her own interest*, as she termed it, concluded with attributing it to (its real motive) her attachment to the Major, of whom she affected to speak very disdainfully.

Sir Jacob was quite thunderstruck at this latter insinuation, as he had never entertained the least idea of construing the Major's silent attention into a love for his daughter. He stared wildly at his Lady, and asked if it were really so?

“ This is the very first time I ever

heard of it," replied her Ladyship; "but it would not be very wonderful if two persons of different sexes, and of no very different ages, should entertain an esteem for each other."

"What, my Lady!—has she dared, without our approbation——"

"Such matters very often take place without the approbation of even the parties themselves," said Lady Thrum, with a smile. "Love generally takes by surprise."

"I know nothing about that, my Lady, but I am surprised and offended too."

"It will be time enough to be offended with your daughter, when she shall have committed a breach of duty, Sir Jacob."

"Well then, if I have no right to be
offended,

offended, I suppose I may be surprised, that she has not asked for our approbation."

"I have no doubt, Sir Jacob, that Maria will see the propriety of obtaining it, before she forms any *engagement*."

"But, my Lady, there must be something in it, or she would never have refused such an offer. Do step and ask her about it."

"I have ordered my carriage to be got ready," said Lady Spanker, "as under such circumstances, any longer stay must be disagreeable to both parties; but if you think Miss Thrum may be brought to reason——"

"If that be the case," observed Lady Thrum, with somewhat of displeasure, "I really conceive that this is pressing

my daughter too hastily; a matter of such importance is not to be arranged in an hour—female delicacy forbids it.”

“Why, aye, the girl should have fair play, as you say, my Lady. ’Tis all a trick of the sex, to say *no*, to the first, second, and sometimes the third asking, when they mean *aye* at the same time. Is it not, my Lady?”

“The duplicity of your sex, Sir Jacob, makes a little reserve on the side of ours, not only necessary, but highly proper; but I have ever found Maria to be candid on most occasions.”

“Then undoubtedly she is so on this,” said Lady Spanker, “and it will be useless to press her any farther.”

“I don’t know that, Lady Spanker,” said Sir Jacob; “girls don’t know their

own minds. Do, my dear, step and reason over the matter with her."

"I will comply with your wish, Sir Jacob, although I wholly disapprove of such hasty measures."

Maria readily acknowledged her unconquerable aversion to an alliance with the Baronet; and on being pressed by her mother, she, after some hesitation, confessed her attachment to the Major.

"That being the case, as indeed I had begun to suspect," said her Ladyship, "it would be very ungenerous to detain the Baronet any longer in a fruitless pursuit, and I shall endeavour, if it be possible, to free you from his importunities, without giving offence. I am assured that your father, no more than myself, would not seek to force your inclinations, but
we

we still retain our right of approving or disapproving your choice, which is a matter for future consideration."

Lady Thrum now returned to the company, and addressing herself to Lady Spanker, expressed a hope, that, notwithstanding her daughter's inclination did not lead her to accept the honour of the proposed alliance, still the families might continue on their former friendly footing.

"Oh, certainly, my Lady," replied Lady Spanker, somewhat indignantly; "whenever we meet we shall behave with our usual *civility*, as one cannot be answerable for the *absurdities* of one's children. Time and experience can only bring them to their senses."

A servant now announced that the carriage

riage was ready, and Sir John seated on the box. Some few cold civilities and formalities of leave-taking ensued, as Sir Jacob and his lady attended Lady Spanker to her carriage; the Baronet *flung an adieu* with his hand, grasped his whip, and drove off in style, thinking no more of Miss Thrum than of one of her mother's cook-maids.

Sir Jacob was very much hurt at the cavalier departure of his guests; and her Ladyship, though no less deeply offended, was very much pleased with the occasion of it.

“ You see, Sir Jacob, what an insulting air of superiority they affect to assume over us.”

“ Aye, on account of their superior rank, I suppose; but for all that, they are
much

much our inferiors in good manners, and, what is more, in fortune too, with all their loftiness."

"They have shewn themselves, Sir Jacob; the fortune was their only aim. We may now repay their insolence with a proper contempt; but how galling would it have been, if an alliance of the families had daily exposed us to it!"

"I have a great mind, my Lady, just to spite them, that's all, to get myself made a Baronet; a few thousands would do the job."

"Poh, poh, Sir Jacob, you have this instant had a striking example that rank does not increase respectability. Those thousands which you would barter for a chimera, might contribute essentially to the happiness of some man worthy of our daughter's affection, and who will
have

have more sense than to prefer his horses and his dogs to his wife. Let us shew ourselves above sacrificing solidity to sound."

"But surely, my dear, you would not have us throw away Maria upon a Major, whose commission is his sole possession?"

"We do not know that it is so, Sir Jacob, and even then I must confess that I should prefer him to the booby Baronet. We might, at least, expect as respectful treatment from him, as that of the Baronet would have been the reverse. He seems to have the strictest sense of honour, and Maria has no less a sense of duty, so that we have little to apprehend. As, however, I have ascertained that Maria's happiness is interested in what concerns the Major, it may be proper to make some inquiries, and I have a proposal

posal to make to you, my dear. Suppose we send to town, to request Mr. Bonnycastle's company for a few days; we both entertain a high opinion of him; he is the intimate friend of the Major, and may be able to give us some information."

"Well, well, manage matters as you think proper; but I am afraid my appetite is gone for my dinner."

"Nonsense, my dear; your dinner shall be just the same as if your guests had tarried; and I should entertain a very indifferent opinion of your understanding, if I could harbour an idea that the loss of such company could subtract the least from your enjoyment of it."

"Perhaps, my dear, I shan't eat an ounce the less, particularly if the hare be well roasted."

"I shall look to it myself, Sir Jacob,
the

the instant I have dispatched a messenger. But, now I think of it, Augustus is quite disengaged, and would be happy to convey the invitation to his friend, as well as most likely to succeed."

"Well, well, I don't care who goes upon that errand, so you mind the hare; let the stuffing be nice."

"Never fear."

Augustus very readily undertook the commission, and he had no sooner received his instructions than he mounted his horse, and set out for London. He arrived at the very moment when Brian was wishing to communicate to him Verjuice's scheme, the latter having found a Member of Parliament, who possessed a considerable landed property, and who wished to encrease his consequence with his constituents, ready to join the firm,
and

and to advance forty thousand pounds, on having his name put at the head of it, and being allowed a proportionable share in the concern. Augustus informed Brian how matters stood at Ewel. Giles was ordered to take charge of Augustus's horse, to saddle his own hackney for his master, and to lead them both to the foot of Westminster-bridge. Brian and Augustus hastened to the Major's lodging, made known to him the issue of the Baronet's overtures, and, having promised to send him word how matters went on, set out for Ewel. They found Sir Jacob in the midst of his afternoon's nap, and Augustus conducted Brian to pay his respects to his mother and sister.

"We have lost Lady Spanker and her son, Mr. Bonnycastle," said her Ladyship.

"So I understand, my Lady."

"And

“ And we wanted you to entertain Sir Jacob.”

“ I shall be extremely glad, my Lady, if my company will have that effect ; I obeyed your summons with the utmost pleasure.”

“ You are very kind, Sir ; I know not how we can repay you, unless by prevailing on a certain lady to give us her company too.”

“ He must be devoid of sense, my Lady, who cannot derive happiness from the present circle ; but whoever has enjoyed the conversation of the lady to whom, I presume, you allude, must acknowledge that her presence will enliven any society.”

“ We are so well convinced of it, Sir, that I shall dispatch the carriage to-morrow morning, with a request to Mr.
Hewson,

Hewson, that he will permit his daughter to return in it."

"Not, I hope, my Lady, under an idea that my abode here would be otherwise irksome to me."

"Oh no, Sir, we shall be *almost* as happy in Miss Hewson's company as you can be."

On the road to Ewel, Brian had communicated to Augustus the scheme which Verjuice had formed for him, in which a Mr. Barter, a member of parliament, and a man of large landed property in Sussex, had agreed to embark his name, and a capital to the extent of forty thousand pounds, and that there was only one other partner wanting to set the business afloat, and that they imagined such a connexion would be an eligible opportunity for himself to launch out upon the world,

as

as he had been bred to business. Augustus professed to entertain the utmost pleasure at the offer, and undertook to prevail upon his father to give his consent to it, and to furnish him with a sufficient capital.

He now left the room to speak to his father on the subject; Maria, on a look from her mother, made some excuse for withdrawing, and Lady Thrum introduced the Major on the carpet. Brian gave him the highest character for honour, bravery, correct, at the same time polished manners, and an understanding refined both by education and a knowledge of the world.

“ I have seen enough of the Major,” said her Ladyship, “ to give him credit for all that you say in his favour, but you know that my daughter will receive a
handsome

handsome fortune, and her father and myself will naturally expect that it be met, if not with an equivalent, yet with a decent support of the consequences of a married life. The Major has not indeed made any overtures to us; but as I am informed by Maria that he had professed an attachment to her, it cannot be improper to make some inquiry respecting his circumstances, particularly of yourself, who are a friend of both parties."

"Your Ladyship does me honour, and is entitled to my utmost candour. I have heard the Major say that his sole inheritance was a paternal estate in Gloucestershire, of about five hundred pounds a-year, out of which his mother, who is still living, receives one hundred and fifty pounds a-year for her jointure; after
her

her death, the estate will be his clear property. He has always lived as prudent as his situation in life would admit of his doing, but I do not know that he has—I should rather imagine that he cannot have—saved any thing out of his income.”

“ I am highly obliged by your sincerity, Sir, and I shall acquaint Sir Jacob with what you have told me. If my daughter gives the preference to the Major, I shall consult her inclination, and at the same time, I must confess, my own, in supporting the Major’s pretensions, as I entertain a very favourable opinion of him; but that must rest till he shall think fit to make his proposals.”

“ That, I am assured, my Lady, he would not lose a moment in doing, if he thought he should not incur the imputation of presumption.”

“ Oh, Sir! what, a soldier, and afraid! However, he had best delay the business till I have had a little time to prepare Sir Jacob for it.”

The Knight's mind had been so full of the supercilious behaviour of Lady Spanker and the Baronet, that even slumber did not erase the impression. He dreamed that a competition had arisen between himself and Sir John for a particularly fine turbot, and that a preference had been given to his competitor, on account of the precedency of his rank; he awoke with mixed emotions of disappointment, vexation, and rage, and imagined that his dream was an omen for his future guidance: he was almost resolved on procuring the honour of hereditary knighthood, when Augustus entered the room. The Baronet instantly
opened

opened the subject to his son, who; he imagined, would gladly accede to his opinion, by stating the importance attached to rank—that his own title, not being hereditary, his son would be only a plain *esquire*, which, now-a-days, signified nothing: thus wishing to pass off his own ambition as solely the effect of paternal regard, he declared his intention of procuring a title, which would descend to his son, as well as his estates.

Augustus, smiling, said, that as his father had been the founder of his own fortune, he had a right to lay it out on a title, or in any other way he pleased, and that it was the utmost wish of his family to see him happy in every respect; but, as for himself, he wished to tread in his father's steps; and after he should have shewn himself worthy of Fortune's fa-

vours, by honourable pursuits, it would be then time enough for him to think of adding to its honours. He then disclosed the proposal which Brian had made to him.

The Knight had always been afraid that his son would think himself above business, which had never lost its charms with himself; and he no sooner heard him voluntarily offer to take the very bias to which he would have inclined him, than he opened his eyes, and demanded if he was in earnest? On being answered that it was his wish, the Knight observed, that the banking-business was an honourable and a lucrative line of life; that he had heard Mr. Barter mentioned as a man of considerable property, and that he should have no objection to advance for him a

sum

sum equal to what his friend Brian should subscribe towards the joint-stock.

Brian was now called in to talk over the business; and the Knight was so delighted with the new scheme, that the title was wholly forgot, and he thought no more of Lady Spanker and the Baronet than they did of him. During the rest of the evening the conversation turned wholly on the profits of bankers, in which the Knight could display considerable knowledge; and Lady Thrum, on being made acquainted with the scheme, was no less pleased with it. She was too sensible a woman not to be aware, that when once hereditary pride had stolen into a family, all the younger branches of it were sacrificed to keep up the dignity of the heir to the title. She

loved her children equally, and dreaded the Knight's new whim of being created a Baronet, as tending to the prejudice of her daughter, and was rejoiced at any measure which could divert him from it, without seeming to thwart his inclinations; she therefore gave it all the support in her power: nay, not to suffer the matter to cool, she proposed that Augustus and Brian should set off for London the next morning, to settle preliminaries with Mr. Barter, and that they should return together. Matters were so arranged, and Augustus and his friend set out for town in the carriage, in which it was intended that Miss Hewson should return, leaving the Major's concern wholly to the management of Lady Thrum.

On their arrival, Augustus immediately waited on Mr. Hewson, to convey the
request

request of his father and mother; but Charlotte informed him that her father was so very much indisposed, that she could by no means think of leaving him for the present; the carriage therefore was sent back empty.



CHAP. VIII.

Gambling Friendships exemplified—More of their Tricks displayed—A new Acquaintance, and a Windfall.

As several days had elapsed, Brian presumed that St. Pierre and Pipeur must have decamped, and he ventured one afternoon to pay a visit to Mrs. Adamson, He was very happy to hear that his conjectures were well founded; he was no less pleased to find that the worthy woman was getting into a little business—her shop was decently stocked, and ease
and

and happiness once more shining on the faces of this once distressed family. Sauntering thence towards the lodgings of his friend Fascine, he found him in company with Sir Charles Rushlight. The Baronet had been entertaining the Major with the trick which had been played off upon Shadow by two Dutch sharpers, and which was now no secret, as St. Pierre, although disappointed of his aim of stripping him of all his ill-gotten wealth, had pursued him with all the malice of impotent revenge.

Previously to his leaving the country, he had written a letter to the Baronet, inclosing a note to Shadow. The former contained a disclosure of all Shadow's tricks, and of his attempts to decoy his friend, the Baronet, into the snares which he had spread for him, as well as for all

others who had the honour of his acquaintance. In the latter, he confessed his disguise, the motives which had induced him to take that mode of revenge; and concluding with a bitter taunt, that as Shadow had formerly advised him to return to his original profession of marker at a billiard-table, so he would, in return, hint to him the expediency of resuming his own original condition of pimp to fools of quality, which was a less hazardous occupation than that of a gamester, and would ensure him full access to the purses of his employers, at the trifling expence of their contempt.

Brian trembled at hearing this exposure, but when he found that his own name was not once hinted at, and, after probing the Baronet, could neither discover from his conversation nor looks,

that he was considered as in the least implicated, he joined in the laugh raised at Shadow's expence.

The Baronet had resolved to make the affair as public as possible, as no particle of friendship could have entered into the composition of two such characters, and he was enraged at his duplicity and treachery. He swore not only to cut his acquaintance, but to publish his disgrace, and unmask his real character.

“Thus 'tis when gamesters disagree,
They blaze each other's villany.”

But Brian stopped this first ebullition of his passion, by hinting that Shadow might seek to retaliate, and particularly adverted to the late feat at Newmarket. The Baronet's rage soon yielded to this remonstrance, and he resolved on taking a

more secret revenge. After the Baronet's departure, the Major and Brian diverted themselves with the success of St. Pierre's revenge, which had mortified the vanity of two such worthies, and set them together by the ears. They now agreed to pass away the evening at one of the theatres, and accordingly took the route leading to that of Covent-garden; the doors were not yet opened, and they adjourned to one of the hotels under the piazzas, to take a glass of wine. The table was scarcely replenished before the waiter opened the door, and they heard him say—"Here are two gentlemen, but I do not know whether they are the same you want to see."

Three country-looking persons now introduced themselves, and Brian and the Major instantly recognized them to be

be the very same who had played Sir Charles Rushlight such a trick at Epsom. The sharpers said to one another, Mr. Shadow is not here; and one of them, addressing himself to our friends, said, that they thought to have met a Mr. Shadow there, and asked if they were acquainted with such a person? Brian, giving the Major's elbow a squeeze, replied, that they were acquainted with a gentleman of that name, but that they had not come thither with an expectation of meeting him.

“ Well, since you are acquainted together,” said the same person, “ we will wait his arrival here, if we shall not interrupt any particular business.”

Brian, willing to see the end of this adventure, replied, that he and his friend were upon no business, and had only
stept

stept in till the doors of the theatre should be opened.

The three sharpers then called for wine, and after two or three glasses, one of them proposed a game of cards, to pass away the time; this proposal was agreed to by the rest, but an obstacle was started, that there were only three of them.

“ Perhaps,” said one, “ these gentlemen will have no objection to take a hand, merely for amusement, or a share of a bottle of wine.”

Brian and the Major both declined the invitation, and the three colleagues set down to dumb whist. In the course of the game, at which they all feigned to be novices, frequent disputes arose, which they referred to the by-standers, and used all the usual methods of drawing them in
to

to be interested in betting or otherwise, but without success; they knew their men too well to swallow the bait.

About an hour afterwards Shadow entered the room with two gentlemen, whom he introduced to the three sharpers, but that instant catching the eyes of Brian and the Major, he appeared thunderstruck. Presently, calling up all his effrontery, he came round to salute them, expressing his surprise at so unexpected a rencontre; then, in a half-whisper, he asked if they knew the gentlemen with whom he had found them in company?

“No,” replied Brian, “we were not in their company, although they have come into ours. They told us they expected to meet you here, and I am much mistaken if I have not seen them somewhere

where before, and in your company; you must know them certainly."

"Don't you think," asked Shadow, "that they are the same as played the Baronet and myself such a slippery trick at Epsom?"

"I think so, and have thought so from the very first sight of them."

"I met them by chance, but they did not recollect me, and I have laid a scheme to pay them off in kind. Will you lend a helping hand?—Snacks. You understand me, eh?"

"Yes; but I am otherwise engaged, and must depart immediately. When did you see the two West Indians? Did they meet you according to appointment, to give you your revenge?"

"No, they were too deep for that—
a dead

a dead bite! I have some suspicion that Sir Charles Rushlight was concerned with them, as he lay by, and has been ever since full of his jokes and sneers."

"Well, I can tell you, if you do not know it, that he entertains similar suspicions of you, and says that one of the West Indians was your old friend Count Van Hoorn, in disguise."

"Poh, no one ever doubted the Baronet's talent for invention; he is well known to drive with a long whip. Between friends, he is not at all the thing. Talk of blacklegs!—he would prey upon his own brother, if he could not light upon other game. Never depend upon him."

"I assure you I never intend it."

"*Verbum sapienti*—you are wise, and a word is sufficient. I owe him a trick,
and

and it shall go hard but I find a time for paying him off. Come, you may as well cut in—we know how to do the trick.”

Brian positively declined, and left the room with the Major.

“That Shadow,” said the Major, “is the most bold-faced villain I ever met in my life; he sets detection at defiance, and glories in his knavery: I could hardly refrain from affronting him.”

“Psha! he is beneath notice,” said Brian, “and in future let us treat him so. The Baronet is a bird of the same feather, and if they prey upon each other, they will but do the world justice.”

Brian and his friend took their station in a box, where the former seated himself next to an elderly gentleman, who had the appearance of a foreigner. This gentleman addressed himself to Brian, in
French,

French, and finding by his answer that he spoke the language fluently, he joined in conversation with him on the representation, which Brian explained to him. The stranger was very polite, very affable, and displayed an extensive knowledge of the world. Between the acts he informed Brian that he was a native of Portugal, although he had travelled over great part of the continent of Europe; that he was last from the Brazils, whither he had fled, with his property, among the emigrants who attended the royal family in their escape from French insult and rapacity; and that he had sailed thence to this country, to settle accounts with some of his correspondents here. As Mr. Hewson, during Brian's abode with him, had been in the habit of making large shipments, and receiving consignments

consignments to and from Lisbon, Brian mentioned the names of several whom he remembered, and found that Signor Pereiro (that was the stranger's name) had been acquainted with most of them. This communication instantly begat a sort of intimacy; and Pereiro, at the end of the entertainment, gave Brian his address, desiring to be favoured with a call whenever he should come to that part of the city, which Brian readily promised.

As they were leaving the theatre, Brian caught the eye of the Duchess of Fallowland, who left her party, and advanced towards him.

“I wanted to speak to you very much indeed,” said she; “where have you kept out of the way?—where can I see you?”

After a moment's hesitation, Brian replied, that the worthy woman, to whom
her

her Grace had been so great a benefactress, had removed into a respectable house in ——— street, and would think herself highly honoured and gratified, by an opportunity of being with her Grace for her present happiness.

“Then meet me there to-morrow at noon,” said her Grace, and rejoined her company.

Brian went to Mrs. Adamson's at least half an hour before the time appointed, to prepare her for the visit, and her Grace was punctual to the time. After Mrs. Adamson had poured out the honest effusions of her gratitude, her Grace took the opportunity of her being called into the shop, to ask Brian why he had estranged himself so much of late? He candidly related to her his numerous engagements, and she was satisfied with
his

his apologies for not having had it in his power to pay his respects to her before.

She then addressed him as follows:—

“ Mr. Bonnycastle, it is needless to say that I entertain an esteem for you; I wished to have had an opportunity of giving you some token of it, but I was sensible that the same delicacy which prevented you from asking any favour from me, would feel hurt at my offering it unasked: however, an opportunity has now presented itself of my desiring your acceptance of that which will cost me nothing to bestow, and need not make you blush to receive. A living of four hundred pounds a-year, which is in the gift of his Grace, has lately fallen into hand, and as such an event appeared far distant, the late incumbent being a young man, it was luckily disengaged; I instantly

stantly recollected your having mentioned to me, at Richmond, that your father was a clergyman, and I solicited and obtained from his Grace the promise of the nomination. It is at your father's service, if it be worth his acceptance."

Brian received her Grace's offer with the most heartfelt acknowledgements, and promised to dispatch the pleasing account to his father, that he might come to town, and thank their Graces in person, for this unexpected benefice. He accordingly performed the grateful filial task immediately after her Grace had taken her leave.



CHAP. IX.

*The desponding Lover—An unexpected Visitant—
Disinterested Love and Gratitude—A Matri-
monial Medley, and the Novel Writer's and
Dramatist's Finale—Marriage and Happiness.*

SEVERAL days were taken up in arranging matters with Mr. Barter, and at length the terms were all settled, and put into the hands of a solicitor, to be reduced to a legal form. Verjuice undertook the task of looking out for a house fit for the purpose; and Augustus had no sooner transmitted to Ewel an account of their proceedings,

proceedings, and his intention of returning the instant he could procure a copy of the agreement from the solicitor, to bring with him for his father's perusal and approbation, than Brian hurried him off to inquire whether Mr. Hewson had got the better of his indisposition.

Augustus was received by Miss Hewson, who appeared very dejected. To his inquiries she answered, with tears, that her father was rather worse than better; that his indisposition was not corporeal, but mental, and therefore the more dangerous, unless speedily removed. Augustus endeavoured with all possible delicacy to learn the cause of his anxiety, and Miss Hewson informed him that her brother was at Lisbon, in the house of a wealthy correspondent of their father, previously to the invasion of Portugal,

and the occupation of the capital by the French; but that, since that period, several months had elapsed without her father's receiving any news from either of them, and that he began to dread his son was lost to him in this world. Augustus tried to console her, by recounting all the different means he could devise for her brother's escape; and added, that even if he remained in Portugal, all intercourse being cut off, his silence must follow of course. It appeared, however, that a despondency had seized upon the daughter, as well as the father, and he was obliged to take his leave, with expressing his hopes that they would soon receive such tidings as would set all their doubts and fears at rest.

Augustus would not make his friend unhappy by disclosing the whole of what
had

had passed, and he told him, in a slight manner, that Miss Hewson could not at present leave her father, but that they might hope for her company soon. Lady Thrum, by Sir Jacob's desire, sent back an answer, expressive of his pleasure at finding his son so attentive to business, and of his hope that he would persevere to act as he had begun. In a postscript, she added, that the Major might be assured of a welcome, if his friend Brian could prevail on him to venture himself with them.

Augustus had no sooner obtained a draft of the agreement from the solicitor, than he set off with Brian to call upon the Major, who was enraptured with an invitation so flattering to his dearest hopes. They all three left town for Ewel, and found Sir Jacob in the happiest dis-

position imaginable. He was as much delighted with the banking scheme as a child would be with a new bauble; and it seemed to him that his happiness could receive little addition, as he had that morning been presented with a fine haunch of venison, by a brother knight, and with a couple of Westphalia hams, by a brother alderman, both of high city renown for epicurism.

Brian alone found himself unhappy, because as often as his eyes wandered over the company, they were not blessed with the timid glances of his Charlotte's. Lady Thrum endeavoured to enliven him, by saying, that only one person was wanting to complete the happiness of the present circle, but she was very sure it would not be long wanting of that addition. The Major now enjoyed frequent opportunities

opportunities of entertaining Maria in private, and his bliss added to the depression of Brian's spirits, who, in spite of friendship, could not but feel more acutely his own hopeless condition; for he now imagined that Mr. Hewson's indisposition was but a pretence to keep his daughter at a distance from him. He shunned company, and avoided even the consolation which friendship would have offered to him. His despondency grew so alarming, that Maria, at the request of her mother, wrote to her friend, to acquaint her with his situation, and to desire her to afford them some matter of consolation to bestow upon the despairing swain.

A very unexpected messenger brought the answer; he was no other than the Rev. Mr. Bonnycastle. Immediately on

the receipt of Brian's letter, he had posted off for London, and learning from Verjuice where his son was to be found, he resolved to hasten to him, after he should have gratified the dictates of friendship, by paying his respects to his old friend Mr. Hewson; he had accordingly waited upon him, but, contrary to expectation, found him and his daughter overwhelmed with anxiety and grief. The worthy clergyman related the joyful cause of his unexpected journey to town, on which his friend congratulated him sincerely, whilst, at the same time, the tear trickled down his own cheek. Charlotte turned away her head, to conceal a similar distressing effusion.

“Merciful Heaven!—how is this?” cried Mr. Bonnycastle. “Are those tears on mine or your own account? Perhaps
the

the end of this journey, undertaken with so much joy, will be to learn that my son is——”

“Do not be alarmed, Sir,” said Mr. Hewson; “your son, I believe, is well, and I hope happy, and worthy of such a father. Those tears are for my own son.”

“He is not dead, I hope?”

“We know not. Suspense, doubt, fear, all distract us. He was in Lisbon when the French entered Portugal, and although several months have elapsed since their taking possession of Lisbon, we have never heard from him.”

“But we must not anticipate fate; his death is far from being certain: our dependence is on Heaven, and distrust of its mercies are sinful. Remember, my dear friend, that you have another child.”

“ I have indeed—a most amiable one; I could, but for her, bear misfortune with resignation.”

Charlotte could now restrain her grief no longer. She fervently grasped Mr. Bonnycastle’s hand, and uttering, in broken accents—“ Comfort my dear father,” burst out of the room.

The worthy clergyman now urged the mysterious ways of Providence, which, though afflicting for a while, ever tend to our good in the end; and he did not fail to cite the patience and piety of Job, and his final reward, as a model for human observation, and an everlasting memorial of the first dispensation of the Almighty. Having, by degrees, called up the pious resignation of the devout Mr. Hewson, he desired him to confide to the bosom of friendship the extent of
the

the evil which had either actually befallen him, or which he only apprehended. He learned that Mr. Hewson had sustained heavy losses in business, through the failures of his correspondents in the various parts on the coasts of the Mediterranean, which had been seized on by the French, but that he still had considerable sums due to him from his correspondents in Lisbon, with one of whom his son had taken up his abode, when the French invaded the unfortunate kingdom of Portugal; also that, by this disaster, he had not only to apprehend the loss or captivity of his son, but, for want of remittances, he must soon be reduced to the most afflicting expedient that could be resorted to by a man of strict integrity—that of being compelled to call his creditors together.

“ These are painful afflictions indeed,” said Mr. Bonnycastle; “ but Providence may still be prevailed on, by your prayers and resignation, to avert or remedy them. At the worst, you will never want a friend, nor your daughter a father. Alas! I hoped by this time to have had the happiness of calling her so:—it may be so yet. I learn that my son is affluent—I shall set off this instant to find him at Ewel, where I am informed he is upon a visit; if I find him worthy of your returning esteem, I shall beg you not to withhold it from him. You must promise me, on the score of our old friendship, to take no steps till you shall see me again.”

Mr. Hewson promised, and he took his leave for the present, having received from Charlotte a letter for her friend Miss Thrum.

Mr.

Mr. Bonnycastle had no sooner been introduced to the hospitable entertainers of his son, than he desired a private conference with the latter.

“Before I give you the embrace of a father,” said the old gentleman, “give me an account of your proceedings since your departure from Mr. Hewson’s house.”

Brian complied with this injunction, in general concealing only some few of the particulars which were the most humiliating to himself. The old gentleman then recounted the conversation which had passed between himself and Mr. Hewson.

“Good Heaven!” exclaimed Brian, “let us not lose a moment; let us fly to him, and all may be well yet.”

“What do you intend to propose to him?”

“To offer my whole property to his disposal, till his own affairs can be settled, and to request moreover to permit me to return to my old situation, and assist him in his counting-house.”

“Oh, my son, my dear son!” exclaimed the old gentleman, throwing his arms around his neck, “thou art now indeed my son! Though I disapprove of the steps by which you have secured your fortune, yet I hope Heaven will forgive them, since you know how to make a benevolent use of it. Let us go, and offer to Miss Hewson a heart undebauched by prosperity.”

Not a moment was lost in acquainting the worthy family with their intention of leaving them; and Lady Thrum observed, that however happy they should have felt themselves in having Mr. Bonnycastle
and

and his father under their roof, yet that they preferred the consolation of a worthy family, and desired that they might be reckoned by Mr. Hewson amongst his firmest friends, and as ready to conduce all in their power towards any steps that might be thought expedient to restore him to his former happiness.

Brian gave her a look which bespoke the grateful sensations of his soul, and hastened off with his father. On reflection, Mr. Bonnycastle thought it would not be proper for his son to rush into Mr. Hewson's presence, and he left him at a neighbouring hotel, whilst he went to prepare for his reception.

“Rejoice with me, my friend!” cried Mr. Bonnycastle, on being again introduced to Mr. Hewson—“Rejoice with me! I have found my son; and, what is
infinitely

infinitely better, I have found him worthy of being called so. Would to Heaven that the short conversation I have had with him may make you think him worthy of bestowing the same appellation upon him ! You shall hear—”

He then repeated what his son had desired him to propose.

Mr. Hewson was for a while silent, and seemed very much agitated. At length he asked Mr. Bonnycastle where his son was ?

“ He waits not far off, until I should have obtained your permission for him to wait upon you.”

“ I shall be happy to see him.”

Mr. Bonnycastle went out, and presently returned with Brian, whose emotions were so violent on finding himself once more under this beloved roof, that
he

he could not utter a syllable. Mr. Hewson was little less moved; he advanced towards Brian, took him by the hand, and desired him to be seated. After a short pause, Mr. Hewson broke silence.

“I have been made acquainted by your father, Mr. Brian, with your truly generous proposal; believe me, I am fully sensible of the extent of the sacrifice which you would make to my honour, interest, and comfort—at the same time, you must excuse me for declining to accept it. Prudent as has been the whole tenor of my private life, punctual as has been my conduct in all my mercantile transactions, and heavy, unforeseen, and unavoidable as have been my losses, I cannot fear to meet those creditors to whom it is my severest affliction that I cannot do justice. I rely on my well-known

known character for obtaining every indulgence that I can wish for from them, and I cannot think of involving my friends in the ruin of my fortune. I look forwards to the worst. Providence may yet have a better fate in reserve for me. At all events, I trust enough will be saved out of the wreck of my property to satisfy all demands, and a consciousness of integrity is the best support under adversity."

"I doubt not your fortitude," said the elder Mr. Bonnycastle; "but pray, Sir, consider your daughter."

"I am assured, my friend, that she, as well as myself, will prefer poverty, to the accepting obligations which we may never have it in our power to repay."

"Your acceptance of my proposal," cried Brian, with energy, "will not be
thought

thought to lay you under obligation, but as conferring the greatest happiness upon myself. At a time when I was not worth a shilling, you offered to bestow upon me your daughter and your fortune. I once managed your concerns to your satisfaction; permit me again to resume that happy employment, and in a short time all may be well again."

"My young friend," replied Mr. Hewson, "I have never once entertained a doubt of the goodness of your heart, although I never thought to afford you such an opportunity to convince me of it. Your friend, Mr. Verjuice, called on me when you refused a trifling mark of gratitude, which I wished you to accept, but I do not decline your present offer out of retaliation. He can inform you, that at the same time I lamented your
youthful

youthful errors, I did ample justice to your deserts. I even gave him to understand that I felt myself still interested in your welfare, although I begged him to conceal those sentiments from you, until I should see proper to reveal them to you myself. He has been with me several times since, unknown to you, and told me how your affairs went on. He informed me, that it was his intention, and your determination, the instant you should find yourself enabled, to enter into some creditable undertaking, to quit your present pursuits, and I gave him the first idea of that scheme which you are about to enter upon—I mean the banking line. How then can I consent to be myself the instrument of breaking up that scheme, and to hazard your prospects in life, on the chance of my tottering

ing

ing fortune? He may moreover inform you, that the time was even approaching, when I intended to have signified my returning esteem for you; but the change in my own affairs—”

“Should not occasion a change in those sentiments,” cried Brian, eagerly, “unless I have since been unhappy enough to give you any occasion for it.”

“Far from it, Sir; on the contrary, your present conduct has raised my esteem to the highest pitch; at present there is a difficulty in giving you that testimony of it, which you, perhaps, would wish: that obstacle, however, may yet be surmounted. My son may have escaped from Lisbon, and my correspondents there may have preserved the means, as I have not the least doubt of their retaining the honesty, of remitting what is
due

due to me. Let us wait awhile. In the meantime, I shall be happy in the society of my old friend, and in the renewal of your intimacy in my family."

"Oh, you give me life again, my second father!" cried Brian. "But a sudden thought strikes me:—with which of your correspondents in Lisbon did your son reside?"

"With Signor Mendez da Silva. You must remember the name; we corresponded all the time you were with me."

"I do, Sir, very well. Excuse me for a short time—I may, perhaps, be able to procure you some intelligence—I shall only step to Great Prescott-street, Goodman's Fields."

"May Heaven prosper your inquiries!" exclaimed Mr. Hewson.

Brian had suddenly recollected that
Pereiro,

Pereiro, the Portuguese gentleman whom he had met at the theatre, had recognized Signor Mendez da Silva amongst others ; and he flew to his lodging in Prescott-street, as his address specified. He luckily met with him at home, and made known to him the immediate cause of his calling upon him. Pereiro replied, that he was very intimate with Da Silva ; that he had secured all his large property by his advice, and had sailed in the same fleet with himself to the Brazils, where he saw him safely landed ; and that, when he left him there, he had expressed his intention of following him soon to England.

“ Do you recollect, Signor, whether any young Englishman accompanied him to the Brazils ? ”

“ I cannot say, Sir, as we did not embark on board the same ship, although
we

we sailed in the same fleet, and I left the Brazils within a few days after my arrival there; however, I dare say I shall soon be able to give you every information you may want, as I have letters from him to his correspondents in this city."

"Is there one for the name of Hewson?"

"That, too, I am sorry I cannot inform you of at present, as the ship was obliged to put into Falmouth by contrary winds, and to stay there to repair some damages. Being tired of the seas, I travelled to London overland, leaving my trunks behind me, in which are all my own letters and papers, as well as those entrusted to my care. I expect the ship round every day."

"Will you have the goodness, Signor, to step with me a little way, to convey this intelligence to a very worthy gentleman,

man,

man, who is under great apprehensions for an only son, who was under Signor Da Silva's roof, and also for the Signor himself, on account of not hearing from whom he is under considerable embarrassment?"

"With pleasure, Sir, if you think that what I have to say will afford him any kind of satisfaction."

"Very great indeed, Signor."

They walked to St. Mary Axe, and Brian introduced Pereiro to Mr. Hewson, whose hopes were much revived by his account, although his anxiety was on the utmost stretch to know whether he had brought any letters for him. Pereiro moreover told him that Da Silva had saved the bulk of his large property, and that if Mr. Hewson laboured under any inconveniency, through want of any remittances

mittances from him, and would draw bills upon him, he would pay them for his honour. This unexpected offer conveyed so substantial a confirmation of Pereiro's account, as re-established, in a great measure, Mr. Hewson's cheerfulness. He declined, however, accepting it, till the Signor should have received his trunks; and the day was passed in conviviality, Pereiro being easily prevailed upon to give them his company, and departing highly pleased at receiving an invitation from Mr. Hewson, to make his house his home. Miss Hewson also joined the party, and by her looks conveyed to Brian's heart somewhat of a more tender feeling than gratitude for his generous exertions, which gave him the brightest presage of future bliss.

The elder Mr. Bonnycastle took up

his residence wholly with Mr. Hewson, and never left him but once, when he went to wait upon their Graces of Fallowland, to return them his acknowledgments for their unexpected and unmerited patronage. His honest and sincere effusions were very pleasing to their Graces, particularly when they were informed upon how small an income he had managed to bring up so large a family. They condescended to express their happiness that the living had been bestowed where it was so much wanted, and so well deserved; and desired the worthy clergyman to call upon them whenever he should come into their neighbourhood.

Brian daily waited upon Signor Peireiro, and accompanied him to the custom-house, to get news of the vessel. It arrived at last. The Signor opened his

trunks, and found a packet addressed to Mr. Hewson, merchant, St. Mary Axe, London, England. They hastened to deliver it into the hands of Mr. Hewson, who, looking at the superscription, said, "It is indeed from my friend Da Silva!" He broke open the seal with a trembling hand. "All is well!" cried he; and reading on, "My son is safe!—They will be here soon!"

The packet dropped from his hands—he fell on his knees, and uttered a pious ejaculation, intermingled with tears of joy, in which all the rest sympathized with him. Charlotte entered the room at this instant; she flew to her father, knelt beside him, throwing her arms round his neck, and bathing him with her tears, as he again sobbed out the joyful tidings. Mr. Hewson at length rose
up,

up, and taking the elder Mr. Bonnycastle by the hand, exclaimed—"Oh, my friend, you have indeed proved yourself a friend!" Then turning to Brian, he took him by the hand, and said—"My son, you have indeed proved yourself worthy to be my son, I here give you my daughter's hand, (joining them) her heart I know has been long your's." Then, taking Pereiro also by the hand, he said—"Signor, what happiness have you been the instrument of conveying to a distressed father and daughter! I shall be proud of your acquaintance, and I hope you will not find me unworthy of your's."

Brian now imprinted the seal of his happiness on his Charlotte's hand, who crimsoned, not from awkward bashfulness or affectation—the former she was

a stranger to, the latter she despised—and she disengaged her hand from Brian, only to throw her arms round his father's neck, exclaiming—"Then I may at last have the happiness of calling you my dear father?"

"Yes, my amiable daughter! and Heaven be thanked for bestowing upon me such an additional blessing."

"I would not, my children, delay your happiness a day longer," said Mr. Hewson, addressing himself to his daughter and Brian, "but I am assured that you yourselves will readily consent to put it off till my son's arrival, when, I understand from this packet, that he is to accompany you to the altar, to which he will have the happiness of leading the only daughter of my friend Da Silva."

"I have

“ I have known her from her infancy,” said Pereiro, “ and a more amiable young lady does not exist.”

Miss Hewson now begged leave to withdraw for a short time, to send an account of these joyful events, to relieve the anxiety of their friends at Ewel. Brian also wished to inform his worthy friend Verjuice of his happiness, but Mr. Hewson insisted that he should not leave the company, as Mr. Verjuice, whom he very much respected, should be immediately sent for. A messenger was dispatched for him accordingly, and Verjuice made his appearance in little more than an hour.

Old Mr. Bonnycastle advanced and took him by the hand, saying—“ It is to you, Sir, I am indebted for my present happiness; you have been the friend and guar-

dian of my boy, when I could not assist him. Accept the grateful thanks of a father, for a son preserved to him."

"I hate compliments," replied Verjuice; "and, besides, I do not deserve them. Verging on old age, without a relation in the world, I wished to find a friend, and I found him in this boy; I have long loved him, as if he had been of my own begetting, and I now rejoice in his happiness, as if he were really so. If it will be any inducement to you, Mr. Hewson, to bestow your daughter upon my boy, I shall, as I have before hinted to you, settle all I have upon him after my death."

"She is already bestowed upon him, Sir."

"Is she? Why then I'll be bound for his good behaviour. Well, now I suppose

pose all our frolics will be over ; you will have other business to mind now."

" Indeed, Sir," said Miss Hewson, " I should be very sorry to put the least constraint upon Mr. Bonnycastle's enjoyment of his friends; I hope rather to make myself esteemed by them; and shall never think he can give too much of his company to one who has deserved so much from him."

" Spoken like a sensible girl!" cried Verjuice, " and I long to put you to the trial. When is the happy day to be?"

" Not far distant, I hope," said Mr. Hewson, explaining to him the cause of the delay.

" Well, well, Brian, my boy, you must make yourself as easy as you can in the interval; you are within sight of port, and will shortly come to anchor."

A messenger arrived the next morning with a letter of congratulation on the restoration of happiness, and intreating Mr. and Miss Hewson, and as many friends as they chose to bring with them, to come to Ewel, that their friends there might participate in it with them. Mr. Hewson could not leave town, on account of his business, and his impatience to see his son the instant of his arrival; but he thought that the society at Ewel would tend to relieve the minds of the betrothed couple, and he recommended to them to accept the invitation, promising to bring his son with him to join them. They accordingly set off, accompanied by Verjuice, the elder Mr. Bonnycastle not choosing to leave Mr. Hewson.

The happiness and gaiety of the new comers ran through the whole house, and

Brian

Brian urged this as the most favourable opportunity for the Major to take courage, and make his proposals to Sir Jacob and his Lady, assuring him at the same time of the certainty of his being well seconded by her Ladyship. The Major followed his advice ; and having laid the wishes of his heart, and the state of his affairs, before the Knight and his Lady, left them to consider of his proposal. A short conference ensued, in which her Ladyship had no hard matter to convince her husband, that if the Major had not the fortune of Sir John Spanker, yet he had the sense not to squander away what he had upon blacklegs ; and was, in every other respect, worthy of the alliance of any family.

“ Well, well,” said the Knight, “ my friend Hewson is a wise man, and he is

glad that his daughter is going off his hands; I think I may as well follow his example; for if we should forbid her to think of the Major, I suppose a trip to Gretna-green, and a letter to beg pardon, and a blessing, would be the end of it."

"Poh, Sir Jacob, how can you entertain so bad an opinion of your daughter?"

"Not of her in *particular*, my dear."

"Of the whole sex then?"

"All daughters of Eve—sure to eat *forbidden* fruit."

"Then we may as well prevent her disobedience, by consenting with a good grace."

"Well, well, if the Major can get the girl's consent—but I suppose he has got that already."

"It is a very proper mark of respect
to

to the person who is to bestow her hand, to solicit her permission to apply to her friends for their approbation."

" Oh, very well then, if she has given him her hand, we must not let him have it to say that she came to him *empty-handed*."

" That's your look-out," said her Ladyship, laughing, and running out of the room.

The Knight imagined that she was flown off to be before-hand with him in spreading the news of this new match, and he hastened down to the sitting-parlour, and addressing himself to her Ladyship, exclaimed—" What, you're here already! Wonder you had not burst with the secret before you got down stairs."

Then, turning to the Major, without waiting for an answer, he continued—

" So,

“So, Major! what, you wish to be following your friend Bonnycastle’s example; and you, Maria, you have no objection to take pattern by your friend Miss Hewson. Well, if you have agreed upon it, take her, Major, and *starve* with her.”

The whole of this curious speech had been uttered in so abrupt a manner, that the company was at a loss to guess whether he was pleased or angry.

“Nay, nay, not *starve*, Sir Jacob, I hope,” said Verjuice.

“Why, Sir,” said the Knight, “he must not expect to fare very sumptuously with her, for, with all the instructions of her mother and myself, she could never make any proficiency in that charming and most useful art, the *art of cookery*.”

This whimsical explanation at once convinced the hearers that the Knight’s
was

was a sally of wit, and not of anger, and convulsed them with laughter. Lady Thrum was very much hurt at this abrupt and indelicate exposure of Sir Jacob; but as the discovery had been made only to friends, who guessed pretty well what was to be the event, and as Sir Jacob had been brought to her point so readily, she would not damp the mirth of the company.

“ Well,” said Sir Jacob, delighted with the success of his first *jeu d’esprit*, “ when I shall have deposited my son in a banking-house, and immured my daughter for life within the walls of matrimony, I shall only have to lay my wife under ground, and then I shall have got all my family off my hands.”

“ And liberty to marry your *cook*,” said her Ladyship, rather angrily; “ but
you

you will still have the heaviest burthen, I mean yourself, upon your hands."

"True, my Lady, that is the heaviest burthen; as I may get rid of all the rest in my lifetime, but that I must carry with me to the grave."

"Yes," cries my Lady; "for as Shakespeare says—

"— like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee."

"Stay till I'm buried, my Lady, and then you may call me an ass, or what you please."

"Come, come, Sir Jacob, let's talk of the living, and not the dead," cried Verjuice; "of the two services, I had rather hear the matrimonial one ten times, than the burial one once. You are a poet,
and

and must compose an *epithalamium* for us to sing."

"Aye, that's somewhat on marriage; is it not? I composed one once; I think I can remember it. The title of it was—*Union and Disunion—a matrimonial medley.*"

"Now for a second edition of the *Sonnet on the Pigs*," said her Ladyship.

"No, my Lady, I have said that it was made on those other animals—*man* and *wife*. Hear it first, and you cannot mistake the subject afterwards:—

Hail marriage! source of earthly joys,
If folks would rightly use it;
But oft (as children serve their toys)
They spoil it, and abuse it.

Sometimes 'tis honey, love, and dear!
Oh, then 'tis very pleasing;
But when 'tis hussey, jade, and bear!
Oh then 'tis very teasing.

Two horses, if they draw one way,
Their toil will soon be ending,
But if a diff'rent game they play,
They'll ne'er have done contending.

So, if a couple, bound for lives,
Together pull, 'tis charming;
But if one 'gainst the other strives,
The devil gave *house-warming*."

The company laughed heartily, whether at

Sir Jacob's wit,
Or want of it,

the reader must judge for himself; but he may know from experience, that when people are fully disposed to mirth, it matters little to them on what occasion they give loose to it.

At length a coach and four drove to the gate, bringing Mr. Hewson and son,
the

the elder Mr. Bonnycastle, the Signor Da Silva, and his daughter. The meeting between the younger Hewson and his sister was truly affecting; that between the former and Brian was more solemn, but no less affecting, as it brought to recollection past scenes of distress, which, however, were soon buried in the general joy and mutual congratulations. Sir Jacob acquainted Mr. Hewson with the alliance about to take place in his own family, and proposed that the whole of the three marriages should take place at Epsom Church, and be kept up at his house; but Mr. Hewson objected, that as Signora Da Silva was of the Roman Catholic persuasion, the ceremony must be performed according to the rites of that church, for which purpose they must return to London; but he promised that

6 they

they would all return to celebrate the joyful occasion at Ewel. This compromise pleased Sir Jacob, and was acceded to.

On the next day they set out for London, and on the following morning Signora da Silva and Mr. Hewson, junior, were united at the Sardinian Chapel, in Wellclose-square, in the presence of her father, his friend Pereiro, Mr. Hewson, senior, and Mr. Bonnycastle, the father. They then returned to Mr. Hewson's house, whence they all set out for the parish church, where the three ceremonies were performed successively, according to the rites of the Church of England. That done, they all drove off for Ewel, to celebrate these events, which bestowed happiness on so many worthy persons.

To

To conclude—Brian now found himself at the summit of earthly happiness ; and he endeavoured, by a subsequent life of piety, morality, and benevolence, to make the fullest atonement in his power for the vicious pursuits of his youth.

FINIS.

WORKS

Printed at the Minerva-Press,

With the Reviewers' Opinion.

BERTRAND,

OR,

MEMOIRS OF A NORTHUMBRIAN NOBLEMAN.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

3 vols. price 15s.

"This work contains an unusual degree of interest, and is very different in its construction from the general run of novels, as there is not a single love adventure throughout the whole; yet the author has ingeniously contrived to awaken attention, and keep his reader in suspense to the last page. The fate of Bertrand is rather of a sombre cast, and some of his adventures border too much on the marvellous: we can, nevertheless, venture to recommend it as an amusing and unexceptionable novel, and one with which every reader of taste and sensibility must be highly gratified."

Lady's Monthly Museum, January 1809.

GUISCARD,

OR THE MYSTERIOUS ACCUSATION.

BY HORACE VERE.

2 vols. 12mo. 8s.

The style of this novel is always simple and dignified, and in some parts even masterly; and the story, though rather intricate, is interesting and moral. It shews the powers of Friendship, and the benefit of her exertions: but we were sorry to see the noble and ardent Sir Eustace led by his affection for his friend into an act of treachery, even towards the despicable Bolebec. The abbot's description of his own old age is touching and pathetic.

Monthly Review, Sep. 1809.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 041382109